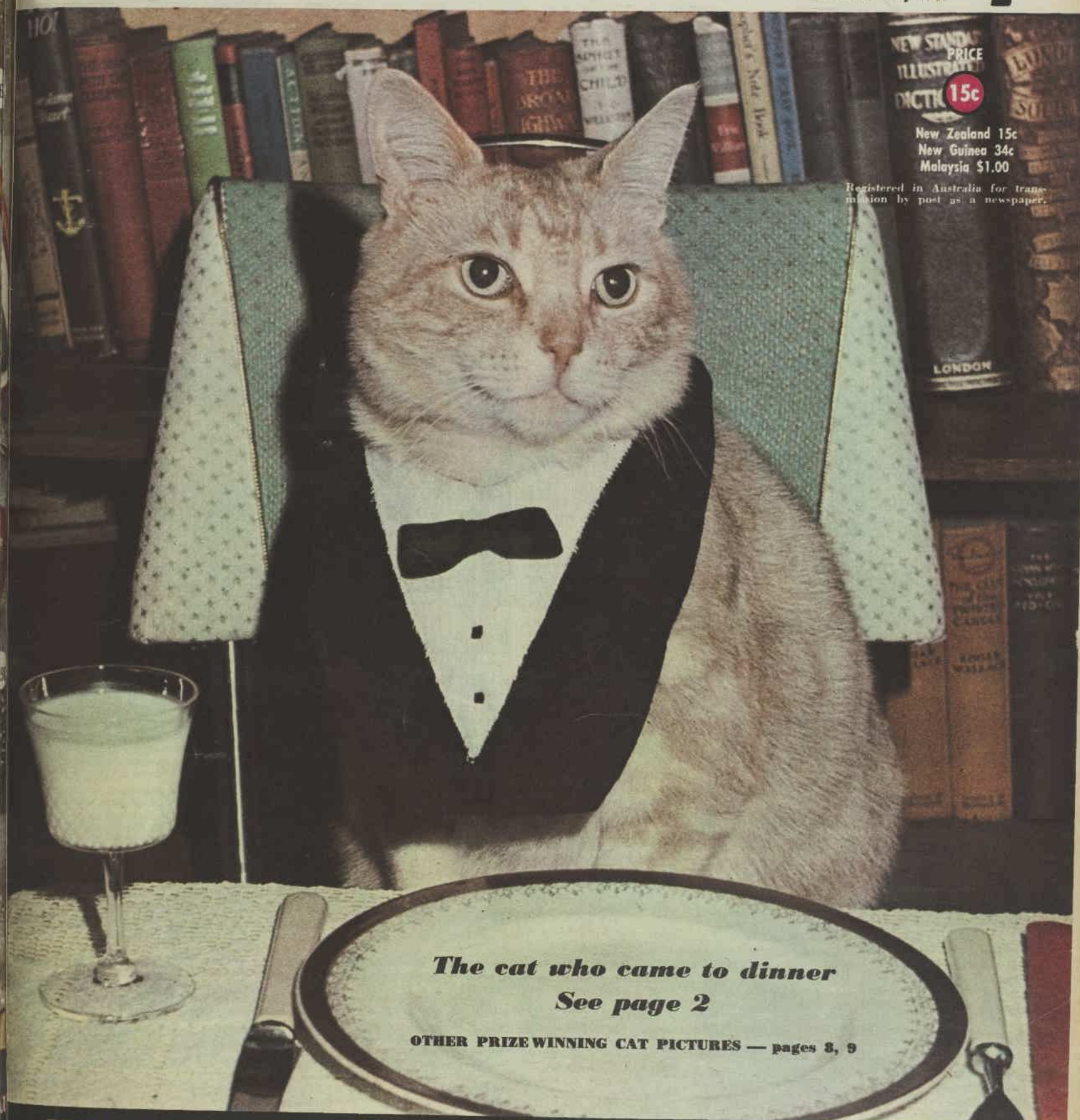


The Australian

Women's Weekly

December 27, 1967



The cat who came to dinner
See page 2

OTHER PRIZE WINNING CAT PICTURES — pages 8, 9

HOLIDAY FUN BOOKLET: HOW TO READ PALMS

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DECEMBER 27, 1967

Vol. 35, No. 31

OUR COVER

● "I haven't felt Really Well since I ate that fish for breakfast..." Goldie, our cover cat, has earned a saucer of champagne, though — he's the national winner in our Cats' Whiskos Picture Contest. The picture was taken by Mr. Charles Stratford, of Highbett, Victoria. (See winners and more pictures of the Top Cats on pages 8, 9, and 14.)

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THE POETRY OF FOOD

Food is the world's only common language, says the managing director of a food firm. Nations speak it with individual accent.

By VALERIE CARR

MR. JOHN M. LEWIS, of Killara, N.S.W., looks like a successful businessman. His suit is conservatively cut, his white shirt immaculate. Heavy-rimmed spectacles give him an air of authority and confidence.

He has all these qualities. Yet when he speaks it is with the eloquence of a poet. Especially when he talks about food — his favorite topic, and also his business.

For Mr. Lewis is managing director of a firm that manufactures, imports, and exports processed foods.

"We export to over 40 countries — things like kangaroo-tail soup, turtle soup, cumquat marmalade, and sweet and sour sauce," he said.

He believes the taste of food is the only language common to the world; that it is an expression of people's habits and aspirations.

To the Japanese, food is one of the great arts. It can be likened to a painting or Ikebana flower arrangement, he says.

Eating — considered as a fine art

"They think you should eat not with the mouth but with the eye," said Mr. Lewis, who travels overseas every two years.

"They take great pains to present each course, choosing a container of fine porcelain or ceramic, and leaving just the right amount of white.

"For example, on your plate you may have a sardine, a piece of sea urchin, two or three snow peas — the immature pods of peas — and perhaps a chrysanthemum.

"They never fill the plate — they say you must let God do the talking!"

He was impressed by the hand movements of the Japanese.

"He sips his sake proudly, like a Samurai — so different from the Chinese 'over the road,' who makes a mess of his food!"

The Malayan turns eating into a duel.

"In Singapore and Kuala Lumpur they eat copious quantities of chillies, and always look as though they are trying to eat faster than their neighbors!

"The Mexican is the same, so is the Hungarian."

In fact, says Mr. Lewis, there is a certain bravado in most countries where hot foods are on the menu.

The Swede is the exact opposite. He isn't at all adventurous in his foods.

"I think this may be because Sweden has the highest standard of living in the world," he said. "It has made the people fairly stable."

Mr. Lewis was mystified by the presence of ginger in the land of the smorgasbord.

"I never thought I'd find it so far north," he said.

Sour milk and ginger for breakfast

"It was the custom in the morning to have a dish of sour milk sprinkled with sugar and ginger. There were special ginger biscuits, too."

Mr. Lewis wrote poetry while he was in Sweden — "something I haven't done since I was a child.

"The theme was my feeling of loneliness. I felt Sweden was just as far as I could go from my own country. I compared the smell of pine trees with my beloved eucalyptus."

The food of Italy, says Mr. Lewis, is as warm as the Italian, while the Spaniard makes the most accomplished waiter in the world.

"He sweeps the food down on to the table — never spilling a drop — with the flourish of a flamenco dancer or bullfighter."

Mr. Lewis, who heads straight for a supermarket when he's in a foreign city — "that's where the people are" — says English food stores are fabulous.

"You find the greatest



● Mr. John M. Lewis, managing director of a leading Sydney food firm. Portrait is of his father, Henry Lewis, founder of the firm.

they toil in the fields all day, but give them their glass of vino and plate of paella, and they are happy."

It can also bring back happy memories.

"Every time I have gazpacho soup, I think of music playing in a Spanish restaurant, and the bullfight I went to afterwards."

Discussing food with Mr. Lewis is a revelation. Something you usually take for

in the '20s, discussed around the dinner table different exotic foods he had sold.

"I was always exposed to the joy of selling foods," Mr. Lewis said, "and even as a child sensed the excitement."

Young John also learnt about the world through food. He would sample haddock livers from Holland, or hearts of palm from Brazil, then look up the countries in the atlas.

It was only to be expected

he drives his wife mad — "she's the intelligent one of the family" — when he puts in a special seasoning she knows nothing about.

"She says I spoil her cooking!"

In Mr. Lewis' opinion, meat pies and bread-and-butter will have no place in Australia tomorrow.

He considers the emerging generation which will leave school later will have more leisure and money for entertaining. They will be more interested in cooking as one of the creative arts.

"The sadder the country, the brighter the food and drink"

variety of food in London," he said. "And some stores make a product into high fashion."

"You'll see cans of cucumber soup piled high in the window, but never anything as everyday as tomato soup!"

Food can be a way of escape, according to Mr. Lewis.

"The sadder the country, the brighter the food and drink seem to be. In Spain

granted suddenly becomes exciting — even "food" for thought!

Mr. Lewis discovered the excitement of food when he was a child.

He and his two younger brothers, who are also in the business, almost literally cut their teeth on international delicacies like salami, anchovy, and pumpnickel.

They would listen agog as their father, the late Henry Lewis, who founded the firm

he would grow up feeling he had a destiny in processed foods — the vehicle for bringing fresh foods of far lands to the people of the world.

Mr. Lewis has five daughters and one son — "I cannot always remember how old they are!" — and they are all interested in cooking.

"They drive us mad because they concoct all types of foods that we have to eat."

But then, Mr. Lewis says,

"There will be more international thinking, too. Australia is the greatest potential user of the world's best foods."

"While it would be difficult to get a Greek, for instance, to eat French food, because his culture in food has been handed down for hundreds of years, we are a young country with no preconceived ideas."

"We will embrace the best of everything!"

WHEN KING HASSAN WENT TO SEA . . .



● Luxury Italian liner Raffaello.

ARRIVAL of King Hassan of Morocco on board the Italian liner Raffaello at Casablanca will always be remembered by attractive young Australian Janice Newman.

Janice, who now lives with her parents in Brisbane, at the time was social hostess, first class, on the liner.

She said, "Even now it seems fantastic."

"The Chief Purser told me nothing more than that the ship would stop at Casablanca to collect a very important person."

"The red carpet went down about 6.30 p.m. — all the way from the ship down the gangway to the jetty — and it stayed down for about four hours."

"Then, while the King's private orchestra on the jetty played national tunes, he stepped aboard with his sister, Princess Lalla Meriem, a younger brother (whose name I can't remember), the King's heir, Sidi Mohamed, aged four, and 110 servants, including 21 personal guards, his own chef, 45 Army personnel equipped with rifles and machine-guns, and numerous pretty young women, all veiled. I counted 12."

Constant guard

"The King's personal guard were magnificent specimens — the shortest about 5ft 4in. They wore silk jackets of vibrant greens, orange, blues, and red with full white trousers. Armed with spears they kept constant guard outside the King's suite of eight cabins."

Janice laughed. "The captain was so worried. He was afraid the spears would go through the ceilings."

"I read that King Hassan was going to America to talk to President Johnson about a wheat grant."

King Hassan mixed freely with the passengers.

Janice said, "A young male cruise director and I were invited one day to play table tennis with the King and his brother."

... The red carpet went down, and with him went some 110 servants, including his red-fezzed personal chef

"We didn't know whether to lose or try to win, but it wasn't long before King Hassan said, 'I want you to play properly.' We did and were soundly beaten."

"The King would be 36 or 37, about 5ft. 7in., slim, not handsome, but interesting-looking, speaks good English and dresses well."

"He ate in his own suite, and seemed very fond of spinach puree, judging from the amount I saw cooking in the kitchen, where his little red-fezzed chef prepared the royal meals."

"After dinner, he sometimes sat in one of the lounges with some of his

By JEAN BRUCE

own people and American passengers. He always ordered champagne."

A party King Hassan gave for the 500 children on the ship was the event of the voyage.

"There were delicious little Moroccan pastries, cookies, and candies, and every child received a beautiful gift from the King. At Lisbon he had hundreds of large boxes of toys sent aboard — racing tricycles, panda teddy bears, 5ft. tall, walking dolls, wading pools. Oh, the children's faces!"

"Little Prince Sidi Mohamed was host. He went around to every table and shook as many little hands as he could until his own became too sore."

"The children were all so natural. One small French boy offered the Prince half his chewed biscuit and some of his orange juice, because

the Prince hadn't started to eat."

The sea put an end to the chain of festivities started by the children's party. The Captain gave a reception for the King; the King then invited the Captain and passengers to a party to be held in the main lounge.

Janice said, "The tables were laden with food in the King's serving dishes and lovely crystalware on hand-made lace tablecloths."

"Half an hour before the party was to start, the ship struck rough seas, gave a violent roll, and the whole lot went over, smashing the crystal, spoiling the food."

"The King became seasick and we didn't see much more of him before the ship reached New York two days later."

"He didn't forget to tip. He left \$U.S.3000 to be divided among cabin stewards and ship's staff." (This didn't include Janice, who wasn't allowed to take tips.)

In 1963, Janice Newman, then 20, left a good office job in Melbourne, somewhat to her mother's dismay, to be a stewardess on the Fair-sky on a Pacific cruise, because she wanted to travel.

It took her about three years and a number of ships to graduate to the Raffaello, but when she did, her mother was just as thrilled as she was.

Princess Grace

The 46,000-ton Raffaello is regarded in Italy as the ultimate in luxury travel.

Janice said, "First class from Genoa to New York costs from \$U.S.800 for the eight-day voyage, or from \$100 a day."

King Hassan wasn't Janice's first experience with royalty on board ship. She hadn't been on the Raffaello long, when Princess Grace and Prince Rainier came aboard at Monaco for a big charity function.

"I was quite terrified," Janice said, "because I was so new to the job, but my worries soon fell away."

"Princess Grace was charming and smiled so sincerely when we met."

"She was a very easy and enthusiastic person to be with. I had thought she would be withdrawn, but she was interested in everything."

"Prince Rainier nodded when I was introduced."

Of passengers generally, Janice said, "I met all kinds of people, and mostly they were extremely nice. There were usually a few worriers who would lose things, from



● In Pucci pyjamas of chiffon jersey, Janice Newman relaxes at her Brisbane home. Her earrings of Venetian glass were bought in Rome.



● King Hassan of Morocco on the Raffaello.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1967

their cabin keys to diamond rings, every day.

"Two American women were on their first voyage. I passed by during a storm and they were clutching each other and trying to get comfort from consoling words."

"I told them there was no need to worry because the ship was stabilised."

"About half an hour later, I heard one say to the other, 'This is ridiculous, we are behaving like children. After all, the hostess did say the ship was tranquillised.'"

"I met many stowaways, but little Jose, the Spaniard, was such a likable man and soon won friends."

"His wife and children had died in an accident, so he had gone from Spain to Panama to find work. There, he had lost his money in a

small investment, something like a fruit barrow. He found himself on the docks with some fruit-loaders, so stayed on board."

"This was on the Flavia, where I was a kind of female purser and assistant hostess."

"Jose begged to be allowed work in the kitchen instead of being put in the ship's clink, and he was given work to do."

"In every port he was handed over to the local police until just before the ship sailed, so he didn't get ashore at all."

"The Flavia got to Nagasaki. As it was the first visit, the Mayor came on board."

"There was a great commotion in the ship's foyer and there was Jose, impeccable in plumes borrowed from the Italian boys and

accompanied by three or four kitchen staff."

"Through an interpreter, they asked on Jose's behalf if the Mayor would be so kind as to let him go unescorted around the city. And the Mayor instructed that Jose be driven round in an official car."

"Jose had a wonderful day, and when he returned there had been some meeting on board and he was cleared of the stowaway charge. He had to return to Panama, but the ship's staff took up a collection of \$100 to give him a new start on land."

Janice added, "My job was a marvellous experience. I hope to apply it now to something where I can still meet people and use my initiative, but be at home in Australia."

••• NEXT WEEK •••

• What do your stars predict for the coming year?
Famous astrologer
FRANCESCO WALDNER
tells all:
In our 16-page lift-out . . .

YOUR STARS FOR 1968

. . . he gives long and detailed predictions for every sign of the zodiac. You'll learn what to expect in your job, your home, in affairs of the heart, and in money matters, too.

and . . .



• There's a
**BIG COLOR
PIN-UP** of
MR. SPOCK
from TV's
"Star Trek"

• We begin again our popular full-page color pictures in
BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

• For the children . . .
'Puppy Love'
a story about
Wuff, Snuff,
and Tuff by
Carol Kift (12)



• In a three-page color review of a new book — "Australian Gemstones in Color"

ROCKHOUNDS' TREASURE

(and where to find it!)



• They are
delicious,
and quick:
recipes for
SEAFOODS

• In color:
the newest
from Paris—
**PAGEBOY
PANTS**



A HUSBAND, 10 CHILDREN —AND SHE'S A FULL-TIME SECRETARY

- She spreads 56 bread slices daily for lunches
- A hot meal uses 5lb. of potatoes
- Breakfasts take 14 packets of cereal a week

• In the happy Brady family, of Daceyville, N.S.W.—ten children, aged from 16 years to nine months—both parents work full-time. Four years ago Mrs. Matt Brady, then the mother of eight children all under 13, took on a secretary's job to earn extra money, and she has kept it, despite two more babies. She now has nine daughters and one son.

IRISH-BORN Matt Brady and his English-born wife, Jean, are the parents of Pauline, 16, Catherine, 15, Peter, 13, Fiona, 12, Deirdre, 11, Felicity, 10, Lorraine, 8, Penny, 6, Joanne, 2, and Suzanne, nine months.

The day photographer Ernie Nutt and I visited them in their simply furn-

ished Housing Commission home we found a happy, contented family.

"My wife's the organiser," said Mr. Brady.

"Things are usually chaotic when she's not around—for instance, when she went to hospital to have the babies."

Four years ago, living in a hostel with eight children under 13 years of age and finding it hard to make do on Mr. Brady's income of \$50, Mrs. Brady got a job.

Mr. Brady is an internal audit clerk with ICI and Mrs. Brady became a secretary for the same firm, earning \$42 a week for a five-day (8.30 a.m.-4.30 p.m.) week.

Mrs. Brady has been with the firm since October, 1963.

"It has broadened all sorts of horizons for me," she said.

"I know this sounds funny, but I didn't know a soul when we lived our first

year at the Bunnerong migrant hostel.

"Since I've gone out to work I can't walk down the street without meeting some acquaintance, or friend who knows my family, who's interested in the fact that I work."

Mrs. Brady admits that, while she enjoys the interest her job gives her, her main reason for working is "the money."

Even with the \$6 board money which young Cath-

THE CHILDREN, including Peter (the only son), make their own beds each morning and tidy their rooms. Five of the girls share this large dormitory-style room.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — DECEMBER 28, 1967



FAMILY PICTURE: Mrs. Brady with Suzanne, Mr. Brady with Joanne, then Pauline, Catherine, Peter, Fiona, Deirdre, Felicity, Lorraine, and Penny on the veranda of their Housing Commission home, which includes four bedrooms and two bathrooms.

erine, who has a job, contributes, and the weekly \$17.25 child endowment, and Pauline's \$1.50 student allowance, the family would find it hard to manage on one wage, she said.

The secret of managing happily with both parents at work, says Mrs. Brady, lies in all the family pulling together.

"My family does this. They all know they have to do their bit if we are to get ahead."

Mrs. Brady rises at 5.30 a.m. each week day, showers and dresses, and then turns to in the kitchen to make 56 slices of bread up into lunch sandwiches for seven children, herself, and her husband.

The older girls are up a little later to supervise the family bedmaking (down to the six-year-old Penny, they all make their own beds) and tidying the house.

Catherine and Pauline set the table for breakfast (usually cereals, toast and marmalade, tea and coffee), and Deirdre and Felicity clear away and wash-up.

"I usually manage to put the cleaner over the carpets each morning and do a bit of dusting," said Mrs. Brady.

With friends

"The children put away any toys lying about."

As they don't have a car, Mr. and Mrs. Brady share a taxi each day to and from their offices, taking babies Joanne and Suzanne to a friend's home on the way.

At night they call for the two children again in a taxi and return home about 5 p.m.

"It's a shame to spend that \$1.20 a day on taxis, but it's

too awkward going by bus with the children's strollers and things," said Mr. Brady.

"When we can save up enough for a deposit, then maybe we'll be able to use that taxi money to pay off a small second-hand car."

When the older girls return from school they start the potato peeling (5lb. a meal) and put in the oven or on the oven top the meal Mrs. Brady has prepared the night before.

Every Sunday Mrs. Brady spends the entire day in the kitchen baking batches of scones, cakes, and pies to last through the week for lunches.

"My family loves cakes and pies — apple pies and onion pies would be about their favorites."

"I even manage to make some desserts ahead, and if I am lucky they'll get us through to Wednesday."

The main Sunday meal is deferred to the evening, and it is usually steak, a roast, or two or three chickens.

During the week the Brady dinners consist usually of stews, casseroles, sausages, and chops.

"Chicken and steaks — we need at least 5lb. of steak for a meal — are our week-end luxuries."

Five years ago the Bradys and eight of their children travelled by ship to Australia as migrants.

They spent four years at the Bunnerong migrant hostel and found the going

hard because most of Mr. Brady's weekly salary was eaten up in the \$43.80 a week paid for room and board.

"As well, we were charged for electricity, which left hardly anything for clothing or pocket-money."

"I knew I would have to get a job, otherwise it looked as if we would spend our entire lives at the hostel," said Mrs. Brady.

"I was tired, too, of sitting round hearing other women at the hostel doing nothing but grumble about

conditions and their lot. "Some women believe just because they are married and have given birth to a few children that they have given up for ever any right or chance of earning money."

"I knew no fairy god-mother was going to wave a wand and produce all the things my children were going without."

"You can't imagine the difference my working has made to us and the way we are able to live."

"I would be ashamed to tell you how little I had to buy groceries with in England. It's enough to say we just skimped on food, week to week."

"The child - allowance money which was about \$9 a week, didn't go too far, either."

In England, Mr. Brady earned about \$40 a week, and out of this he paid \$22 a month off a semi-detached house they were buying.

"I didn't work in England, not so much because I didn't have to, but more because I couldn't find anyone to look after my youngest children."

In Sydney, Mrs. Brady has \$30-\$32 worth of groceries delivered each Thursday to her home, and on Saturday mornings she and her husband pick up their green-groceries order (about \$8)

and their meat order, which runs to about \$12.

"Often I have to spend another \$8 a week on things which we may run out of during the week."

Three sliced loaves of bread and eight pints of milk a day, and at least 14 packets of different breakfast cereals a week, give an example of the family's healthy appetites.

Mrs. Brady said hostel life made it easier for her to return to work, because she had a friend in the hostel who was glad to mind her youngest child, then three years old.

Also, as meals are all prepared by hostel staff, she was freed from the job of preparing meals for her large family.

She had been working for

14 months when she found she was pregnant for the ninth time. She asked her employers if they would mind her using her annual three-week holiday, plus a three-week leave period, for her confinement.

"They were marvellous to me," said Mrs. Brady, who stayed faithfully at her desk until three weeks before, and returned three weeks after, the birth of Joanne.

"One reason I think they didn't mind my staying on was the fact that I have always been on time at the job and have never taken 'sickies'."

"In fact I didn't lose one day's work during the pregnancy."

"I think I probably worked better during those months just to show them how little difference it makes to a woman's efficiency."

"I really think that a lot of women wouldn't mind staying longer on the job when they are pregnant, but they feel they have to leave."

"In many cases I am sure employers wouldn't mind either, but the women don't think to ask them how they feel about it."

"In my case, with a job that was not-too-active physically, it was very easy."

When baby number ten (Suzanne) came along, Mrs. Brady worked until a week before the birth.

"I felt it was better to

have a bit more time after the birth with baby, so I didn't return until she was five weeks old."

Though high on the priority list for a Housing Commission home, the Brady family moved out of the hostel last August to a small rented house nearby.

"It was not that conditions were any worse at the hostel, or the food any poorer, it was more a general monotony of living such a life," said Mr. Brady.

"Thrilled"

"One longs for the privacy of a house."

Four days after they had moved into their new home, the Housing Commission notified them that a house for \$13 a week near Daceyville was available.

The home, a hop, step, and a jump from Daceyville Primary School, which most of the Brady children attend, was originally a shop and a dwelling, and the whole has been made into one big home for the family.

Two enormous palm trees stand on each side of the entrance to the house.

The Bradys are thrilled with the home, which even sports a small cement sand-pit, which will do summer duty as a pool.

The newly painted interior is furnished with second-hand furniture and carpets.

"It's very ordinary furniture," said Mrs. Brady, "and we still owe some money on it, but it will do. Besides, what's the point of having fine stuff when the children are young? There's time for all that later on."

SCHWEPPESMANSHIP FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY:



1. My children should have all the advantages.
 2. Only Schweppes mixers are good enough for me.
 3. Therefore, only Schweppes soft drinks are good enough for my children.
 4. Why complicate things?
- SCHWEPPE: EQUAL RIGHTS FOR CHILDREN**

In prisons of poverty and loneliness

These are some of the people the Smith Family helps. It is their source of human comfort.

By KAY KEAVNEY

MOIRA from the Smith Family went on ahead. Photographer Ernie Nutt and I diffidently followed. Down the long, stark passageway we went, past all the blank, closed doors, as depressed as if we moved through an enclosed prison.

And prison-like it seemed, this "private hotel" in Sydney.

Behind each of scores of shut doors was a tiny room, an enclosed and self-contained world for each of the dwellers in this sad place.

Moira knocked on a door. Almost at once, all up and down the corridor, other doors opened and little old grey heads looked out.

They were tenants, all of them, these old folk, still proudly "paying their way." Out of a \$15-a-week pension, they paid \$10 a week for the privilege of being incarcerated in these rooms.

They had no food-storage or cooking facilities. Cooking, indeed, was strictly forbidden. Hail, rain, or shine, sick or well, they had to struggle out to get a cooked meal, out of the five remaining dollars.

Out of this \$5, too, had to come clothes, fares, soap, all that it takes to live in human dignity.

A stern notice in the hall forbade visitors. I queried

this with a passing employee, whom my heated imagination saw as a wardress.

"Do you mean," I demanded, "that these tenants, paying \$10 a week rent, aren't allowed visitors in their rooms?"

"They have to get permission," said the woman.

"Why?" I asked hotly.

"Oh, well," said the woman, "anyone could come in. Drunks or anyone."

Even a drunk, I felt, would be an event in the lives of these aged people, living out

They share rooms with anxieties and memories

the long hours behind those shut doors, with all their possessions and their memories crowded about them.

Even a knock on another door down that sunless passageway was a big event.

The old lady Moira had come to see was ill. Illness is sheer terror to the old-age pensioner.

The old lady had had a wonderful offer of a holiday in a country place. She had refused. She was afraid, afraid to go away because she might lose her precious room.

The fierce independence of the aged poor is humbling and heartbreaking. And if

they did lose their rooms, where could they go? What would happen to them?

You find them all over this rich, busy city.

Around Kings Cross and the inner suburbs there are whole warrens of them, with lower rents and living standards than the inmates of that "private hotel."

All of them were virtual pioneers when they were young and strong, builders of this country's current affluence. And this is what life has shrunk to in what ought to be gracious old age.

Some live in damp, peeling rooms that have no electric light, no gas, no means of heating during the winter.

One spunky old lady of 77 uses a tin bath in a shed in a handkerchief-sized backyard, to which she has to tote hot water from a copper. Before she can heat the copper she has to chop up wood with an axe.

An 80-year-old man who spent most of his life on the open seas now spends his days and nights alone in a minuscule room faced by a blank brick wall. Everything he possesses is stacked about him.

His wife is long dead, his friends long dead, his daughter and her children live far away. But he is lucky, he can paint. Painting gives him a present.

For most, there is no present, only a past.

What do they think about during the long days and nights?

Continued on page 12



MRS. N. (above) lives in one room. She is 64, childless, and her husband died two years ago. She is a great reader, and this helps combat the great loneliness.



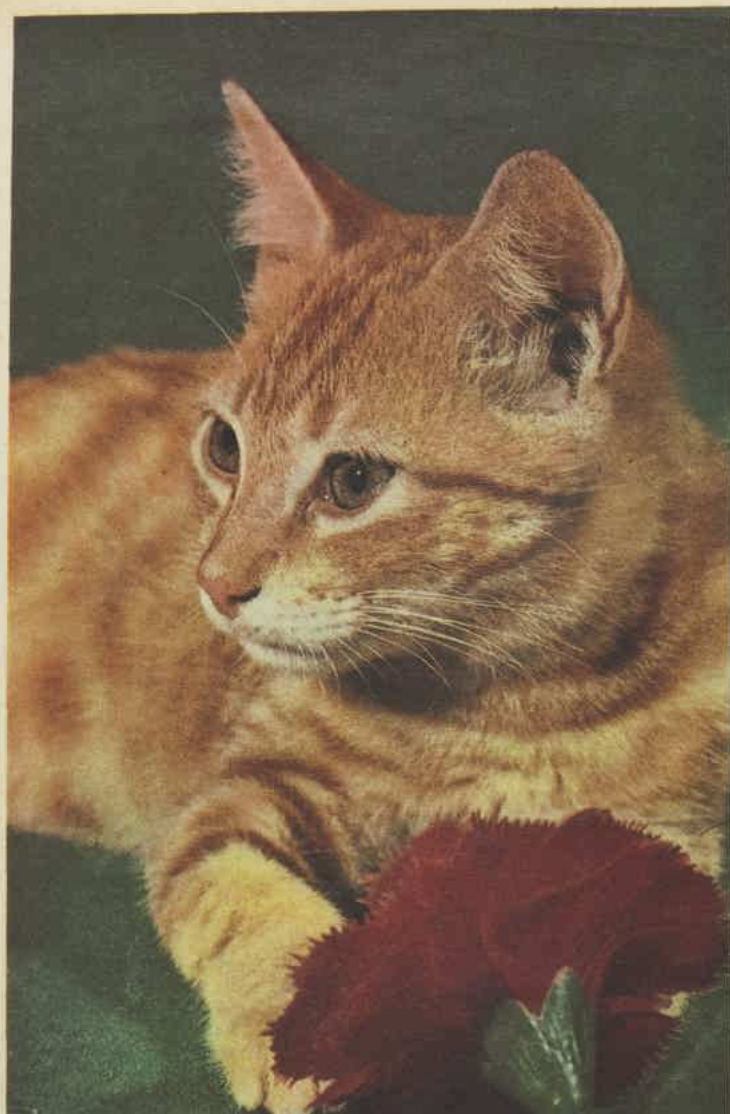
MR. R. (left) likes to paint and listen to classical music on his old radio. A former purser, he is a Service pensioner and is aged 80. He still misses his wife, who died many years ago. A daughter and her children live far away.



MR. N. (left) is lucky. He has a good landlady and a flower-filled backyard. He is 88 and seldom sees his children or grandchildren.

MRS. W. (right) is in her late 80s. She is very deaf, in poor health, and very much alone since her husband died last year. She was delighted to have visitors to her tiny room, dominated by family pictures and other treasures.





SOUTH Australian winner, Mr. J. McGuiness, of Darwin, posed his tortoiseshell cat, above, with a red carnation. Each State winner received \$100 in cash and \$30 worth of film.

● Judges had a mammoth task choosing the winners from more than 7000 entries. There were aristocrats, tabbies, "bitzers," alley-cats, some bedecked with ribbons and jewels, others partnered with penguins, cockatoos, dogs, horses, cows, goats, even guinea pigs.



WESTERN Australian winner, Mrs. G. F. U. Baker, of Swan View, caught this delightful picture, above, of her two kittens, Ginger and Candy, during one of their many playful periods.

FOUR little pussycats, below, with the appealing expressions, posed prettily when pegged on a clothesline by their owner, Queensland winner, Mr. A. H. Crowder, of Acacia Ridge, Brisbane.



CATS' WHISKAS CONTEST WINNERS

GOLDIE, our cover cat, is the national-prize winner in the Cats' Whiskas Picture Contest. He completely won the judges' admiration with his sophisticated expression of social boredom as, elegantly dressed, he waited for dinner to be served.

Mr. Charles Stratford, of Highett, Vic., who took the winning picture, said that

much of the credit for his win should go to his sister, Mrs. Dorothy Comber.

"Goldie is her cat and she really did stage-manage the picture," he said. "She also made the 'dinner jacket' bib which Goldie wore for the photograph."

Mr. Stratford said he gave Goldie three sittings of half an hour or so each to capture the expression he wanted.

"He is a very placid cat and didn't object to wearing the bib. He has been easy to

train ever since he was a kitten, and to get him on to the chair and into his pose all I had to do was snap my fingers."

As the national winner Mr. Stratford receives a cash prize totalling \$850, as well as \$100 worth of film. Only recently he took up photography as a hobby on his retirement from the insurance business.

More than 7000 entries were received in the Cats' Whiskas Contest. They came from every State in Australia and even from New Guinea.

Poses were many and varied. One series, showing a magnificent black cat decked out in a replica of a well-known Victorian footballer's jersey, had him opening a refrigerator door to get at his food.

The quality of pictures entered in the contest was so high that the three judges—Laurie Le Guay, well-known Australian photographer, and the Art Directors of The Australian Women's Weekly and George Patterson Ltd.—had a formidable job choosing the winners.



NATIONAL and Victorian winner, Mr. Charles Stratford, of Highett, Vic., with Goldie, his sister's cat, the model for his prizewinning photograph on our cover.

"WHAT'S new Pussy Cat?"
New South Wales winning entry, right, sent in by Mr. Paul Chimin, of Maroubra Junction.

SHEBA, below, who looks as though she is ready to take on all-comers, belongs to Mrs. Diaine Clark, Tasmanian winner.



List of 300 consolation-prize winners on page 14



LYNDA BIRD'S WEDDING



● Formal photograph in the Oval Room at the White House, above, after the wedding of Lynda Bird Johnson, 23-year-old daughter of U.S. President Lyndon B. Johnson and Mrs. Johnson, and Captain Charles S. Robb. The Johnsons' younger daughter, Luci Nugent, is next to her mother, with her husband, Patrick, behind her. The bridegroom's mother, Mrs James S. Robb, is next to him. Below, Lynda Bird made certain that maid-of-honor Warrie Lynn Smith, rumored to be engaged to best man Marine Captain William Davidson, caught her bouquet. Captain and Mrs. Robb chose for their honeymoon the hilltop plantation home of philanthropist Laurence Rockefeller, at Careel Bay, in the Virgin Islands of the West Indies. In two months, Captain Robb, aged 28, goes to Vietnam.



● After a gay reception for 500 guests, a honeymoon in the West Indies

● Captain Robb and his bride after the first White House wedding of a President's daughter for 53 years. They exchanged vows and kisses in a simple, 12-minute ceremony before a candlelit altar in the gold-and-white East Room. Lynda Bird was dressed in pearl white silk satin, the inside of the gown embroidered in blue near the hemline with "Lynda Bird Johnson, The White House, December 9, 1967."



A blessing or a curse must be done properly!

THE sure way to understand the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, is to regard it as a living book within its own setting.

This is the advice of Dr. John Thompson, Senior Lecturer in Biblical Archaeology at Melbourne University's Department of Middle Eastern Studies.

Dr. Thompson will lecture at Victoria's Council of Adult Education Summer School at Ridley College, Parkville, January 15-20.

Dr. Thompson has titled two of his lectures "The Old Testament — an Eastern Book." He maintains that the only way to get to the heart of the Bible is to understand the life of those for whom it was originally written.

"Otherwise, people today can get lost when they read of children's heads being

dashed against stones," he said.

"It took the man of that day at least ten minutes and a great many words to thank God. The psalms show this.

"The same applied if he wanted to curse a man. If the Lord was to bring judgment, word pictures, metaphors, and exaggerated, long sentences had to be used.

Bible as a "living book"

"This still applies in the Middle East. When I was there on an archaeological exploration, the diggers were not getting on with the job fast enough, and the man in charge decided to give them a blast.

"He berated them in Arabic—so fast I couldn't follow—for two or three minutes. When he finished they were working hard.

"I asked how he did it.

"He said, 'In the usual way. I started with their great - great - grandparents, went on to their grandparents, their parents, and themselves.

"I suggested their eyes should fall out, their houses fall about their ears, and their camels should die. Then I finished up with their children.

"If you bless or curse a man, you must do it properly!"

Dr. Thompson said God's message came into that sort of cultural environment. This must be used as a backdrop in order to lift the curtain of the years and understand the Bible's message.

"At heart the message is permanently valid in any age," he said.

Dr. Thompson, who began his career as a scientist and is also a Baptist minister, will be joined by an Anglican minister, a Roman Catholic priest, and a Jew-



DR. THOMPSON

ish rabbi to lecture at the Summer School. The Biblical Studies course is full-time, and students can either live in or attend daily.

Dr. Thompson says it is neither highbrow nor lowbrow, but steers a middle course.

In prisons of poverty *Continued from page 7*

They are full of anxieties, all of them, and full of memories.

But memories can be bitter, as well as sweet. All too often the children they raised and loved ignore them now. Often, they never see them, never see the grandchildren, or see them perhaps once or twice the year round.

("What will I do on Christmas Day?" repeated

one old man of 88. "Well, my son might come and take me out. He did once. Mind you, I don't see him these days. Well, I expect he's busy. But he did take me out once on Christmas Day. I won't know until the time comes, but there's always that chance. There's always a hope.")

For most, Christmas Day will be like any other, except

lonelier, because this should be the family time. Only the Smith Family will play Santa Claus. There will be Christmas hampers, so that none need go hungry. There will be little gifts, to show that someone remembers.

But the Smith Family, of course, remembers all the year round. There will come a cheerful knock on one of

those shut doors, and a smiling girl or woman will go in to "visit" for a while.

There will be food parcels to help eke out those pitifully few dollars. There will be clothes, shoes, blankets, a pretty rug, a radio perhaps, to drive loneliness a little further from the room.

Not the same as one's own loved, unloving children popping in, but a friend in a friendless world, where one has committed the unpardonable crime of being both old and poor.

("Thank you," one old lady of 87 told Moira, holding her hands very tightly, "thank you for breaking up the day for me.")

It's up to YOU

The Smith Family's work never ceases. But this time of year, the festive season, is the only time when it appeals to you, the people of N.S.W., to make its work possible.

The Smith Family is entirely supported by your gifts of goods and money.

Send anything you can spare — money, household goods, clothes, tinned foods — to the Smith Family, 137-143 Crown St., East Sydney, or telephone 31-0222 and a van will call.

Because of your gifts, doors will open on those tiny rooms all over Sydney, letting in light and warmth, and the knowledge that in the big, uncaring city somebody cares.



SPUNKY LITTLE MRS. W. is country bred. ("You can't beat the country-raised people," she says.) At 77, Mrs. W. is in poor health, but she chops wood for the copper to have a hot bath in a tin bath in an outside shed. Her husband died nine years ago. Although the youngest of nine children, she is childless. She shares a kitchen down tortuous unlit stairs. The stove has only one jet.

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

MUST be sure to make a hotel booking as soon as there is a definite date in April for the Weekend at Bowral which the Art Gallery Ball Committee is arranging. Some of the suggestions so far put forward include garden and house inspections, a dance at the golf club, and two barbecues — one at Ted Moloney's house, the other at Mrs. John Minter's. Some of the houses to be inspected are Mrs. Norman Palmer's charming house, "Comfort Hill," Mrs. R. Godsell's "Greyleaves," and Mrs. Ken Hoskins' "Talgai."

NEWS this week from artist Justin O'Brien, who has moved his headquarters from the Greek island of Skyros to Rome, where he has settled into a small flat near the main railway station. In a letter to Brian Westwood, Justin says he has finished thirty paintings which will be sent to Australia for an exhibition next year. He has already sent some works for the Adelaide Festival exhibition. Incidentally, I believe that the party Brian gave for the unveiling of the portrait he has painted of Mrs. Gregory Blaxland for the Archibald Prize was quite a success.

MORE news from Rome when I spoke with Mervyn Horton, who told me that artist Jeff Smart and Mic Sandford will be in Sydney for two days of the fortnight they will spend in Australia. Mervyn has asked many of their friends to a picnic luncheon on New Year's Day at his house at Palm Beach.

AND yet another titbit about Rome, but this time from London. In a letter from her husband, Humphrey, this week, Diana Fisher (who leaves here in January to make her way home via Hong Kong and America) learned that Eleanor Arrighi will be in London with her two daughters, Nicki and Luci, for Christmas. She went from her home in Rome to visit Luci in Paris, where she is modelling with Yves St. Laurent, and then goes on to London.

IT would be a difficult job to select Sydney's "Hostess with the Mostest," but Mrs. Frank McCall Power would be well in the running. She hostessed a charming dinner party during the week dressed in an exotic hostess pyjama dress. The strapless top and overskirt were in tangerine chiffon, the bodice and pants underneath in floral. She looked so elegant presiding over a table set with a gold-worked red cloth on which were glowing green candles in gleaming white china candelabra and a grouping of shiny green baubles and holly.

DISCOVERED a charming recipe (which I've decided is my favorite) while looking through the "Souvenir Cookery Book" which the women's committee of Scots College has brought out. It reads:

Take a heaped cup of patience
One heartful of love
Two handfuls of generosity
A dash of laughter
One handful of understanding
Sprinkle generously with kindness and plenty of faith
Mix well, spread over a period of a lifetime
And serve everybody you meet

The author, Mrs. G. Thompson, of Portland, is one of the students' mothers who contributed recipes for the book which has the Scots College crest on the cover and sells (through the committee) for a dollar.

SPEAKING with Penny Ferguson about her planned trip to Hong Kong after Christmas, where she will spend eight weeks with family friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. Kovalskis, I also learned that she's in the midst of party planning for a dinner she will give for American visitor Sue Thompson. Sue, who stayed with the Ferguson family when she was out here on a scholarship two years ago, flew into Sydney from New Jersey on December 9 and has been staying with Mr. and Mrs. Eric Nolan at their Lindfield home. There's sure to be lots of news to exchange at the party when Sue will meet her former Abbotsleigh school friends.

THE Mel Lawtons have planned another of their delightfully informal Christmas Eve gatherings, when friends and neighbors with their children have been asked to drop in. The Lawtons' son Danny has asked a number of his school friends as well, and during the evening the children will sing carols to music piped into the garden, which will be lit by flares.

— Mollie Lyons

BRIDAL WALTZ. Mr. and Mrs. Philippe Scamps were watched by bridesmaids Miss Prue Parkhill, Miss Virginia Junor, Miss Michele Scamps, and Miss Penny Marr (left to right) as they commenced the bridal waltz at the reception at Avondale Golf Club, Pymble, which followed their marriage at St. Swithun's Church, Pymble. The bride was Miss Diane Marr, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Marr. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Pierre Scamps, of Warrawee.



AT LEFT: Mr. and Mrs. Scamps cutting their wedding cake at the reception at the Avondale Golf Club which followed their marriage.

AT RIGHT: A pause between dances for youthful Mr. Robert Ogaard-Stephens and Miss Cathy Wayland at the end-of-year formal given by fifteen fifth-year students from Scots College. Mr. Ogaard-Stephens was one of the hosts at the party, which was held at the Pickwick Club.



MARRIED. Mr. and Mrs. Barry Wood received congratulations from the Ryde Choir, which sang at their wedding, after the ceremony at the Parish Church of St. Joseph, Edgecliff. The bride was Miss Libby Hall-Bohrsmann, daughter of Mrs. Otto Hall-Bohrsmann, of Neutral Bay, and of the late Mr. Hall-Bohrsmann. The bridegroom is the son of Mr. and Mrs. C. Wood, of Ermington. A reception followed at Windsor Gardens, Chatswood.

AT RIGHT: Mr. Walter Phillips, president of the American National Club, pictured with his wife at a farewell luncheon in honor of the United States Ambassador, Mr. Ed Clark, and Mrs. Clark. The reception, which was held at the Wentworth Hotel, was hosted by the Australian-American Association in conjunction with the American Society, the American National Club, and the American Chamber of Commerce in Australia.



CONSOLATION PRIZES

CATS' WHISKAS CONTEST

From pages 8, 9

THE following were awarded consolation prizes in the Cats' Whiskas Picture Contest. Each receives a month's supply of Jellymeat Whiskas — a case containing 36 tins.

NEW SOUTH WALES

Miss B. Abercrombie, 2 Westworth Rd., Vaucluse.
Mrs. E. Alexander, 2/72 Western St., Harris Park.
Mrs. R. B. Allan, Boomerang, Tooraweenah.
Mr. R. Allgood, 2/148 Sutherland St., Paddington.
Sandra Allgood, 478 George St., Sydney.
Miss P. Alvarez, 4 Werambie St., Woolwich.
Mr. R. J. Anson, 10 Thornton St., Fivedock.
Miss W. Baker, 549 Great North Rd., Abbotsford Point.
V. L. Barnett, 37 Queen St., Revesby.
Mrs. N. Batzloff, 10 Barnett St., Kiama.
Mrs. C. Bellemans, 14 Waruda St., Kirribilli.
Mr. L. R. Bennett, 45 Smith St., Kingswood.
Mrs. R. Bennett, 29 Rogers St., Lakemba.
T. L. Bryan, 43 George St., Berry.
Mr. and Mrs. B. Bird, 15 Joyce St., Fairfield.
Mrs. J. Blunt, Four Seasons Nursery, Belconnen.
Mrs. E. Bowman, 61 Tarragona Pde., Carlingbah.
Mrs. E. Brackley, 7 Browning St., Campsie.
Mrs. L. Brennan, 14 East Ave., Spinnaker.
Mrs. R. Brown, 16 Woll St., Kingsgrove.
Miss M. Burns, Seaview St., Balgowlah.
L. C. Butler, 10 Malbury Rd., Hornsby.
Mrs. Cameron, Coral St., Tweed Heads.
Mr. A. H. Carter, 20 Devonshire St., Chatswood.
Miss M. Carter, "Tresslingfield," Woodville, via Mail-lana.
Mr. and Mrs. P. Chaffey, 14 Kurrajong Cres., Black-town.
Mrs. T. W. Chapman, "Cambo Cambo," Mungindi.
Mrs. N. Chimin, 31 Robey St., Maroubra Junction.
Mrs. L. H. Clark, Box 45, P.O. Blayney.
Miss M. Clark, 20 Braxide St., Wahroonga.
Mrs. S. Clarke, 7 Canberra Ave., Turramurra.
L. Clayton, 3/42 Mena Rd., Darling Point.
Mrs. R. Clouston, 118 Cragg St., Condon Park.
Miss B. Cochlin, 35 Empress St., Hurstville.
Dr. B. Collins, 178 Addison St., Goulburn.
B. S. Cooke, 63 Patrick St., Avalon.
Mrs. R. Cottle, "Tor Cottage," Wilson Rd., Terrigal.
Miss A. Cowling, 29 Harrow Rd., Sylvania.
Mrs. T. Cramery, 96 Parkes Rd., Collaroy Plateau.
Mrs. T. Csapo, 3/180 Wellington St., Bondi.
Miss N. M. Danton, 32 Channon Ave., Casanook.
Mr. Ren Dean, 20 The Avenue, Lorn, Maitland.
Mr. T. G. Deane, 25 Moniton Ave., Carlingford.
Miss D. Dawling, 48 Charles J. Berg & Associates, 42 Margaret St., Sydney.
Miss J. Edis, 14 View St., Temora.
Miss J. Ely, 26 Millery Rd., Pymble.
Mrs. R. Everest, 66 Farley St., Casino.
Mrs. R. Faulkner, 8 June St., Seven Hills.
K. Fellows, "Gowen House," Northbourne Ave., Bradbury, A.C.T.
Mrs. K. Fitzpatrick, 60 Greaves St., Inverell.
Mrs. A. S. Forbes, 16 Nagle Ave., Maroubra.
Mrs. Keith Ford, 30 The Boulevard, Karingal, Wagga Wagga.
Miss E. Franklin, 10 Hereford St., Stockton.
Mrs. C. Fuchs, Highbury, Harrington.
Mr. T. Garland, 35 Hunter St., Nth. Balgowlah.
Mr. P. W. Gauxson, 11 Gundamine Ave., Neutral Bay.
Mr. A. D. Gibbins, 1/62A Aubin St., Maitland.
Mrs. P. Gilham, c/o Imperial Hotel, New England Highway, Uralla.
Miss M. Giordano, 31 Railway St., Baulkham Hills.
Mrs. M. Goldbaum, 2/187 West St., Crows Nest.
Mrs. B. C. Gorman, 39 Richmond St., Rockdale.
Mrs. W. Grabowski, 2 Chant Ave., Eppingwood.
Mrs. Anne Gray, Lord St., Laurieton.
Mr. R. Grubb, 92 Blamie Cres., Campbell, A.C.T.
C. Hall, 111 Hill Rd., Liverpool.
Mrs. M. I. Hanley, 35 Juno Pde., Greenacre.
Miss L. Hardy, 295 High St., Chatswood.
Mrs. E. C. Hawking, 89 Warradilly St., Grenfell.
Mr. P. J. Hauser, 37 Sampson St., Orange.
Mrs. B. B. Hayes, 14 Sunnyside St., Gladesville.
Mrs. B. Hagg, 2 Wilkes St., Westmead.
Mrs. D. J. Holder, 83 Chelmsford Rd., Westworthville.
Mrs. J. E. Hooke, "Myra," Gloucester.
Mr. N. R. Howerth, 57 Melba Rd., Seven Hills.
Mrs. E. Innes, 48 Cavendish St., Katoomba.
Mrs. C. E. Jeffcott, Gap Rd., Wagga Wagga.
Mrs. G. King, 58 Gordon Cres., Stanmore.
Mrs. R. Kirby, Woodford Dale, Clarence River.
Mrs. E. Kirwan, 10 Canberra St., Clarendon.
Mrs. S. Kennard, 66 Anzac Ave., Collaroy.
Mrs. M. Lamont, 22 Glencair Ave., Wyoming, via Geelong.
Mr. S. Lane, P.O. Box 380, Armidale.
Mr. N. J. La Rose, 11 Prescott Ave., Dee Why.
Mrs. M. Leeson, 52 Robson Rd., Kelville.
Mr. H. E. Leslie, 24 Seabach Ave., Mona Vale.
Mr. J. H. Lewis, 8 Banga Rd., Dover Heights.
Mrs. B. Little, 81 Galloway St., Armidale.
Mrs. D. C. Maclean, 25 Beaufort Court, 200 Forbes St., Darlinghurst.
Mrs. B. McKillop, 12 Walara Cres., Waverley.
Mrs. A. McLachlan, 42 Caroline St., Gosford.
Mrs. E. McLean, 75 Prospect Hill, Murrumbidgee.
Mrs. R. Mainwaring, 31 St. Johns Rd., Campbelltown.
Miss J. Makin, 43 Brughton Rd., Homebush.
Mrs. W. Milligan, 11 Panama St., Parramatta.
Mrs. A. Harris, Box 170, P.O. Ashfield.
Mrs. E. Newark, 29 Bunglewood Rd., Lakemba.
Mrs. M. Oake, 12 Turpan St., Wyming.
Mrs. Y. Odell, 279 Victoria Place, Drummond.
Mrs. G. O'Grady, 28 Elliott Ave., East Ryde.
Mrs. P. L. Penney, 43 Brughton Rd., Homebush.
Mr. A. F. Peck, "Shalom," 27 Prince St., Goulburn.
Mrs. O. C. Peterson, c/o Lot 1 Cairns Rd., Glenorie.
Mrs. J. Poretsky, 43 Brighton Blvd., Bondi North.
Mr. A. Price, 12 Keeler St., Carlingford.
B. Quince, 35 Harrow Rd., Bexley.
Mrs. Y. E. Renault, Pylon Lookout, Box 1338 G.P.O., Sydney.
Miss P. Ritson, 39 Birriga Rd., Bellevue Hill.
Mr. J. Rowe, 19 Res Ave., Belmore.
Miss C. Russell, 45 Fletcher St., Westlarch.
Dr. Russell-French, 1A Macquarie Rd., Pymble.
Mr. & Mrs. G. V. Ryan, 135 Simmat Ave., Condon Park.
Miss L. Samuel, Pymont Bridge Hotel, Bridge Road, Pymont.
P. Scott, Lot 30, Lingellen St., Berowra.
Robert Shiel, 5 Prince St., Orange.
Mrs. P. Stark, 100 Celeridge St., Riverwood.
Mrs. R. B. Stark, 35 Prospect Hill, Murrumbidgee.
Mr. L. E. Stead, 23 Johnson St., Lambton.
Mrs. N. Stenning, 121 Rose St., Vagoona.
D. Stephan, 12/142 Stanmore Rd., Stanmore.
Mrs. U. Stephens, 8/31 Bruce St., Brighton-le-Sands.
Mrs. B. Stevens, 25 Fitzgerald St., Windsor.
Mr. E. Stone, 51 Abingdon Rd., Rydeville.
Mrs. K. P. Taylor, 21 Warrarwa Ave., Warrarwa.
Miss D. Terry, 31 Ruthven St., Bondi Junction.
Mrs. C. Thompson, 307/8 Romain Gardens, Elizabeth Bay.
Mrs. S. Trevellick, 414 King St., Newtown.
Misses J. & L. Traver, 31 Bundara St., Beverly Hills.
Mr. R. G. Treg, 115 New England Highway, Rutherford, Maitland.
Mrs. D. C. Tmall, c/o Rushcutters Bay P.O., Rushcutters Bay.
Mrs. E. C. Turner, 24 Dunrossil Ave., Carlingford.
Mr. H. Van Stek, 99 Holt Rd., Taree Point.
Mrs. S. Verity, 8 Sheehan Ave., Wentworthville.
Patricia Waller, 15 High St., Edgell.
Mrs. S. R. Ward, 614 Farnham St., Farnham.
Mr. Graeme J. Warr, 77 Yalunga Rd., Dapto.
Mr. H. Watson, 4 Yarrawa Rd., Moss Vale.
Mrs. B. Wayne, 12 Dalman St., Croydon.
Miss J. Whiteley, 18 Valley Rd., Lindfield.
Mrs. M. A. Wilson, "Mirabooka," Camden Rd., Nararean.
Mrs. J. Wood, Laurel Hill, via Balfour.
Mrs. A. C. Workman, 1 Farran St., Lane Cove.

VICTORIA

Mrs. L. J. Abbey, 71 Hampton St., Moe.
Mrs. T. W. Arblaster, 362 Chesterville Rd., East Bentleigh.
Mr. D. Baharom, 11 Inverness Ave., Armadale.
Mr. B. Bates, 13 Standard Ave., Box Hill.

Mrs. M. G. Bland, 54 Linacre Rd., Hampton.
Mr. A. Calder, "Caudon Lodge," 21 Tramway Pde., Beaumaris.
Miss J. Carter, 192 Melbourne Rd., Nth. Williamstown.
S. Cermak, 10/78 Barkly St., St. Kilda.
Mr. J. Cornik, Lella Rd., Werburton.
Mrs. C. Collier, Bittern Rd., Red Hill South.
Mr. B. Daniel, 106 McLeod Rd., Carrum.
Mrs. S. Devitt, 47 Fraser Ave., Edithvale.
Miss K. Edwards, 7 Hamilton St., Murtoa.
Miss P. Edwards, 28 Devon St., Cheltenham.
Miss W. E. Evans, Skelton Creek Rd., via Werribee.
F. C. Eddy, 608 Doreton St., Nth. Ballarat.
K. Farrar & E. Kemp, 9 Summit Ave., Mooroolbark.
R. Ding, Hodder Rd., Healesville.
R. H. Fortune, Tynong Rd., Nar Nar Goon.
Mrs. Gellie, 105 Swan St., Richmond.
Miss S. George, Box 28 South Melbourne.
Miss Doreen E. Gray, "Markalla," via Red Cliffs.
Miss H. R. Guy, 148 Mary St., Morwell.
Miss G. Hamilton, 159 Watsonia Rd., Watsonia.
Miss H. Head, 69 Pascoe St., Burwood.
Mrs. W. Hesse, 27 Rangview Grove, North Balwyn.
Mr. D. C. Horner, 36 Waverley Rd., Chadstone.
Mrs. B. Hourigan, 4 Campbell Court, Sale.
Miss A. Hubbard, 99 Greythorn Rd., North Balwyn.
B. Hunter, 75 Nepean Highway, Mentone.
Miss B. Ingram, 155 Kent St., Ascot Vale.
Mrs. D. H. James, 36 Dryden St., Doncaster East.
Mrs. J. Lawrence, 194 Templestowe Rd., Lower Templestowe.
Mrs. B. Limmerman, 1 Russell St., Caulfield.
Miss J. Lindsay, 13 Stratford Court, Springvale North.
Mr. D. Mason, 4 Flowers St., Caulfield South.
Mrs. H. Matthew, Rural Delivery, Undera, via Mooropna.
Mrs. D. McArdle, 127 Waverley Rd., Chadstone.
Miss J. McCarthy, 37 King William St., Fitzroy.
Mrs. R. Mesa, 1 Palmerston St., Camberwell.
Mrs. M. Y. Middleton, 6 Oconnor Place, Toorak.
Mr. J. Miller, 5 Ozone Ave., Seaford.
Mrs. E. Nash, 8 Springfield Ave., Toorak.
Miss P. Newcombe, 15 Dover St., Caulfield.
Mrs. G. H. Norris, 5/14 Manly St., Werribee.
Mrs. M. O'Connor, 13 Lancaster St., Ashburton.
Miss M. A. O'Leary, c/o Mr. K. J. Harris, 47 Somers Pde., Altona West.
Miss R. A. O'Loughlin, 350 Richardson St., Middle Park.
Mrs. S. J. O'Loughlin, 25 Pratt Ave., Frankston.
Miss K. Payne, Moilyah, via Benalla.
W. J. Pearson, 9 Hart St., Caulfield.
E. Raymond, 10 Arthur Avenue, Brighton.
Mrs. S. Ritter, 126 Kanooka Grove, Clayton.
Mr. J. Rogers, 3 Westgate St., Panton Vale Stn.
Mrs. E. Siebrand, 108 Cromer Rd., Beaumaris.
Miss B. Smyth, Hillview, Beaumont.
Mrs. F. Stringer, 13 David St., Hampton.
Mrs. N. Sunderland, c/o Scott St. & Centenary Rd., Melton.
Miss R. Thompson, 28 Charteris Drive, East Ivanhoe.
Mrs. E. Wallace, 22 Norwood Rd., Caulfield North.
Mrs. R. M. Welworth, 58 Kedleston Rd., Herne Hill, Geelong.
Mrs. Wilson, 7 Dunlop Ave., Box Hill.
Mr. L. H. H. Willbrandt, P.O. Box 68, Clayton.

QUEENSLAND

R. D. Adams, P.O. Box 203, Dalby.
Mr. E. Andersen, 42 Allouette St., Stafford.
Miss L. Baxter, 163A Woongarra St., Bundaberg.
Mrs. M. Beagart, 218 Petrie Terrace, Brisbane.
Mrs. E. Byrne, P.O. Box 88, Millers Millia.
Mrs. W. Brennan, 14 Gladstone St., Kilmico, Townsville.
Miss Y. Burchill, 48 Oakland Parade, East Brisbane.
Miss R. Burns, 132 Blackwood Road, Salisbury.
T. Cording, 12 Paine St., Ayr.
Miss L. Court, Grace St., Kangaroo Point.
L. A. Dietz, 58 Mary St., Toowoomba.
Mr. C. Ewing, 2 College Ave., Southport.
Mr. D. Ezy, c/o State High School, Cairns.
Mrs. E. Faint, 48 Watlie Ave., Camp Hill.
Mr. C. G. Field, 35 Lewis St., Camp Hill.
Mrs. M. H. Gabriel, 12 Coolong Cres., Mt. Gravatt.
Mrs. T. Gilbert, 1200 Colton St., Geelong.
Mrs. H. C. Grigg, 4 Fraser Terrace, Highgate Hill.
Mrs. R. Hammond, 22 Smythe St., Gympie.
Mr. C. Hannan, c/o L. Murden, 4/75 Bonney Ave., Clayfield.
Mrs. E. Hutton, 182 Kadumba St., Yeronga.
Mrs. P. Johnson, 4/35 St. Helens St., Hamilton.
Mr. & Mrs. C. Lindsberg, 2/233 Buchan St., Cairns.
Mrs. R. Main, 2/8 Ridley St., Auchterflower.
N. J. Moloney, c/o J. Moloney, 2 Mapleton Rd., Nambour West.
Mrs. C. Morwood, "Four Winds," Bay St., Pallarenda, Townsville.
Mr. K. W. O'Halloran, 49 High St., Mackay North.
Mrs. P. C. Page, 142 Woongarra St., Bundaberg.
Miss M. Ramsay, 11 Evelyn St., Woolloolun.
Grace Rider, 27A Whelan St., Surfers Paradise.
L. Robinson, 17 Joan St., Southport.
Mrs. C. J. Robson, Factory Lane, Esk.
Mr. Stuart Sharpe, c/o O.A.S., Murrumbidgee St., Miles.
Mrs. L. Sheehan, 8 Gypie St., Virginia.
Mrs. Stevenson, 298 Swann Rd., St. Lucia.
Mrs. T. Taylor, Pine Trees, Noddy Heads.
Mrs. T. Taylor, 1000 Terrace, Mount Milton.

SOUTH AUSTRALIA

Mrs. J. Bellis, 1/17 Chesham St., West Beach.
Miss M. Blume, 46 Hancock Ave., Campbelltown.
Miss D. B. Bruce, P.M.B. 218, Kingscote, Kangaroo Island.
Mrs. J. Bruce, 18 Allchurch Ave., North Plympton.
Mrs. G. D. Carnell, 33 Wenlock St., Brighton.
Mrs. J. E. Fowler, 564 Gloucester Cres., Safety Bay.
Mr. M. C. Harrington, 35 Melbourne St., Sturt.
Mrs. L. J. Hicks, 17 Rogers St., Goodwood.
Mrs. J. H. King, 12 Albert Rd., Eden Hills.
Mrs. M. G. King, 22 Albert Rd., Goodwood Park.
Mrs. F. H. Kirby, 19 Lockwood Rd., Erindale.
Mrs. J. Kinsland, 12 Denwood Ave., Campbelltown.
Mrs. P. McArthur, Selkirk St., Box 233, Naracoorte.
Miss J. McCann, 17 Alfred St., Walkerville.
Mrs. J. Padarin, 33 Seaview Rd., Lynton.
D. Parker, 1 Bopsey Terrace, Mount Gambier.
Mrs. R. W. Peters, 1 Inverness Ave., St. Georges.
Mr. A. V. Potts, Langhorne Creek.
Mrs. B. Roberts, 8 Smyth St., Christies Beach.
Miss V. Shute, 36 Primrose Rd., Glen Osmond.
Mrs. Smyth, P.O. Box 9, Murray Bridge.
Dr. D. Sprad, 11 Queens Ave., Burnside.
Sister J. M. Steff, c/o Hospital, Port Pirie.
Miss S. Stewart, 399 Diagonal Rd., Sturt.
Mrs. V. Strupis, 3 Ottawa Ave., Panorama.
V. Urban, 20 Burke St., Alice Springs, N.T.
Mrs. R. Webber, 3 Roseberry Ave., Fullarton.

WESTERN AUSTRALIA

Miss D. Allen, "Lilyvale," 201 Churchill Ave., Subiaco.
Mrs. C. F. Armstrong, P.O. Box 90, Wengan Hills.
Mrs. F. R. Cox, 25 Leonora St., Leonora.
Mrs. G. M. Easton, 21/166 Broadway, Nedlands.
Mrs. J. E. Fowler, 60A Gloucester Cres., Safety Bay.
Dr. J. G. Francis, 6 Williams Rd., Narrogin.
Mrs. H. Franklin, 28 The Boulevard, Mt. Hawthorn.
Miss G. Huxtable, 36 Drummond St., Bedford Park.
Mrs. N. Lenz, 44 Coogee Rd., Ardross.
Mrs. R. Magruder, 5/1 Warnham Ave., Cottesloe.
Mrs. E. J. Mickle, 9 Yongalla, Cannan.
Mrs. J. Robinson, 30 Tate St., Leederville.
Mrs. M. Sasin, 132 Kempton St., Bluff Point.
Mrs. J. Taylor, 46 Prince St., Nth. Collie.
Mrs. R. Willis, 33 Chadstone Rd., Hilton Park.
Mrs. E. C. Wilson, 13 Field St., Mt. Lawley.

TASMANIA

Mr. D. F. Abbott, 168 Trimmer Rd., Howrah.
Mr. C. Caherley, 24 Summerville Grove, Summerville, West Launceston.
Mrs. D. A. Clark, 279 Lenah Valley Rd., Lenah Valley.
Mr. Tony Clayton, Illalangi Drive, East Devonport.
Mrs. J. Hayes, 8 Summerville Grove, West Launceston.
W. H. Jowett, 54 Janet St., Kings Meadow.
Mr. N. J. Kile, Castle Forbes Bay, Huon.
Miss P. Leslie, c/o Waverley Waalen Mills, P.O. Box 31, Launceston.
Mrs. R. M. Morrissey, 42 Lord St., Sandy Bay.
Cpl. L. K. F. Pearshall, Whitewater Farm, Kingston.
D. M. Poulton, 22 Delta Avenue, Taroona, Hobart.
Mrs. F. A. Rowland, 4 Balfour Ave., Taroona, Hobart.
Margaret Stuart, Precoenna.
Miss Julie Sullivan, 46 Inglis St., Wynyard.
Mrs. D. T. Targett, "Bellington," Pipers Brook.

PAPUA

Miss R. Mackerras, P.O. Box 100, Port Moresby.



● Vanessa Redgrave rehearses a scene for the film sequence of "Isadora" that was stolen in London after its arrival from Yugoslavia.

The Yugoslav life

● A meeting with handsome Italian actor Franco Nero, a swinging party, and the question, "Mummy, why do you look so old?" from her two small daughters — all these have been happening to Vanessa Redgrave in Yugoslavia.

ALL have been inter-related. Vanessa, who was in Yugoslavia for her new film, "Isadora," gave the party in

a little castle rented at Opatija. Franco Nero, her steady escort for the year she and her first husband, director Tony Richardson, have been

divorced, made a 20-hour trip from Sicily to attend it. And the question of her children, Natasha, four, and Joely Kim, three, related to her aging process for her role in "Isadora," a film based on the life of American dancer Isadora Duncan.

For the party, Vanessa engaged Yugoslavia's top gipsy orchestra and had it flown from Belgrade to entertain her 200 guests.

She sent her secretary to Trieste to buy colored candles, unobtainable in Yugoslavia.

The party fare included six pigs roasted on spits, roast duck, all kinds of fruit, and a comprehensive drink list.

In spite of an arm broken in a car accident, Franco made the long trip from Sicily, where he was filming with Claudia Cardinale, for the party.

● Mini-skirted Vanessa with her children, Natasha and Joely Kim, in embroidered Yugoslav dresses.





● With Italian actor Franco Nero — his arm in a sling — at the party 31-year-old Vanessa gave in a castle she rented for the occasion.

of Vanessa Redgrave

And Vanessa poured red wine on his bandaged wrist "to bring him luck and quick recovery."

So far Vanessa and Franco have not mentioned wedding plans. They met in Hollywood, where both were working on films—Vanessa as Queen Guinevere in "Camelot" and Franco in a Western.

They come from very different worlds. Vanessa is a member of the famous British theatre family — daughter of Sir Michael and Lady Redgrave (actress Rachel Kempson), sister of "Georgy Girl" Lynn and actor Corin.

Franco is from a poor Italian worker's family. In Parma, he did every possible job, including selling ice-cream behind Garibaldi Square.

He dreamt of technical studies, but this was too expensive. Instead he became a football professional.

Entering a singing contest, he won first prize and had his picture published in the local newspaper—a relative who worked on the paper wrote a very favorable caption for it.

This brought him little reward, but a lot of self-assurance, and he went to Milan and got a job in an engineering factory.

He changed jobs almost every month, was a radio-repair man and a photographer until he finally was employed as an extra in the film "The Bible."

Then came Hollywood and his meeting with Vanessa. At the party in Opatija, he met

Vanessa's daughters, who had joined her for three of the six weeks she spent there on location for "Isadora."

As a young girl, Isadora Duncan came to Europe in a cattle boat. She danced her way across Europe from France to Russia, leaving a trail of enamored gentlemen in her wake.

Soon she was world famous. People called her "mad," "inspired," "immoral." She did what she liked and changed her lovers in a way that startled the world around the turn of the century.

Born in San Francisco, she believed in free love, and had two illegitimate children. She disdained conventional clothes; usually wore only a Greek tunic and sandals.

Children killed

The first time she showed her legs dancing, she shocked Europe.

Her greatest triumph was in Berlin, where audiences raved about her.

Although she was one of the greatest dancers of her day, creating a new school of dancing and free movement as opposed to classical ballet, she used to say, "I am no dancer. What I am interested in doing is finding and expressing a new form of life."

Her life was marked by tragedy. Her two children were killed when a car crashed into the River Seine; she died in 1927 at the age of 49 when her long trailing scarf, her trademark, caught in the wheels of a racing car.

The film is set during the

last few tragic days of her life in Nice, with flashbacks to show the course of her career.

So no wonder Vanessa's children were startled when they first saw her made-up as the aging Isadora.

Soon, however, they became used to it and played happily on the beach while their mother worked.

For the film, the beach at Opatija, "the Nice of the Adriatic," was used to reconstruct the Nice of 50 years ago. Even the famous Negresco Hotel was recreated, and here the children watched their mother dance on the terrace.

Director Karel Reisz engaged 700 extras and a 40-piece orchestra to re-enact scenes from Isadora's greatest dancing triumphs.

A perfectionist, Vanessa was given dance lessons by Austrian movement teacher Litz Pisk, who has coached her since 1961. After a day's filming, she would spend up to four hours practising before she went, exhausted, to bed at 10 p.m.

"Soon I will look like Isadora without any make-up," she said when she looked at her tired face in the mirror.

Footnote: Two cans of undeveloped film from "Isadora" were stolen in London after being flown from Yugoslavia. An official of Universal Pictures said the loss represented a day's shooting and £8000 sterling (\$17,200). The missing sequence is of Vanessa dancing with children in a palace given to Isadora by Lenin, see picture opposite page.



● In party mood, the almost-6ft.-tall Vanessa dances alone, watched by some of her 200 guests. She is aptly cast as a famous dancer. She has said, "I've always loved dancing and whenever I'm dancing I'm happy."



● Vanessa and Franco listen to the music of the top Yugoslav band she had flown from Belgrade for her party. Franco made a 20-hour trip from Sicily, where he was filming with Claudia Cardinale, to be with her.

ALICE THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS



THE JABBERWOCK, none other than bony, skull-faced Jack Palance, is enraged with Alice and her ambition to become a queen.



ABOVE: Alice (Judi Rolin) gets her first exciting view of the world through the looking-glass. LEFT: Alice talks things over with Tweedledee, one of the Smothers Brothers. The other Smothers Brother is portly Tweedledum.

"ALICE Through The Looking-Glass," one of Lewis Carroll's entrancing fantasies, will be ABC-TV's Christmas Day treat, showing throughout the Commonwealth at 7.15 p.m. It is a musical, an entirely live production without a single cartoon character.

The casting is inspired, as the pictures on this page show. Although the Slithy Tove does not appear on the cast list, there is a song called "Twas Brillig."

—NAN MUSGROVE



WHEN Alice is playing with a chess set, The Red King comes to life. Above, she is seen with, from left, The Red King (Robert Coote), White Queen (Nanette Fabray), Red Queen (Agnes Moorehead), and White King (Ricardo Montalban).

Here's one program that can't miss
a top rating on Christmas Day

GREETINGS FROM BOYS IN VIETNAM

By NAN MUSGROVE

Television

TALKING Christmas cards from Vietnam will be the highlight of Christmas viewing throughout Australia.

All commercial and national stations will show "Messages from Vietnam," an Army film made specially for greeting families of servicemen.

"We've done radio messages from servicemen in Vietnam before," Major Allan Hinds, Assistant Director of Army Public Relations, told me, "but we thought we should try to do them for TV so that the wives and mothers could not only hear but see their men-folk."

All States

"We have made six separate programs for each of the States, recorded 265 messages, and at least 240 of these will be in the final program."

The program for New South Wales will be shown on Christmas Day on Channels 9, 2, 7, and 10. I guarantee "Messages from Vietnam" will be the highest-rated Christmas Day program ever.

Major Hinds has done a good job with the films according to representatives of the Sydney TV channels, who saw a preview this week. They were delighted.

I wondered how on earth the Army decided on who would send greetings and who wouldn't, among the 6000 Army, Navy, and Air Force servicemen serving in Vietnam.

"I wanted to give every unit some representation," Major Hinds told me. "We did it according to strength — the bigger the unit the more greetings they had."

"Then we went to the

unit and made an announcement and asked for the men who would like to send greetings. Many of them were too reserved, but we got a good lot wanting to send them.

"We never had to use the old Army volunteer method of saying, 'You, you, and you.'"

Major Hinds agreed with me that TV cameras and microphones freeze people up.

"Talking to the men face to face showed men of very different personality from those on camera," he said. "Off camera, they were excited and pleased and had many things to say, but the mike and the direction to look into the camera altered all that."

"Most of them are conventional Christmas greetings, with an occasional instruction to Dad to 'have a beer for me.'"

"Messages from Vietnam" begins with a message from the Commander of the Australian Forces in Vietnam, Major-General D. Vincent. Next on the screen are Commanding Officers of all the Army Infantry Battalions, who talk about the soldiers under their command and the unit's plans for making Christmas Day something special.

Major Hinds told me that most of the servicemen in Vietnam were looking forward to Christmas differently this year.

"They like Christmas," he said, "but apart from the letters and parcels from home, Christmas in Vietnam represents to them a turning point in their service there."

"They go there to do 12 months' service, and for many Christmas marks the halfway mark. They are looking forward to it because

once they pass it they are on the downhill run home."

Viewers will see Saigon and Canberra House, the home of Australian soldiers serving in the city, Da Nang, 400 miles north of Saigon, Vung Tau, Phan Rang, and the headquarters of the Australian Task Force in Vietnam, in Nui Dat, in Phuoc Tuy Province.

Maps of the area are included in the film, as well as aerial shots, so that families can get a good idea of what the place where their particular soldier is serving looks like.

Most of the film was made in base camps, although the unit set out determined to do as many recordings in the field as possible.

"We recorded only the C.O. of the 2nd Battalion R.A.R., Lieut-Col. N. R. Charlesworth, in the field," Major Hinds said. He was in Phuoc Tuy province on Operation Sante Fe.

"But we found that with our heavy equipment we couldn't keep up with our men out in the field."

Major Hinds and his team not only kept the names of all the soldiers who appear in the film but they took a list of all the names and addresses of the people to whom the greetings are sent.

Advised

All these people will receive personal letters from the different TV channels advising them when "Messages from Vietnam" will be telecast on their station, and that they are to receive a message.

If anyone misses seeing and hearing their own particular station, it won't be the fault of the Army or the TV channels.

Channel 9 is showing "Messages from Vietnam" twice on Christmas Day, at 6 p.m. and just before bedtime, at 10 p.m. Channel 2 will show it in every capital city in the Commonwealth at 2.30 on Christmas afternoon. In all, parents, wives, and friends may see their soldier five times on Christmas Day.

I keep remembering that vintage song "If I Had a Talking Picture of You," and thinking how clever the Army was to make this film.

Major Hinds has spent



● Corporal Harry Spradbrow (left), of Gunnedah, N.S.W., and Private John Rybajlak, of Lyndoch, S.A., add Christmas decorations to a rubber tree in Nui Dat, South Vietnam. Canteens, too, are gaily decorated.

quite a lot of time in Vietnam one way and another. I asked him what his opinion of our troops was on this visit. Did they look well, cheerful?

"The most noticeable thing about the troops is their fitness," he said. "They look remarkably fit and healthy. The lack of superfluous weight is quite noticeable, and they are all very sunburned."

"They are very happy and cheerful, more so than they appear to be on camera because of their natural reserve, and the way the camera made them clam up."

Frost's art of interviewing

BATTLING with work, Christmas shopping, and preparations for holidays leave little time in the increasing tempo of mid-December for transcendental meditation, but I got a reward from it through David Frost's ABC-TV interviews in their "Challenge" program.

Frost interviewed Maharishi Mahesh Yogi, who visited Australia recently, and followed it with two interviews, a week apart, with two of the Maharishi's most ardent devotees, Beatles George Harrison and John Lennon.

Frost's interview with the Maharishi was an exercise in cool, thoughtful, determined questioning in which he probed, in a good-mannered way, into the Maharishi's beliefs and his special brand of meditation.

He revealed the Maharishi as a wily, extremely intelligent man with a great deal of business acumen.

I think he does good — I can't see how anyone living in 1967 would fail to benefit from sitting tranquilly for half-an-hour a day in a dark room twirling a carnation and thinking with the help of their special word.

The Beatles, with George Harrison as chief spokesman (and a very articulate one), looked as if they were ready for a fancy-dress party.

George, with his black hair centre-parted and falling in soft waves to his shoulders, and a small moustache, looked exactly like a picture of the young Robert Louis Stevenson.

He wore an open-necked shirt and a cravat, which flowed byronically, if cravats can do such things. John looked nutty in a black skivvy, carefully combed Mia Sinatra haircut, granny glasses, and an Edwardian tweed jacket trimmed with velvet.

George talked about bliss consciousness and John said that life used to be a series of good days and bad days, and now the good days are very good, and the bad days are better.

Before they made money, George said, the Beatles thought money solved everything, but when they made money they found they still lacked something.

Frost asked them would they be happier now they had transcendental meditation if their money was taken away.

"Well," said George, "you have a headache over everything you own, so if you don't own anything, you don't get headaches."

Mind expansion

After that, George said earnestly that as they had got TM young they can do something about the rest of the world, and at present TM was expanding their conscious mind for right action.

Hearing these young men talk publicly in this way makes me wonder just what the Maharishi has got. He certainly seems to do good for the Beatles.

I was surprised at how much older Frost looked during the Maharishi interview.

I jumped to the conclusion that "The Frost Report" now being enjoyed from ABC-TV was years old. I was wrong.

Those bags under Frost's eyes came from being dragged out of bed at 3.30 one morning a couple of months ago when ITV bagged the Maharishi at London Airport, where he had a brief stopover between planes.

I have a greater respect than ever for Frost now. His splendid interview with the Maharishi would have been difficult anyway, but under those circumstances it was a feat.

★ ★ ★
ISRAEL has started telecasting as a direct result of their six-day war in June this year with the Arabs.

The Israelis are quite frank about it — their TV has begun strictly for political reasons.

They start with telecasts four hours a day, beamed direct to 1,000,000 Arabs who live in the occupied areas of the Gaza Strip and the west bank of the Jordan River.

Programming for the Israelis themselves is still 18 months away, but the Government of Israel started what they term "emergency TV" for the Arabs as a counter-irritant to nightly doses of propaganda from Egypt.

Tel Aviv has limited educational TV programs telecast on donated equipment, and the Government has now asked the Parliament for permission to use this equipment to send programs to the Arabs.

Three hours of programs will be shown in Arabic, one in Hebrew. They will concentrate on news, health discussions, farming and social problems, and visits to various places in Israel.

When John Dixon's outstanding documentary on the war, "Days Of Destiny," was made, he told me he encountered all kinds of trouble because the Israelis had no TV and had not been exposed to its effect on the people of the world. They have learned quickly how important it is.

TOMMY HANLON'S

Thought for the week

Mamma once said, "When we were having one of our family discussions at dinner and the topic was 'What is the hardest thing to do in life?' Dad said he thought striking a match on a piece of soap. My sister thought trying to put toothpaste back in the tube. My aunt said playing a piano in a marching band. My uncle, who drank a bit, said opening a can of beer with a banana." But I think Mamma's definition would be hard to beat:

MOMMA'S MORAL: "The hardest thing to do in life is to find a fur coat that will look expensive to your friends and cheap to your husband."

READ TV TIMES FOR FULL WEEK'S PROGRAMS

Give him a **Gillette** razor— the gift he'll use every day!



Young shaver or not so young, you like to see that face of his at its best. Gillette know more about shaving than anyone else, so it stands to reason they make the world's best razors.

Choose from the four shown here and spoil him into putting his best face forward. Not just on Christmas Day but for 365 days a year.



Gillette Aristocrat

The golden touch—if ever a gift had it! But the gold plated "Aristocrat" in its plush, velvet-lined case shaves as superbly as it looks—because there are nine different settings so he can choose the one that's best for his face. The Spoiler, Gillette Super Stainless steel blades, included.

\$8.40



Gillette Techmatic

Now a razor band of finest stainless steel brings him the lightest touch in shaving. The band, coiled inside a replaceable cartridge, has 6 shaving edges—each lasts about 10 days. When time's up he simply flicks a lever and presto! a new edge clicks in place. Gillette Techmatic at

\$4.50



Gillette Slim Adjustable

Made-to-measure shaving! The "Slim Adjustable" has nine different settings, from No. 1—for the lightest beards—up to 9 for whiskers at their wiriest. Gillette Super Stainless blades (The Spoiler) included.

\$2.49



Gillette Quick Twist

Changing blades was never so easy. One quick twist and the razor is open. Another twist, and it's closed and ready for action. "Quick Twist" is complete with Gillette Super Stainless steel blades (The Spoiler).

\$1.25

It's fashion...



★ There's a sudden shepherd-boy look sweeping through London's swinging Chelsea. Like the sheep-lined boots, seen here, that look as if they've come straight from Afghanistan or Persia. Actually, they have. Along with fleece-lined, brightly embroidered jackets, coats, and waistcoats, they're selling strongly to boys and girls in the boutiques.



★ A new, mod uniform (above, right) for hostesses of an American airline went on show in London recently. The white cape rainsuit can be worn over a plain white, red, or blue roll-necked dress. And how uniforms have "taken off" over the years. The "hostess with the mostest" is wearing the maxi-skirted, cap-and-tie suit, which first got airborne in 1933.

COMPACT



★ All that glitters is not gold — except when you've been decorated by Italian painter-decorator Novella Parigina. Italian actress Iris DeMarchis displays his latest work, which is supposed to be of real diamonds, laced with gold dust. Diamonds might be a girl's best friend — but, men, imagine kissing a girl made-up like this!

Paper! Read all about it!

PAPER has now gone to the head.

American-developed paper caps — used overseas in hospitals, hotels, restaurants, and food-processing plants in place of fabric caps — are now on the Australian market.

No more washing or ironing; simply throw them away after about 10 days of normal care.

They come in two styles, one plain, the other with a

cents, and, for a little extra, names of restaurants, hotels, or factories can be printed on them.

Paper popped up again in another interview we had...

Home use

"Since linen is changed daily in hospitals, paper sheets would be a very practical proposition, and other institutions would undoubtedly follow suit," said Mrs. Gina Macpherson (home economist for a leading Australian food firm), who has just returned from a conference of American food magazine editors in Chicago.

"Of course, they would be too expensive for private homes in the beginning, but I can see them catching on for guest-rooms," she said.



We overheard this dry mini-quip by a cynical boutique sales-girl, discussing a customer's taste: "Her? Oh, she doesn't care about the quality — only about the quantity!"



printed lace edge, as seen in the picture above.

They are supplied flat, so that they can be adjusted to suit individual hairstyles, and they are kept in place with a stud, shank button, or adhesive strips.

Cost of each cap works out at about six or seven

... BUT SARI WILL SUIT THE BEGUM



● Begum Malik: "No fashion change."

"I CANNOT understand the obsession some women have for the ever-changing world of Western fashions," said the Begum Ayesha Malik.

"It is such a commercial world and not one for the aesthetic. No, we Pakistani women have not the mentality, the way of life to follow your fashions. The sari is more to our nature and background."

Begum Malik, wife of the newly appointed Pakistan High Commissioner, Mr. Aslam Malik — softly spoken, gracious, her long black hair coiled at the nape of her neck, and dressed in a beautiful, apricot-colored silk sari — was on her first visit to Sydney.

She and her husband had, she said, arrived with their seven-year-old son, Yahja (and two personal servants), the previous month. But they had gone straight to Canberra to settle into the home which will be theirs for the next three years.

A cultured, extremely intelligent woman who speaks five foreign (to her) languages — English, Portuguese, Persian, Italian, and French — she exudes an overwhelming air of femininity.

The discussion on saris started when the Begum was asked if she intended visiting fashion departments.

● 'I feel so lucky'

"I feel I am so lucky that I do not have to visit all the shops buying new clothes to keep up with the fashion changes," she said.

"Our women have always resisted any Western influence in their dress.

"And why not? The sari is very comfortable to wear, light and cool, and it packs very easily. You don't have to worry about lengths of skirts, cuts of sleeves.

"Perhaps, in the ways of all women, certain patterns for the hem borders will change — but never for very long. You just pack your sari away and wait for that pattern to be worn again.

"And, in Pakistan, you can buy them from five rupees (about \$1) to 1000 rupees (about \$200), depending on their quality.

"The more expensive ones are really beautiful, mostly of gold or silver thread woven into fine tissue.

"And, of course, as there is no change in their fashion, women can, over the years, collect a large range of different saris.

"Mainly they are worn by married women — more so in West Pakistan than East — as the young girls wear the shalwar-qameez, long pantaloons under a loose knee-length tunic.

"In North-West Pakistan the men's clothes are also very colorful and attractive. Some wear beautiful gold-embroidered waistcoats, very like those worn by Greek soldiers."



● Great Frederick Bell Tower (left) at St. Peter's Cathedral, Adelaide.

CHURCH BELLS RING



● Mr. Jack Roper, Captain of Bellringers at St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, inspects the tenor bell, the largest of the ring of 13 in the belfry. The bells balance with mouths yawning upwards.



● Captain of the Tower, Mr. Tom Goodyer, left, husband of the writer of this article, instructs Margaret Watson, John Sheehy, and John Cummins in the use of handbells at St. Mary's Basilica, Sydney.

*"Christmas in midsummer, ringers in shirtsleeves,
Golden December, a hot breathless dawn,
Bells pealing out in the shimmering morning,
Ring and rejoice, for the Saviour is born."*

LOOK to, treble's going, she's gone." At this call, from towers across Australia on Christmas morning, church bells will ring out their age-old message.

Underneath the swinging bells, pulling rhythmically at the ropes, will be a cross-section of Australian men and women — professional men and housewives, teachers and businessgirls, fathers and sons.

Bell-ringing is an art that can be anyone's hobby.

Australia has about 25 towers where the bells are hung for ringing in traditional English style.

A carillon can be played like a piano by one man

sitting at a keyboard. A hammer striking the rim of a carillon bell produces a note; the bell doesn't move.

But in the English style of change-ringing, it isn't a clockwork or electric impulse which makes the bell speak but a human ringer, one to each bell.

The whole bell is swung in an almost complete circle, the clapper striking near the end of the stroke. This swinging of the bell as she (a bell is always a lady) is struck mellows the tone, but makes it stronger, more resonant.

To be a bell-ringer (or campanologist, the technical title) requires a long period of training.

It isn't just a matter of pulling a rope. First, a ringer has to get the "feel" of the bell he is going to control. As a bell may weigh anything from less than 3cwt. to more than three tons, learning how to handle the swinging mass

of metal takes at least four to five months.

For this, the clapper is tied to make the bell soundless, so that the learner can pull away to his heart's content without driving nearby residents to distraction.

Soon a learner can ring bells many times his own weight. The 31cwt. tenor bell at St. Andrew's Cathedral, Sydney, is rung regularly by a 15-year-old boy from the Cathedral Choir School.

The simplest way to ring bells is in rounds, when all the bells keep their respective places from treble to tenor, from highest note to lowest note, round and round without changing position.

The Australian towers will ring rounds on Christmas morning, but the bells will also be heard ringing in constantly changing patterns.

It is in this—known as change-ringing—that the bell-ringer shows his real art and skill. The system of change-ringing is mathemati-



● Members of St. Paul's Cathedral Society of Bellringers, Melbourne, left, in the ringing chamber.

AGE-OLD MESSAGE

● St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne.
The tower at right houses the bells.



● At St. Mark's, Darling Point, N.S.W. From left, Mrs. G. Senvi, Miss J. Sandry, Bell Captain Mr. J. McCartney, Miss D. Wyatt, Miss J. de Seriera, Mr. R. George, Miss S. Collier, Miss S. Hearst, and Mr. B. Watson.

cal, based on the science of permutations.

Three bells will give six changes, four bells 24, five bells 120 changes, and so on. To ring the full extent of 3,628,800 changes on the ten bells of St. Andrew's Cathedral would take 105 days.

Any ringers attempting the 479,001,600 changes possible on 12 of the bells of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, would be 40 years older by the time the bells came into rounds again.

Many methods—as patterns of change-ringing are called—have been composed. They vary according to the number of bells being rung, ranging from Doubles on five bells, through Minor Triples Major, Caters, Royal, and Cinques to the glorious music of Maximus on 12 bells.

Most methods have English names like Kent Treble Bob Minor, Cambridge Surprise Major, April Day Doubles, British Scholars' Pleasure, and Francis Genius Delight.

There is also a sprinkling of Australian names like Turramurra Surprise Major and Adelaide Surprise Major. "Their sound has gone out into all the lands and their words into the ends of the earth," runs the inscription

round the tenor bell at Holy Trinity Church, Hobart — an optimistic thought in a continent where great distances separate ringing towers.

From Holy Trinity and St. David's Cathedral, Hobart, the two southern-most towers in Australia, it is more than 1200 miles north to the square detached tower of St. Paul's, Maryborough, the only ringing tower in

tongue. The concussion could drive him mad, even kill him.

Thoughts of roast turkey and plum pudding will be far from the mind of the conductor in the belfry of St. Paul's Cathedral, Melbourne, on Christmas morning as he does mental acrobatics and gives commands at lightning speed to keep the 12 bells coursing in their allotted paths.

By MARGARET GOODYER

Queensland. As well as its big bells, the tower houses 60 handbells for tune ringing.

The most isolated tower in Australia is St. George's Cathedral, Perth.

From Perth it is 1000 miles to Adelaide, where, from the tower of St. Peter's Cathedral, the sonorous tone of Great Frederick, the 14cwt. heavyweight champion of Australian bells, peals out. English ringers listening to Test cricket broadcasts from Adelaide have sometimes heard St. Peter's bells ringing in the background.

Woe betide any man trapped in the bell chamber when Great Frederick gives

Fifty-three steps lead to the ringing chamber of St. Paul's, but the loftiest tower is at St. Mary's Basilica, Sydney, where 111 stone steps spiral to the catwalk across the roof and up to the tower itself.

Sydney is mecca for Australian ringers, with towers to the north, south, and west.

On April 9, 1890, the first full peal ever rung in Australia was performed in three hours at St. Philip's, Church Hill. Only half a mile away, in St. Andrew's Cathedral, Australia's newest and only ringing of ten bells was dedicated on August 23, 1965.

A painting of the Cutty Sark hangs in the belfry of St. Paul's, Bendigo, Victoria. The eight bells were originally brought to Australia in this sailing ship in 1872.

In English towers, the bells hang mouth down until ringing time, when, with a series of mighty heaves, they are raised until they balance upside down, bronze mouths yawning heavenwards.

Raising a bell is an exercise in sheer strength, and it is small wonder that in Australia the bells are usually left mouth upward.

A querulous letter to a newspaper some years ago concluded with the question "Why all this energy in this heat?" The most obvious answer, perhaps, is that bell-ringers are absorbed by their hobby, even in midsummer.

So listen on Christmas morning as the bells ring out—a tumbling, swelling sound; a majestic clangor as free as the wind and the surge of the sea.

Picture the ringers in the belfry, eyes alert, arms tuned to their rising and falling of their ropes as, in the heat of a December morning, perspiration trickles down their faces.



● At St. Philip's, Church Hill, N.S.W. From left, Mr. Bob Newell, Mrs. Emma Blissett, George Emerson, and Noel Blissett. Mr. Blissett, the Bell Captain, has been ringing bells since he was eight. Recently his mother took it up.

AUSTRALIAN ALMANAC

Concluding a weekly series by Bill Beatty

DECEMBER 24

1814 The Reverend Samuel Marsden preached the first sermon in New Zealand, then part of the colony of New South Wales.

When Marsden bought a vessel, the *Active*, to visit New Zealand, Governor Macquarie, despite being annoyed at the cleric's lack of interest in the Australian Aborigines, agreed to the venture. Marsden proposed to "carry the Glad Tidings to these poor heathen who, I believe, are without hope and without God." He believed that "commerce promotes industry — industry civilisation, and civilisation opens up the way for the Gospel."

1826 Major Edmund Lockyer arrived at King George Sound, W.A., with soldiers and convicts, to form a penal settlement. A landing was made the following day.

It was feared that the French might attempt to settle on the western coast of Australia, and, under instructions from Governor Darling, Lockyer sailed from Sydney in the brig *Amity* with a detachment of the 39th Regiment and a party of convicts. He was to occupy a site at King George Sound and, if he found the French already in possession, to tell them that "the whole of New Holland is subject to His Britannic Majesty's Government." Lockyer met no Frenchmen at all.

DECEMBER 25

1769 The *Endeavour* anchored near the Three Kings, off the New Zealand coast. Sir Joseph Banks recorded that the previous day he had gone out in his boat and shot several gannets, or "solan geese," as he called them. These were made into goose-pie for the Christmas dinner, and eaten "with great approbation." In the evening, "all hands were as drunk as our forefathers used to be upon like occasions."

1788 First Christmas sermon in Australia. The motley band of pioneers found themselves in happier circumstances than on their arrival early that year. The bush around Sydney Cove had been cleared, houses erected for the military officers, and wattle-and-daub huts for convicts. "Christmas Day was observed with proper ceremony. Mr. Johnson preached a sermon adapted to the occasion, and the major part of the officers were afterwards entertained at dinner by the Governor."

1803 Victoria's first Christmas in a white settlement. An odd little community of marines, convicts, and free settlers (who were to leave a few weeks later for Van Diemen's Land) sat down to Christmas dinner in the bushland of Sullivan's Bay, near Sorrento. The company was presided over by Lieutenant-Governor David Collins. He saw to it that everyone — convicts not excepted — had equal share of the pork, roast duck, pigeon pie, kangaroo-tail soup, liberal helpings of fresh vegetables — green peas, beans, potatoes, and sweet corn. The rich plum pudding was boiled in a big communal copper. Liquid refreshments included a copious supply of overproof rum.

DECEMBER 26

1789 Wreck of HMS *Guardian*. The 44-gun frigate, under Captain Edward Riou, bound from London to Sydney with stores, struck an iceberg 12 days after leaving Cape Town. Riou got his ship back to Cape Town, but many lives were lost.

1833 Heard Island first sighted by the British sealer Peter Kemp, who did not publish his discovery. The island takes its name from Captain Heard, of the American ship *Oriental*, who independently discovered the island in 1853. For the next 25 years, Heard Island was exploited by American sealers for its elephant seals.

The gale-swept, volcanic island in the south Indian Ocean, midway between South Africa and Australia, came under Australian administration in 1947, when a permanent station for scientific and meteorological research was established there. The British, Australian, and New Zealand Antarctic

Research Expedition under Sir Douglas Mawson visited Heard Island in November, 1929, and a camp is maintained there as a staging point en route to the Antarctic.

DECEMBER 27

1803 William Buckley — the "wild white man" — escaped from the penal settlement at Sorrento and lived with a tribe of Victorian Aborigines for nearly 32 years.

1804 Death of George Barrington, Prince of Pickpockets, a dashing Irish rogue born near Dublin, the offspring of a certain Captain Barrington and a Mrs. Waldroon. Apprenticed to an apothecary, he attracted the attention of a clergyman, who sent him, at his own expense, to a select grammar school. Six months after his enrolment, he had a fight with a much bigger boy and used a knife on him. When the schoolmaster flogged him, Barrington stole his watch and twelve guineas and cleared out.

Then about 16, he joined a troupe of theatricals, where his gentlemanly appearance enabled him to take small parts. When the company became stranded, one of the members taught him the art of the pick-pocket. Barrington became known as the "Prince of Pickpockets."

During his incredible career, Barrington posed as a wealthy doctor and nobleman, and had all the society beauties of London falling for his charms. In 1775, he robbed Count Orloff, a visitor to London, of a gold snuff box set with diamonds, valued at \$80,000. At a royal levee, he cut 19 large diamonds from the insignia of the Earl of Mexborough.

Eventually the rogue was caught and sentenced at the Old Bailey to seven years at Botany Bay. On the voyage in the convict ship *Albemarle*, a mutiny broke out and Barrington knocked down a ringleader with a handspike. Governor Phillip rewarded him by appointing him Superintendent of Convicts at Parramatta on a good salary and with a land grant of more than 100 acres.

DECEMBER 28

1816 Inauguration of the Native Meeting by Governor Macquarie. Macquarie tried to change the Aboriginal way of life to that of white civilisation, and he set aside the 28th day of each December for a festival at Parramatta known as the Native Meeting.

At this first meeting, according to the "Sydney Gazette," His Excellency assembled the chiefs and confirmed them in the ranks of chieftains to which their own tribes had exalted them, and conferred upon them badges of distinction, whereon were engraved their names as chiefs, and those of their tribe.

Native children from the Government Institution were called upon to show "their progress in learning and the civilised habits of life. Several of the little ones read; and it was grateful to the bosom of sensibility to trace the degrees of pleasure which the chiefs manifested on this occasion. Some clapped the children on the head; and one in particular, turning round to the Governor with extraordinary emotion, exclaimed, 'Governor, that will make a good settler—that's my Picaninny.'"

The proceedings concluded with a feast — "roast beef, potatoes, bread, etc., and a large cask of grog lent its exhilarating aid to promote the general festivity and good humor, which so conspicuously shone through the sable visages of this delighted congress."

1836 The province of South Australia proclaimed by Governor Hindmarsh. The tree under which the proclamation was read has been reinforced with concrete and iron, and is affectionately known as The Old Gum Tree. The tree figured on a stamp issued by the Commonwealth to mark South Australia's centenary, and each year a ceremony is held there, attended by the Governor and leading citizens. The town clerk of Glenelg reads Hindmarsh's proclamation. A chip from the tree is preserved in the National Art Gallery, Adelaide.

she's
in love
with the graceful
slender line of

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SALMON POOLS at Albany, W.A., on King George Sound, where in 1826 Major Edmund Lockyer arrived with soldiers and convicts to form a penal settlement and thus lay claim to the territory in case of any counter-claim by the French. Major Lockyer established his settlement, but found no Frenchmen. This picture by Miss R. Gibbons, of South Porongorups, W.A.

DECEMBER 29

1696 De Vlamingh discovered Rottnest Island, W.A. He described the island as a "terrestrial paradise," which he named Rottnest because of a little animal there which he thought to be some species of rat. The word rottnest means rats' nest. This friendly little marsupial is actually the quokka, a unique member of the wallaby family.

1890 First Cabinet in Western Australia formed, with John Forrest as Premier.

1900 Death of Dom Salvado, pioneer monk, who, with another monk, established a Spanish mission five miles from what became New Norcia, 80 miles north-east of Perth. It did not thrive, and Dom Salvado, who was a fine musician, walked to Perth and gave a concert to raise funds. He was the sole artist, and appeared on the platform in rags and tatters.

When the first settlement failed, the indomitable priests tried the site now known as New Norcia. With the help of money from Europe, there grew up round the monastery an Aboriginal colony, where natives were trained in farming and handicrafts. Today it has 35 Benedictine monks, a co-educational school, with separate boarding establishments, for the natives, and two boarding schools for white children.

DECEMBER 30

1788 Keel laid of the Rosehill Packet, the first ship built in Australia.

1837 First overland mail left Sydney for Melbourne by packhorse. This service ran fortnightly to Yass, where the carrier met the man from Melbourne and exchanged mails. Mounted troopers carried letters until 1834, the year mail contracts began.

In 1836, at the request of Port Phillip settlers, John Batman undertook to look after their correspondence. Letters and fees were received at his house, and mails for Sydney and Tasmania entrusted by him to masters of sailing vessels. The first official postmaster in Port Phillip was appointed in 1837, but the postal service was controlled from Sydney till 1851.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1967

1844 Birth of John McGarvie Smith, bacteriologist, at Paddington, Sydney. Smith was apprenticed to a watchmaker at the age of 13. He studied chemistry at the University of Sydney, in his spare time, and later interested himself in bacteriology, travelling in Europe and America.

Smith discovered a vaccine for anthrax in sheep and cattle that gave protection by a single inoculation, and kept indefinitely, thus allowing its export. He kept the formula a secret. During World War I his health failed, and it was feared he might die without disclosing the formula. The Government negotiated with him for the formula only a few months before his death in 1918. The McGarvie Smith Institute, controlled by a Government board and pastoralists of New South Wales, was established to manufacture and distribute the vaccine.

1857 The Sydney Exchange opened.

DECEMBER 31

1814 Expiration of the monopoly given to the contractors who built the Rum Hospital, Sydney. It has been claimed that the trio — Blaxcell, Riley, and D'Arcy Wentworth — built the hospital for \$100,000, but cleared \$300,000 profit on the deal, despite the fact that they asserted they lost money on the venture. Certainly, skippers bringing spirits into the colony were forced to sell it solely to the three contractors, who could name their own price. Generally they paid about \$1 a gallon, and sold it to publicans at five times that price.

1872 Death of the explorer John McKinlay, who, at 17, had migrated to New South Wales and worked with his uncle, a squatter. He moved to Lake Victoria Station, N.S.W., and made excursions into the country between the Darling River and Lake Frome. In 1861, he organised an expedition to search for the Burke and Wills party, and four years later the South Australian Government sent him to explore the Northern Territory and to report on the best sites for settlement. McKinlay was an excellent bushman, and, although he made only two expeditions, he ranks among the notable explorers of Australia.

Excitingly different! Cool! Tasty! Easy to make!

Happy, Sunwhite Rice turns to cool outdoor living—joins the Salad Set, too! The change is in terrifically good taste...and you don't need to own a swimming pool to enjoy it. Rice is such a cool idea for Summer! Makes a nourishing family salad, or stars at the Patio Party. Makes cool, delicious desserts. And, of course, fried rice is a hot favourite any time!



The best dressed salads are made with rice!

Making your first Rice Salad? Easy!

Ingredients: 2 cups ready-cooked rice (Sunwhite), 1 cup finely cut celery, 1 cup grated carrots, 1 onion (grated), 1 tablespoon grated horseradish, 2 tablespoons wine vinegar, mayonnaise, lettuce.

Method: Place ingredients in bowl—moisten with mayonnaise and vinegar. Mix. Chill in refrigerator. Serve in cups of lettuce leaves with cold meats or a barbecue.

Or for Rice Salad Supreme...

Add the following to the above Rice Salad bowl and stir it at your next party.

½ lb. Australian cheese (choose your favourite Australian cheddar or try Australian Edam, Gouda, Samsoe or Taffel)...tomato wedges, ½ cup stuffed olives, 1 diced avocado pear (optional in season), a twist or two of anchovy (diced), a spoonful of capers (optional).

Or work out your own special Rice Salad combinations—it's fun!

Try this recipe for Rice Salad. Like it? Then always have ready-cooked rice on hand. Cook up a whole pound and keep it covered in your refrigerator. Bright salads start with ready-cooked rice, then just add what you like! Dressed up a little or a lot—you'll discover that Rice Salads dress so tastefully!

1. Australian Cheese adds fine flavour and protein goodness to Rice Salad Supreme! See the recipe on this page.

2. Sunbeam South Seas Fried Rice—add tropical fruit to your favourite fried rice recipe.

3. Sunbeam Bali Ricefest.

4. Kellogg's Chocolate Crackles Cassata.

5. Tonga Hawaiian Rice.

EASY WAY TO COOK FLUFFY RICE FOR RICE SALADS

To make Fluffy Rice, add 1 level dessertspoon of salt to 12 cups boiling water, then gradually add 1 lb. Sunwhite Rice. Boil rapidly, uncovered, for 12-15 minutes. Strain through a colander or large strainer, without rinsing. The rice dries out into white fluffy grains. Store covered in refrigerator ready to use.

The special Rice Basket that comes with your Sunbeam Deep Fry Cooker is also a great way to cook rice!



NEW RICE RECIPES. Send a stamped addressed envelope to Rice Cookery Bureau, Box 432, W.W.G.R.O., Sydney 2001, for Rice Recipes including all the dishes shown here plus new Summer Rice Salads.

Painful Hemorrhoids

It strikes 7 out of every 10 people in all walks of life. Yet many otherwise intelligent people know little of its dangers. Piles (hemorrhoids) are aggravated by many factors—including over-exertion and unsuitable diet. Neglect—and reliance on superficial relief—invites serious medical consequences.

Eight years' Swiss research developed Varemoid Tablets—now regarded by overseas specialists as the leading anti-inflammatory treatment for piles. Remarkable improvement is being achieved—even with sufferers of over 20 years. A week's course will convince you. Ask your family chemist for Varemoid. Simple and dignified treatment—two tablets with meals.

Write for free, informative booklet to SERA Pty. Ltd., Dept. 28, P.O. Box 241, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

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VAR533 (LW)

DRESS SENSE BY BETTY KEEP

● This one-piece dress with matching beret-type hat is my choice for a Melbourne reader. The dress is to be in red linen. Part of the reader's letter and my reply are given below.

"Would you help me with a design for some linen fabric I have? The length is four yards. The style I want is front-buttoned with a stand-up collar and short sleeves. I would also like to make a beret in the same fabric."

The design I have chosen in answer to your query features the items listed in your letter. The beret has a sectional crown, and it is included in the dress pattern.

If you wish to order, full details and how to order are given under the illustrations.

"Could you provide me with a Paris-designed pattern for a tent dress? The frock is to be made in a soft brocade and I am wearing it to my sister's wedding. I would also like you to suggest a small hat to wear with the style."

Our pattern department has a couture pattern for a

tent. The dress has a shaped yoke, back and front, and three-quarter-length bias sleeves and a bias corded neckband. The design is a Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin. My choice for the hat would be a pillbox in the dress fabric. If you wish to order the pattern, please quote 1802 Vogue Paris original by Pierre Cardin—the price, \$1.40, includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

"Could you give me a new idea for a really swinging coat? I want the style to have what it takes. My fabric choice is plaid wool. I am 17 and have a quite nice mannequin-type figure."

Why not use your plaid for a double-breasted cape—it's far newer than a coat, and is one of the most swinging fashions for the coming season. If you don't like the idea of a cape, have a cape-coat, meaning a narrow coat finished with a cape collar.

"What color stockings other than white could I wear with a white crepe evening dress?"

Silver stockings, silver shoes, and a silver kid handbag. Or switch all these to gold.

"What type of corset would be best to create a smooth figure under an after-5 sheath dress?"

A one-piece corset or a long-line bra worn with a girdle.

"Please give me some etiquette advice. I am a young widow and am about to remarry. Is it correct to have a bridesmaid, and if so, could it be my daughter?"

It is correct to have an attendant for a second wedding and she can be your daughter.



It's sad to reflect that a good sense of dress
Lots of one's male friends don't seem to possess!
A happier thought is that some of them do.
And Sax Altman's the answer for more than a few.
This superlative gear is made, with great style
From Bradmill-Burlington fabric, most of the while.
But whether you dress with great care and good taste,
Or pop on what's handy with maximum haste,
You're man-about-town; a comber of beach;
Career girl; an actress; (perhaps bit of each?)
One thing is certain—common ground where all meet
You'll use Bradmill fabric sometime this week.

**SAX
ALTMAN** shorts and slacks for men

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BRADFORD COTTON MILLS LIMITED, AUSTRALIA'S GREATEST TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

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4328. — One-piece dress and matching beret in sizes 10, 12, 14, 16, 18 for 31, 32, 34, 36, and 38in. bust. Butterick pattern 4328, price 70c includes postage. Pattern is available from Betty Keep, Box 4, P.O., Croydon, N.S.W. 2132. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

Those old sayings sound quaint to modern ears

SAYINGS undoubtedly change as the years go by. When Mum was really exasperated with us, she used to say (as she reached for the stick), "By the living hokey-pokey." We knew to take to our heels and run. My mother-in-law also had some unusual sayings. "Scissors!" or, if especially surprised, "Mercy and scissors!" She made the grandchildren laugh when she'd say, "You're just about as clumsy as a plough upstairs."

\$2 to "Margarita" (name supplied), Kalamunda, W.A.

THE children across the street when I was a child would often ask their mother, "What's for tea?" To which she would always reply, "Pickled eel's foot." I often wished I could taste this apparently wonderful dish they had so often. My own mother, when asked the same question, would invariably reply, "Hot tongue and cold shoulder." I find I use both these sayings to my ten-year-old son when I am asked the same question.

\$2 to "Hungry" (name supplied), Ascot Vale, Vic.

I WELL remember my mother, a widow who supported three young children by dressmaking (often by candlelight to meet a deadline), replying, if we children asked her what she was making, "A silver nothing to sew on my sleeves."

\$2 to A.J.C. (name supplied), Concord, N.S.W.

HOW or where this originated, I don't know. At school, if anyone was telling a tall story, we would always chorus, "And another flock of geese flew by."

\$2 to Mrs. R. Pritchard, Ipswich, Qld.

MY mother was Welsh and had many quaint old sayings. Among them was, "A crow sees its own young white." I think many of us are guilty of this and put our own children's misdemeanors down to high spirits when we see others as budding delinquents.

\$2 to Mrs. H. Geddes, Floreat Park, W.A.

THE most infuriating reply I was always given as a child in answer to a persistent "Why?" was "Y is a crooked letter and you can't make it straight." But I do wish someone would compile all these old sayings before they die out.

\$2 to "Patti" (name supplied), Northmead, N.S.W.

DAD, who was 92 when he died, used to knock the conceit out of us when we were primping with, "Beauty is only skin-deep, but ugliness goes to the bone."

\$2 to "Plain Jane" (name supplied), Woy Woy, N.S.W.

Vanishing home-aid

A READER'S difficulty in finding a shop that stocked darning needles brought to mind my unsuccessful search for those little round metal "patches" with which we used to prolong the lives of cooking utensils. The junior assistants didn't know what I was talking about. The more senior, who knew of them, "hadn't seen them for a long time." Another aspect of our affluent times?

\$2 to "Holey Widow" (name supplied), Mandurah, W.A.



LETTER BOX

● We pay \$2 for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters with signatures.

Value of sewing

ARE schools placing too much emphasis on the "self-expression" arts, not enough on practical subjects? The sewing I learned at school was a great help to me when my children were tiny and I had to find a way to make overalls and dresses. All thinking mothers must be concerned at the trend to eliminate sewing lessons. A smattering of sewing and knitting, we are advised, will be included under the heading of "Textiles and Fabrics."

\$2 to Mrs. D. E. Carswell, Coleraine, Vic.

Don't wait to walk

IF you own a car and walk, someone is sure to say you are too mean to buy petrol. Walk, and some kind soul will pull up and offer you a lift. "Thank you, but I like to walk," I say. "Oh, you can't!" they say in shocked disbelief. Why wait until you have a heart attack and doctors prescribe walking? If you want to reach a fit, healthy middle-age, use your legs for more than accelerating your car.

\$2 to "Meggsie" (name supplied), Bowen, Qld.

Boost to morale

BEING a natural redhead, with a very fair skin, I am always complaining and bemoaning the fact that I have to stay in the shade on all our summer picnics, etc. I was making myself heard recently when my husband interrupted with, "Well, you wouldn't expect to find the Mona Lisa in the sun, would you?" After 16 years of marriage, you can imagine how this lifted my morale.

\$2 to Mrs. Colleen Forrest, Bullaburra, N.S.W.

Future woman's role

LET your little girls potter in the kitchen, even if they do make a bit of a mess." This was the advice given me by the mother of two skilled teenage cooks. When my five-year-old was given a cooking set, we decided it should be used for "proper" cooking. On baking day she uses some of each ingredient (except eggs), and we are both delighted when a somewhat hard, biscuity, but nonetheless real, cake is produced. I am hoping that as well as learning the enjoyment of cooking she is also discovering pleasure in a future woman's role.

\$2 to Mrs. M. C. Houldsworth, Alice Springs, N.T.

LONG AGO

After the meal the grown-ups went to sleep,
Snoring a little, believing they'd earned a spell,
Which they truly had, I suppose, but we would creep
Tiptoe in search of a chocolate or muscatel,
Wishing it still were morning, the day ahead,
The gifts unbroached, the table yet to be decked,
The caps concealed in the crackers, the jokes
unread . . .
Saddened by merriment silenced, we didn't suspect
How the years, like the Day, would pass, and how,
so soon,
Ourselves would sink into slumber on a Christmas
afternoon.

—Dorothy Drain

Dedication before brains?

ALL my life I have wanted to be a nurse, but with the rising standard of education required I am continually finding it harder to reach my goal. Surely patients would rather be nursed by a sympathetic girl, dedicated to her profession, than by an unfeeling girl who can get top marks.

\$2 to "Would-be-Nurse" (name supplied), Mildura, Vic.

When slack is tight

MY brother stopped his car at the lights and a very well-endowed young lady crossed the road, "Boy," he said, "look at that outfit." Told it was a slack suit, he answered, "If that's a slack suit, I'd hate to see a tight one!"

\$2 to "Gram" (name supplied), Mestbury, Tas.

Practical question

AFTER the doctor left, my daughter dozed off, then awoke to find her small son gazing sadly down at her. She felt touched by his concern as he asked, "Are you going to die, Mum?" and assured him that she would recover. She was then thoroughly deflated as he added, "If you died, who would get our dinner?"

\$2 to Mrs. B. Thomas, Oatley, N.S.W.

Ross
Campbell

writes...

TOP SECRET

"NOW don't go feeling that parcel!"

This prohibition was issued to a girl of seven who had found a gift-wrapped object at the back of a bedroom cupboard.

It was two weeks before Christmas and the parcel was a secret.

At this moment there are 16,342,684 parcels hidden in, and under, Australian residences. If you doubt the accuracy of the figure, you can go and count them.

Some gifts are particularly hard to hide. Tricycles, scooters, rocking-horses, and outsize koalas are in that class.

Years ago I had the problem of concealing a twin swing. It came in large sections, made for assembling by do-it-yourself Santa Clauses.

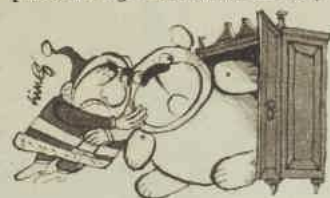
A kind neighbor, Mr. Stodart, agreed to take charge of the monster contraption until Christmas Eve.

I brought it in stealthily and screwed it together at dead of night.

The swing was a great success, though it has since fallen into decay. The original recipients have turned into swingers of a different kind.

However carefully gifts may be hidden, they are all too often discovered. This is when the menace of parcel-feeling must be held in check.

I have known instances where gift-wrapped drums, Zorro outfits, etc., have had numerous finger-holes poked through them before the Day.



The astute parcel-feeler can often make an accurate diagnosis of the contents; and the important element of Christmas surprise is lost.

Another threat to security is talking about gifts.

A conversation I overheard went like this:

A: I bet you can't guess what I'm giving you for Christmas.

B: Is it a book?

A: No.

B: Is it some nut chocolates?

A: No.

B: I hope it's not a doll's dress.

A: Er—no, it's not.

A's confusion made it clear that the last guess was correct. There was disappointment all round.

It is a good rule to keep quiet about presents.

Some of them, of course, are more or less known in advance because people have asked for them. Watches—real, not plastic ones—are often in this category.

Beforehand there has been a discussion on the ticklish question: "How old must you be before you get a real watch?"

Some persons argue that they are qualified to have a watch as soon as they can tell the time. I have never gone along with this view.

I am also opposed to the early, or beating-the-gun, present. Say, a bathing-costume given a month before Christmas. They say: "I won't want anything else"; but when the Day comes round, they always get something.

But I have dwelt perhaps too long on the snags of the season.

I am sure those 16,342,684 parcels will give a lot of pleasure—though I only know what is inside five of them.

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The Australian
Women's Weekly presents . . .

A GUIDE TO Palmistry

BY LEONA LEHMAN

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 27, 1967

A GUIDE TO PALMISTRY—Page 1

THE PRINCIPAL LINES OF THE HAND

● The key to palmistry lies in learning the significance of each part, line, marking, shape, and gesture of the hands.

This also applies to their correlation and summing-up to make a word picture of each individual life.

Study the general outline and shape of your own hands. Watch them in a mirror and see how you hold them at your sides, how you lift a book, a cup, or any natural gesture that requires effort.

Then when you observe other people's hands you will soon see vast differences. Some hands are large, some small; some are stiff, some supple: these are the generalities that are the basis of palm reading.

You may note similar features in the hands of two different people. But in each individual such features must be checked in relation to other signs.

It is unwise to jump to quick conclusions when studying a hand. You may note something at first sight which seems predominant—but it may lose its importance as you continue.

Proceed carefully with interpretations. The various indications will strengthen when you add them together, and the fuller reading will unfold—once you are experienced enough to recognise it.

THE MAJOR LINES:

THE Major Lines are the basis for the interpretation of the hand.

They are —

The Life Line

The Heart Line

The Head Line

The Line of Saturn

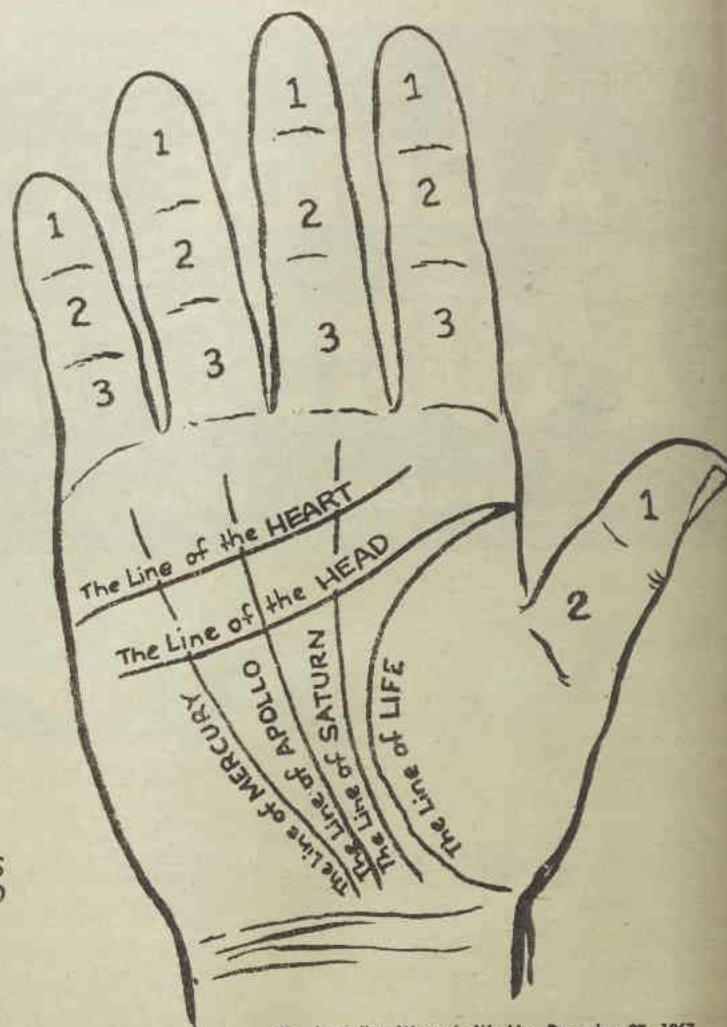
The Line of Apollo

The Line of Mercury

The first three lines are usually found on every hand. It is rare, however, that all the last three appear.

If they do, it is a most favorable combination that denotes exceptional ability in more than one field.

THE MAJOR LINES OF THE HAND



THE MINOR LINES:

THE Minor Lines vary in number, and most hands show a few of them. They are —

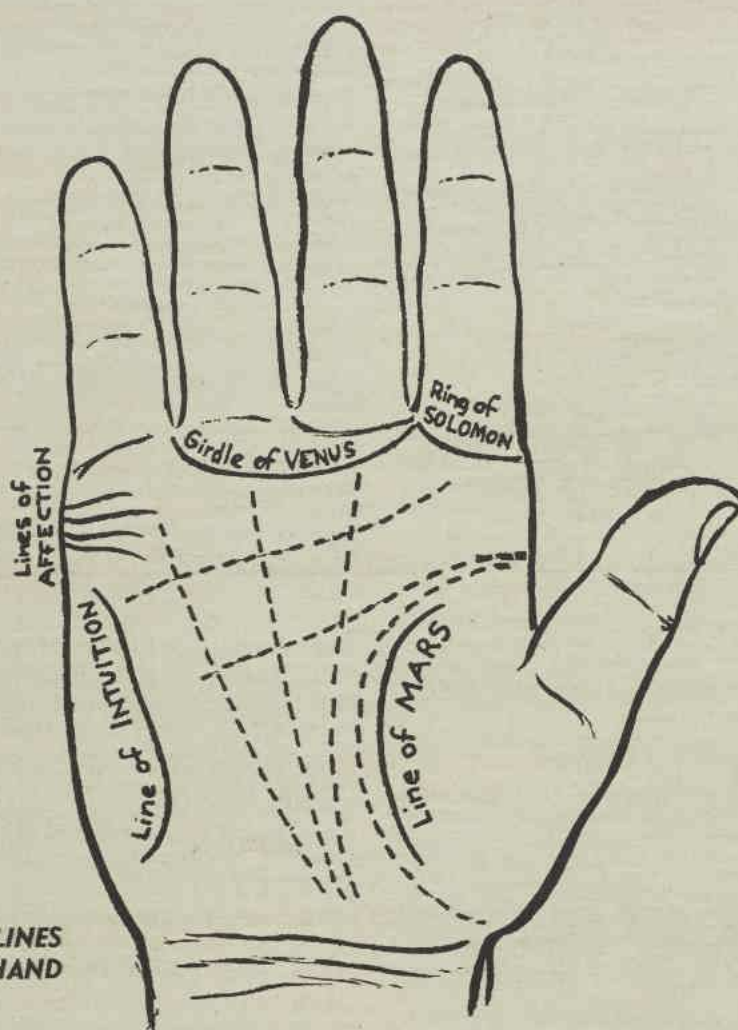
- The Line of Intuition
- The Line of Mars
- The Line of Affection
- The Girdle of Venus
- The Ring of Solomon
- The Bracelet Lines

The Line of Affection is also called the Line of Marriage. Many hands have several of these lines parallel to each other; in the plural, they are called Affection Lines.

The Bracelet Lines cross the wrist. They may be solid, broken, or curved lines.

- It is important to make yourself familiar with the names of all the principal lines and their normal placement on the hand.

THE MINOR LINES OF THE HAND



TYPES OF HANDS

- The first thing you notice in studying hands is their overall appearance.

FROM this it is possible to study character without going into further details.

Naturally, the study of hand shapes is simply a preliminary to other details, but it is highly important because it ties in with other phases of hand study and corroborates much that can be learned from the palm and its lines.

CLASSIFICATION OF HANDS

Hands are classified according to their shape. Generally speaking, there are four basic types —

- The Square Hand, often termed the Practical Hand.
- The Spatulate Hand, which is also known as the Energetic Hand.
- The Conic Hand, known as the Imaginative Hand.
- The Pointed Hand, often called the Psychic Hand because of its great sensitivity.

THE MIXED HAND

Today in our complex civilisation, much broader interpretations can be given to pure types of hands. But modern study also shows many composite hands, which come under the general classification of a Mixed Hand.

Another type worthy of mention is the Philosophic Hand, meaning the aesthetic, serious-thinking person.

Continued overleaf . . .

SQUARE HANDS

The SQUARE (or Practical) HAND gives a general appearance of squareness. Blunt fingers, squarish fingernails, the palm squared at the base where it joins the wrist.

People who possess this type of hand are conscientious, hard workers. They like order and precision. They are strict conformists to law and convention. They have great perseverance.

These are the people who prefer practical sciences and studies. Since they are methodical by nature they are easily disciplined for routine of office, school, shop, or home.

Although not usually of a demonstrative nature, they are home-loving people and truly the salt of the earth.

There is a point of obstinacy in the persons who possess true Square Hands, because they seem to be guided by a "yardstick" evaluation of everybody and everything. They move and act by set rules.

Square with Short Fingers

The Square Hand with short fingers is very materialistic, sometimes narrow-minded. As businessmen and businesswomen they are practical. They want to earn money. In fact, they like to save money (sometimes they are considered a little too careful).

While they are materialistic, even the poorest of them wants his or her little home, nest-egg, and a place in the community. These people should not be content with limited horizons. They should realise there is a world beyond their front door.

Square with Long Fingers

The Square Hand with long fingers possesses a more astute mental development. Although these people have the



same desire for precision and orderliness, they are far more logical.

They will take more time to work things out. They move cautiously. They try to understand the other fellow's viewpoint even though they appear to follow the same order of rules and regulations.

Additional Square Features

Should the owner of the Square Hand with the long fingers have a smooth, finely textured skin, it could mean that he or she has the ability for acting or for the higher brackets in business. The higher they go, the stricter they are as disciplinarians. They are excellent organisers.

Once they have chosen their profession they will proceed methodically. Their sense of duty will make them stay with their choice of occupation. This, too, applies to their family and marital obligations.

SPATULATE HANDS

The SPATULATE (or Energetic) HAND is representative of great physical activity. The fingertips have the appearance of a spatula, as though a slight flattening has caused them to widen out.

With this type of hand, the thumbs are noticeably large.

In one form, the palm is wider at the wrist than at the base of the fingers, but the fingertips themselves must be of marked spatulate appearance.

In the other form, the palm is wider at the base of the fingers than at the wrist, thus giving the hand a fan shape. The fingers seem to spread out, adding to the overall wedge effect.

People with Spatulate Hands have an abundance of energy. They are always restless because of their love for action. They are also characterised by their desire for independence.

They shun any interference in their plans or affairs, so petulant persons with such hands must be handled carefully and tactfully.

The Firm Spatulate Hand

When a Spatulate Hand is firm and hard, it shows a yearning for travel. These are the enthusiastic people always looking for new ideas, new scenes.

They are never satisfied with monotony. They want action, so for this reason alone they will find some new interest or activity.

It is possible for them to find themselves in a monotonous occupation, but they find time to take up a hobby that fills their desire for creativeness and thus achieve a balanced form of living.

The Flabby Spatulate Hand

When the Spatulate Hand is flabby and soft, the restless nature becomes changeable, dissatisfied, and really irritable. They

may begin many things or projects but seldom finish them. They must learn to concentrate on one thing at a time.

The longer the fingers on the Spatulate Hand the more independent and individualistic the person will be. Whatever the particular talent may be, there will be a desire to exceed anything that has been done by anyone else.

Additional Spatulate Features

When the fingers are too long, the state of mind trends toward the abnormal, so there develops the over-enthusiastic person who can become a crank.

If, however, this finger formation is combined with a strong thumb, there will be the ability to look ahead, to foresee new ways of doing things.

When the palm is broader at the base of the fingers, there is more practicality. These are the people who like to use their hands to make things.

If the palm is broader at the wrist, the creative ability is often applied to ideas.



THE CONIC HAND

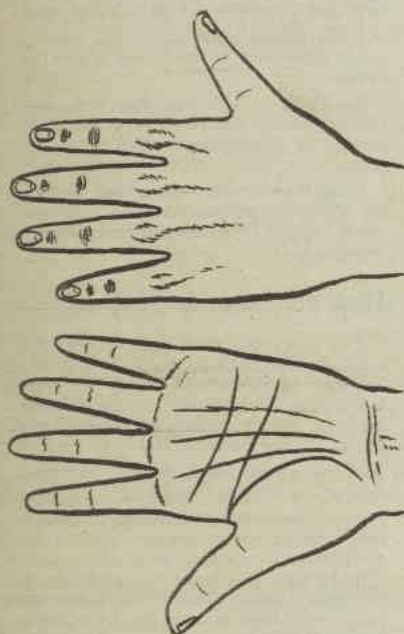
The CONIC (or Imaginative) HAND indicates an emotional nature. People with Conic Hands love everything that is beautiful.

The True Conic Hand

The true Conic Hand has smooth fingers that taper from the base of each finger, gradually lessening toward the tip.

The tips are always rounded, never pointed. Also remember the fingers must be smooth, never knotty, never any bumpy joints or heavy knuckle formation.

People of this type are fortunate to have both intuition and a vivid imagination.



tion. They are often too impulsive because they are too enthusiastic. They do not like to spend time trying to rationalise.

When they are in a convivial mood they make charming companions, but when they face anything that is discouraging they sink to the depths of despair. They change moods very rapidly.

The Firm Conic Hand

The Conic Hand also represents the dreamer. With a firm palm, these dreams are accompanied by a quick mentality.

The Soft Conic Hand

When the hand is soft the palm is likely to be somewhat spongy. In this case there will be impracticality, self-indulgence, and a dreaminess that may incline toward laziness.

THE POINTED HAND

The POINTED (or Psychic) HAND is an exaggeration of the Conic Hand. The fingers are long and slender. The finger- and thumb-tips are pointed. It is a beautiful hand: narrow and long, with tapering fingers.

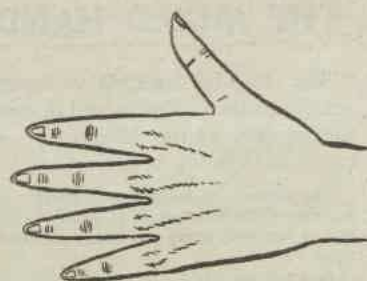
These hands are fragile, and so are the people who possess them. They are very spiritual, so it is natural they should find great interest, even solace, in religion.

They are highly sensitive, and become morbid and melancholy if misunderstood. They love the mysterious. They have tremendous intuitive powers.

They are quickly impressed, and such impressions seem to have an indelible quality that remains in their minds.

Intensity of this Type

Just as the Conic Hand represents the



emotional nature, so does the Pointed Hand—but to a much more intensive degree. Music and color mean much to them.

Development of the Pointed Type

When maturity comes, these young men and women may be forced to enter the business world where they do not fit. Even if they enter a family business, they simply cannot follow the so-called footsteps of the parent.

Essentially, this might be called a type that seeks some kind of religious expression. It is a quiet, gentle nature that loves repose and quiet.

PHILOSOPHIC HAND

The PHILOSOPHIC (or Analytical) HAND is angular. Long palm and long fingers with knotty, bumpy-looking joints are characteristic features. The fingers are firm, almost bony. The nails are long, with a squarish rather than oval tip.

The true type must have all joints developed to the degree of a knotlike appearance. It is these knots which add the desire for wisdom, plus an analytical, inquiring mind.

This hand is to be found in any field where an analytical mind is a necessity.

People with such hands like to "dig deep" and form their own conclusions. They insist on trying and examining something until they have satisfied themselves that it is just what it is supposed to be.

They are materialistic only to the degree of mental and physical order. They feel that "there must be a place for everything and everything in its place."

These are not the extremists of the Pointed Hand, nor are they the emotional enthusiasts of the Conic type.

They are practical, philosophical, analytical people with the ability to rise above others because of their exceptional qualities.

Money never seems to be their ambition, just a broadening of their knowledge in whatever profession or occupation interests them. That often brings them money as well as success.

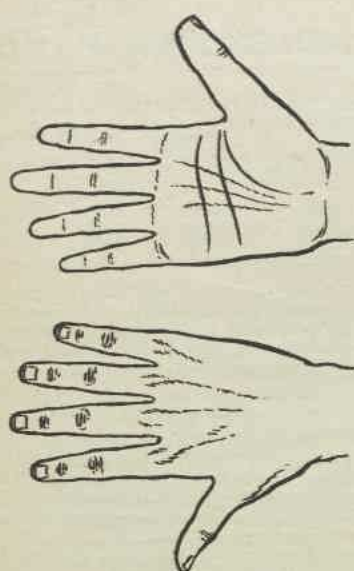
Their thumbs are always large and well balanced, so they have the ability to be leaders. They are methodical in thought and action.

Modifications of the Philosophic Hand may be noticed in the fingertips.

Sometimes they vary from the squarish and form interesting sidelights where the personality of the individual is concerned.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF...

A GUIDE TO PALMISTRY—Page 5



(Continued from previous page)

If the fingers of the Philosophic Hand show a Conic trend, it means a lessening of analytical ability and often a somewhat emotional nature as well. Not that such people lack the ability to analyse. It is just that they may fail to exercise it. They lose some of the calm, collected manner that is so important in forming sound judgment.

Variation of Fingers

When the Philosophic Hand has fingers that suggest the Spatulate, the person is energetic in all the processes of analysis. Such people want to see results in what they do.

The Philosophic Hand rarely—if ever—has fingers that resemble the Pointed type.

Always remember that those long, bony fingers represent analysis. It is what makes the Philosophic Hand a type unto itself, one that can be quickly recognised.

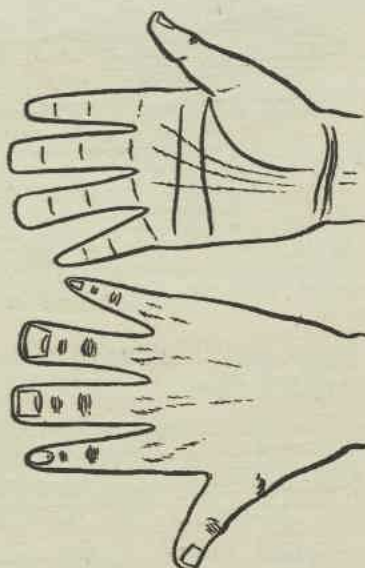
THE MIXED HAND

The MIXED HAND is exactly what the title implies: mixed in many combinations of the various types of hands. It signifies versatility.

The chances of finding pure hand types are very slim; however, it is more interesting to see and study the many combinations.

The key to analysing is first to classify the shape of the hand generally and then be sure of the fingers (for example, it may be two Square, one Spatulate, one Conic, plus a Conic thumb).

Add the general qualities of each of



these types to get a general idea of the combination's tendencies.

Remember if Conic is in the majority, the emotional and idealistic quality is uppermost. If the Square predominates, materialism is the major qualification. If Spatulate, then activity is the motivating force. If Pointed, the intuitive instinct prevails.

Finger Combinations

Whatever the combination of fingers, it represents the person's ideas and purposes. There will be several talents plus the desire to excel in all. This is a problem that must be overcome.

Having checked the types of fingers, study the shape of the palm more closely. If the mixed fingers are on a Square hand, add practicality. If they are combined with a Spatulate palm, add a dynamic energy.

If the Spatulate is wider where it is joined with the fingers, the person should be actively engaged in the public eye, in direct contact with people. If the palm is wider where it is joined at the wrist, physical activities predominate. Both types like to investigate or explore things or places.

THE FINGERS

In addition to the traits shown by the shapes of the fingers, other features form a distinct personality index. Length of fingers is important.

Fingers are Long, Short, or Medium. Their length is determined by measuring from the very tip end of the second finger to the centre point of the knuckle. You can see the knuckle clearly by bending the straightened finger slightly.

Now turn the hand over and measure up from the first bracelet line to the base of the second finger. This is exactly where the finger is joined to the palm.

When the finger measurement is longer than the palm, it is considered a Long

finger. When equal in length it is called Medium. When shorter than the palm, it is a Short finger.

Short fingers dislike detail. Long fingers prefer detail but may get sidetracked with too much love of detail.

Short fingers with Conical tips show an aptitude for the fine arts.

Short fingers with Spatulate tips dislike everything with detail. They love sports and enjoy taking part in them.

Short fingers with Square tips react well to routine work or regimentation.

Short fingers with pointed tips are rarely found but do exist. They indicate a person who is inclined to be lazy and self-indulgent.

Long fingers with pointed tips are the sign of the psychic temperament with highly imaginative ideals.

Medium fingers are considered ideal. They coincide with the lines and mounts of the hand, producing a well-balanced mind.

Long fingers with Conic tips have a quick perception of ideas and a love for details.

Long fingers with Spatulate tips never tire of outdoor sports. Usually they like change of surroundings. Often they are witty.

Long fingers with Square tips indicate the ability to perform everyday practical work, ranging from domestic to the highest business post.

How to Classify Fingers

The first and third fingers normally reach to the halfway mark of the first phalange of the second finger; the little finger should reach up to the bending mark of the first phalange of the third finger.

In the normal hand, the first and third fingers are of equal length.

Any finger that is shorter or longer than average has a varying value on the qualifications of that particular finger. This in turn affects the interpretation of the entire hand. When all fingers are either very long or very short the entire nature is affected.



POINTED



CONIC



SQUARE



SPATULATE

Extreme Types

Very long fingers indicate the fault-finder who might resort to cruelty. Whether it would be mental or physical would depend on the hand and its particular development. If the fingers are thin, be careful. These are the cunning fingers.

Very short fingers show indifference toward conventionality.

Crooked or twisted fingers show varying degrees of nervousness.

Fingers that bend back tend to be careless and extravagant.

Fingertips that are cushioned with a soft padded rising effect of the flesh indicate sensitivity. When the little pad lies close to the end of the finger, it denotes tactlessness.

When the major part of the hand is strong and good with good head line and heart line, these faults can be modified.

Fingers that are knotted show an analytical trend. These "knots" mean that the joints are noticeable and look knotty. There are three classes:

(a) Knot at first joint, between first and second phalange, indicates an analytical ability in ideas.

(b) Knot at second joint indicates the desire for order in material things. Everything must be in its proper place.

(c) Knots at both first and second joints which combine the meaning of the two knots (a) and (b). This places the owner of these hands in the Philosophical group.

Smooth fingers like to act quickly, sometimes too impulsively. They also like quick answers.

FINGERNAILS

Fingernails may be any one of the following:

- The Long oval which follows the pattern of the well-shaped Conic finger.
- The Short oval can be on long or short fingers but lends a critical slant to the temperament.
- The Large squared implies carelessness about personal appearance.
- The Short squared with oval base has a critical sense of humor.
- The Short squared or Spatulate turns to irony or revenge.
- The Wedge indicates a nature that is too sensitive.
- The Ridged and Fluted show a need for relaxation caused by strain.
- The Chewed nail shows nervousness and shyness.

THE THUMB

The Thumb is the key to the entire secret of the hand. It is very revealing, just at a glance, because it determines willpower and reasoning ability.

The Thumb consists of three parts: the PHALANGES.

The First Phalange has the thumbnail, and denotes the amount of willpower. The Second Phalange denotes the amount of reasoning ability. The third section lies in the palm of the hand and will be explained under the title of Mounts. For the moment, to round out the basic thumb interpretation, this third section represents love and emotion.

Measurement of the Thumb

The measurement of the thumb is taken by placing the hand, palm down, on a flat surface. Hold the fingers and thumb together. Here the thumb lies against the first finger. If the tip of the thumb reaches to one-quarter of an inch below the lower joint of that finger or to the very line of the joint, it can be classed as a normal, average thumb.

Any thumb that extends beyond the markings of the lower joint of the first finger is a very long thumb. It represents good usage of intellectual powers.

The Thumb Angle

The Thumb Angle is the name given to the distance between thumb and finger (spread the thumb as far away as it will go from the first finger without forcing it).

If the thumb lies at right angles, it shows a desire to be an extremist, a love of show. This thumb is the sign of the extrovert.

If the thumb lies close to the fingers, this is the sign of a secretive nature.

The thumb that lies midway between these two extremes is considered the ideal Thumb Angle.



Length of Thumbs

Short thumbs are good if they have the ideal Thumb Angle and sufficient firmness, but their interests are mainly concerned with the home, family, or their closest friends, and the problems that arise from these sources.

The ideal thumb must have an equal amount of willpower, represented by the first phalange, and logic, represented by the second phalange. If willpower over-

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balances logic, the individual has tremendous drive but lacks the correct amount of reasoning power for success.

Should the second phalange be much longer than the first, the individual reasons out everything to the point of exactness, but lacks the willpower to carry out the plan.

People with very short thumbs go from one extreme to another.

Variations of Thumbs

Thick thumbs indicate bluntness. Frequently this is due to impatience. If the thumb is also broad, it amounts to stubbornness.

If the thumb is stiff, then there is a certain secretiveness.

The thin thumb represents artistic tastes.

A thumb that is very flexible is the mark of the person who is too generous. If in addition to this the fingers fall well apart, then it means the spender without thought for the future. It is an independent nature that does not care for conventionalities.

Thumb Tips

The long thumb with a Conic tip shows an artistic nature. A short one may be lazy.

The long Spatulate thumb has the desire to strike out for self alone. The short Spatulate thumb adds impetuosity. This individual will worry and fret.

The Long square thumb seeks justice in everything. The Short one is indecisive.

Combination of Thumb and Fingers

Now, by combining the meaning of the thumb and fingers, you can reach a better interpretation.

This is how you start to weave the story of each hand.

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THE MOUNTS OF THE HAND

The Appearance of the Mounts

The mounts are slight elevations. Usually, several are noticeably higher than the others.

If one or more are unusually high, the qualities of these mounts will influence the subject more than any of the other mounts.

If only one mount is well developed, the person would be classed purely as that type. If no mount is developed, that person will have no particular flair.

The well-developed mount has its highest spot in the centre. This makes it the perfect formation. If also the texture markings called whorls form an apex in the centre, this increases the characteristics of that particular mount.

If any mount is developed off centre or is combined with another mount, it partakes of both but to lesser effect. For instance, if Mercury and Apollo are joined, add the qualifications of each mount. If more rests on Mercury, then the person would have more Mercurian traits.

Interpretation of the Mounts

Remember that no hasty conclusions can be drawn about any of the mounts without first considering the fingers.

For example, if Jupiter happens to be the most prominently developed mount

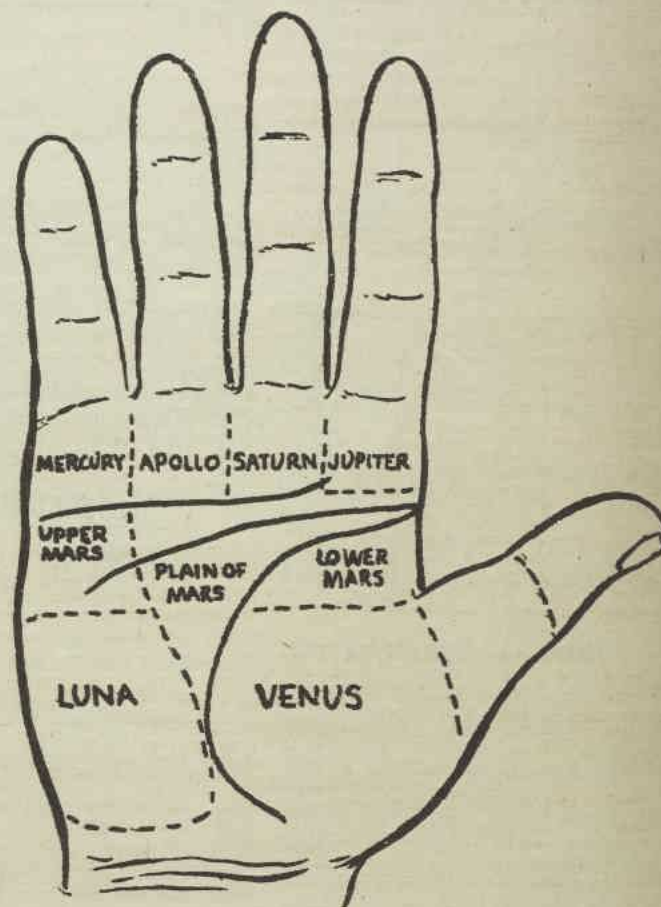


DIAGRAM OF MOUNTS

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 27, 1967

● There are eight mounts on the palm: Jupiter, Saturn, Apollo, Mercury, Upper Mars, Lower Mars, Luna, and Venus.

and the finger of Jupiter—the first finger directly above the mount—is excessively long, that person will belong to the exaggerated type of Jupiterian.

Always check the fingers with the mounts; then proceed.

The mounts should be firm but not hard. If they are soft, it implies indolence or negligence. The person may have abilities but does not bother to develop them. If all the mounts are flat and hard, the person is likely to be very energetic.

THE MOUNT OF JUPITER

The Mount of Jupiter shows pride in numerous degrees. In its best form it is indicative of ambition. If the highest part of the mount is close to the finger, it means a belief in self.

If the mount is heavier toward the area near the Saturn section, then the person suffers from self-consciousness. If the development lies at the bottom of the area, there is pride of ownership.

When the mount is lacking there is no respect for anybody or anything. An overdeveloped mount shows vanity, egotism, or a desire to rule everything.

The Mount of Jupiter is essential to success and happiness, so it is present in varying degrees in all hands of successful people.

With pointed fingers, Jupiterians maintain very high religious ideals.

Conical fingers add pride. This is evident with artists, singers, writers, and so on. They take pride in their work.

Square fingers are proud of each day's

accomplishment. They may be craftsmen who work for a company or they may be following a small hobby that gives them an outlet for self-expression.

Spatulate fingers with the strong Mount of Jupiter seek large or great enterprises. In this they take pride. They make good leaders of industry.

THE MOUNT OF APOLLO

The Mount of Apollo signifies a love for the artistic, for all that is beautiful.

When it is an overall general development, it indicates an appreciation for all of the arts, even though the person may not be actively engaged in any one of them.

When the mount is excessive, you will find a person who likes to pretend to know more about art or music than he or she really does.

Everyone with creative and artistic talent has some form of development of this mount. If Apollo combines with Saturn, the temperament will be unpredictable. If, however, it combines with or is heavier near Mercury, which is under the little finger, then the temperament will be cheery and jovial.

Pointed fingers make dreamers of these people. Conical fingers add the talent for writing, composing, or the quest for creative beauty in one form or another.

Square fingers add practicality. The Spatulate group may be a little erratic, but they are very original.

The lack of this Mount of Apollo is sad, because these people have no appreciation for beauty. Some may be clever, but at best can only be copyists.

THE MOUNT OF SATURN

The Mount of Saturn, located just below the second finger, has always been the one mount that brings sadness, a love of solitude. When the mount is missing, there is absolute indifference toward the feelings of others.

If the mount is higher near the base of the finger, this intensifies the person's love for solitude. These people are usually very shy. If the apex lies close to the mount of Jupiter, it represents morbidity. When closer to Apollo, there is an appreciation of music. If located at the base of the area, there is always a feeling of worry or anxiety for the family or loved ones.

These people are very serious about everything they do.

Most musicians have a partial development of the Mount of Saturn. The heavier it is, the more will be the inclination toward classical music.

If the fingers are sharply conical, there is a great appreciation for sad poetry.

THE MOUNT OF MERCURY

The Mount of Mercury represents the quickness of the mind. It also represents the channel of achievement.

When the mount is heavily padded, there is a mind with quick perception. It denotes a person with the ability to change quickly from one idea to another.

This in turn produces a fine business instinct. All Mercurians have a buoyant nature.

If this mount combines with the Mount of Apollo, you will find a person with a very sunny disposition.

When the mount is heavier at the side of the hand, it means a good sense of humor.

If the mount is heavier toward the lower section, it adds physical strength.

It is fortunate to have this mount and absolutely necessary for financial success.

THE MOUNT OF LUNA

The Mount of Luna, the sign of the Moon, shows imaginative qualities. Check the illustration of mounts until you are familiar with this area.

A firm mount gives a practical application of the imagination. There is a desire for travel. There is a love for family, a good balance of ideas. These are the people who like to read good literature, hear fine music.

If the mount is soft, it is the sure sign of a dreamer, one who is impractical. If the mount is flabby, the emotions turn to unconventionalities.

If the development is on the upper section, there is an excellent ability for music. It represents the desire for harmony. If heaviest on the lower section, there is too much tendency toward the exotic. The imagination actually "runs away" with the individual.

CONTINUED OVERLEAF . . .
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(Continued from previous page)

When the mount is absent, you find a very cold and unsympathetic nature.

THE MOUNT OF VENUS

The Mount of Venus, named for the Goddess of Love, reveals the capacity for love, passion, friendship, and sympathy. It is the area at the base of the thumb and occupies the largest area of all the mounts. It is the indicator of health, strength, and happiness.

This area completely surrounds the thumb. It should be well padded and firm. This indicates a strong and healthy person. It represents a sympathetic nature, an understanding for the happiness of others. With it goes an affectionate disposition.

If this area is flat there is a lack of sympathy. This is the person who is hard in business and usually indifferent in the home.

If the fullest development is at the top section of the mount, it means deep affection for the family.

THE MOUNT OF UPPER MARS

The Mount of Upper Mars lies on the outside edge section of the palm, between Mercury and Luna. It is normally situated above the Head Line.

This is the sign of the fighting spirit. In its best form the owner of this area has courage and dignity. He or she will never let things get out of control.

Underdeveloped, the opposite is true. There will be no forcefulness. When the mount is very high, there is great endurance physically. If the area is rounded out

and heavier toward the section of Luna there will be good judgment.

THE MOUNT OF LOWER MARS

The Mount of Lower Mars is actually the very upper section of the Mount of Venus. It is just inside the Life Line.

Lower Mars is also the sign of the fighter. It differs from Upper Mars in that it actually adds the act of fighting physically. It is courageous, but martial.

It also produces any quarrelsome person who turns pugnacious. The well-balanced mount is to be found in a person of great physical strength.

Spatulate fingers combined with this mount produce a nature that withstands pain. This same person will also be fearless.

Square fingers indicate great patience in working out militant problems.

Conical fingers show a stoical spirit.

Pointed fingers add resignation.

When overdeveloped, there is the spirit of cruelty.

When the Mount of Lower Mars is missing the palm seems hollow in this portion. This is the sensitive person.

THE PLAIN OF MARS

The Plain of Mars is the centre of the palm which is not actually included with any of the mounts.

If the Plain is gently hollowed it is normal. This shows a good balance with the other parts of the palm. The temperament is even.

Should the Plain be level there is lack of control. It means impetuosity.

The Plain that is very hollow denotes a timid person, one who will not take his own part in an argument.

SPECIAL MARKINGS ON THE PALM

- There are special signs or markings on the palm that are not necessarily on the lines. When they touch a line they have a special bearing on it.

The Circle

The Circle is seldom seen, but it heralds a brilliant success when it appears on the Mount of Apollo.

If it is on the Mount of Luna it warns about danger that may come from water. It covers a wide range of possibilities because it involves all modes of travelling, boating, and swimming.

A Circle on the Head Line is considered to mean an accident to an eye, but there must be another circle or a sharp break on the Life Line.

Stars

Stars are really shockers! They are omens of great success or misfortune.

On Jupiter and Apollo a Star means wealth that may come unexpectedly. On Mercury, it means financial success without much effort.

On the Mount of Venus, a brilliant marriage produces unexpected happiness and wealth. A Star on the Head, Heart, or Life Lines threatens illness.

If the Line of Apollo ends on the Mount of Apollo with a Star directly on it, then there will be a brilliant success bringing fame and money.

Crosses

Crosses vary in size and formation. They can be large or small.

The only place where they are favorable is on the Mount of Jupiter. Here it means a marriage.

A Cross on the Mount of Venus also signifies a union for love, but in this case it is seldom happy. A Cross that has a Square around it is a good marking. The Square preserves the person from misfortune.

On all the other mounts and on all lines the Cross brings disappointment. It is translated in proportion to the size and placement on the palm. Whenever a strong line proceeds beyond the Cross, the problem will be solved, leaving only the memory of it.

The Grille

The Grille is a mesh of cross lines that actually look like grillework. It is a sign of misfortune. Traditionally the readings follow a pattern of a temperament that gets out of control.

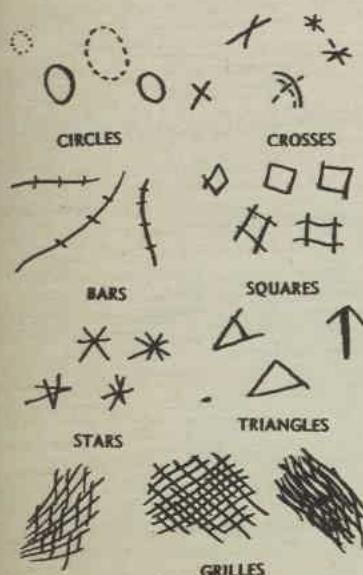
On the Mount of Jupiter that is developed it indicates a tyrannical spirit. If the mount is low, then the person leans toward superstition.

On Saturn it forebodes ill luck. On Apollo, extreme conceit.

On Luna, if the Grille is very large it means inconstancy. If only on the upper section, the health needs continual check-up.

Bar Lines

Bar Lines are little sharp lines that cross the main lines. These are obstacles. For instance, on Line of Affection this means a separation from a close friend or loved one. On the Life Line the same thing applies, but it involves the family, too. On the line of Mercury it would apply to a business associate.



Squares

Squares can be closed or open. Either way they are good because they promise protection. No matter what danger is marked on the hand, if it has a square around it or near it, the person escapes or recovers.

Triangles

Triangles are really lucky markings. They always bring success and are the mark of a brilliant intelligence.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 27, 1967

THE LINES OF THE PALM

● The Lines of the Palm can be likened to a map. They point the way of living by means of traditional interpretations. There are often many lines. Some are long, some are short. To begin, one must first learn the names and placement of major lines. (See diagrams on pages 2 and 3.)

The Major Lines

There are three lines which every normal being must have in the palm of the hands.

They are called the Line of Heart, the Line of Head, and the Line of Life.

They represent, respectively, the emotional, mental, and physical world of each person.

These lines start on the thumb side of the palm and run toward the outside.

The Three Necessary Lines

The lines of each pair of hands differ, but these three lines must be there in some form. The best lines are unbroken and in a clear, continuous form.

Study the illustration for the placement of the lines. Then look for them in your own hands. Do not try to check the small lines when you start. They depend upon the main lines, so the long main lines are important for first study and observation.

Other Major Lines

The next three long lines are not so essential, yet are rich in their interpretations, whenever they appear. These lines are called:

● The Line of Fate, or Line of Saturn, which represents your way of living, such as adaptability to home surroundings and, to some degree, the shaping of a career.

● The Line of the Sun, or Line of Apollo, has to do with success, which also includes a career.

● The Line of Mercury, or Line of the Liver, covers health and finances.

All three of these lines start at the base of the palm and run upward toward the fingers of Saturn, Apollo, and Mercury respectively.

Many hands possess only one of these lines, so in such cases the emphasis is on that one phase. That is, a person may be a home lover, or wedded to his chosen work, or strictly concerned with finance, as the case may be.

Some hands show two of these lines, signifying a double interest, or ability in both phases that are represented.

A few hands have all three lines, but these are quite rare. When they do appear, they may be significant of a powerfully overwhelming personality.

The Minor Lines

Now check the lesser lines.

Straight short lines on the outside of palm between the base of the little finger and the Heart Line are called the Affection Lines.

The Line of Intuition is a curved line that in a solid form looks like a crescent.

Right Handed and Left Handed

By tradition it is customary to consider a difference in right- and left-handed people. If the person is right handed, then the left hand indicates the talents and possible years of longevity.

The right hand tells what has been done proportionately. Sometimes a person does a great deal more than the left hand predicts. Others do not.

For the left-handed person the reading is the reverse, i.e., the right hand predicts and the left shows the progress.

The Bracelet Lines

The Bracelet Lines are at the bend of the wrist. They corroborate length of life as measured by the main lines.

According to old tradition, they can be studied as an indication of longevity. The simple practice was to regard each Bracelet Line as representing 30 years of life, but

CONTINUED OVERLEAF . . .

A GUIDE TO PALMISTRY—Page 11

(Continued from previous page)

there is little to confirm this mode of measurement.

There are other and more important ways of interpretation.

Time Measurement By Lines

The Life Line reveals a person's status or what he may encounter at various phases of his life.

Where the Life Line weakens or becomes broken, you can expect some weakness or a change, or perhaps an illness at that age, when attained. But the Life Line can fade entirely and life will still go on.

The age measurement on the Life Line is shown on the accompanying chart. By following around the arc formed by the line, gauging the age at places where odd markings or signs appear on the Life Line, you can estimate the age where these should take effect.

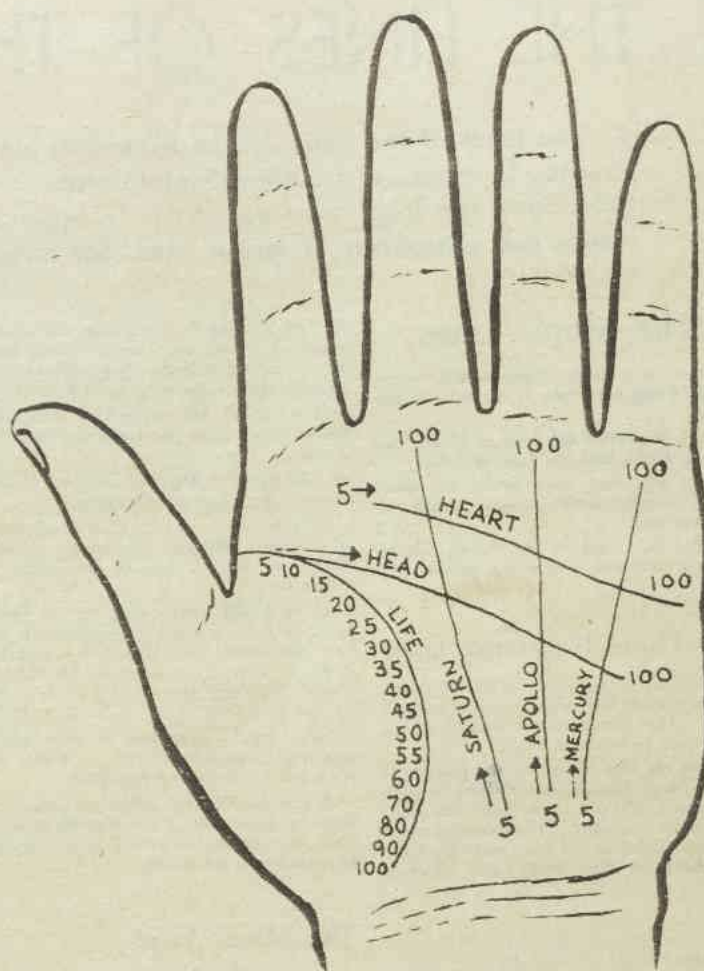
It takes years of experience to pinpoint the exact time, so the novice must allow a few years one way or another for calculation. Also the early years need a little more spacing to estimate the passing of time, while the later years crowd into lesser and lesser space.

The Fate Lines—namely Saturn, Apollo, and Mercury—are measured upward, starting at the base of the hand.

In each case you can follow the growth of the individual in whatever occupation or career that may have been achieved. Remember that on the Line of Saturn the happy and helpful homemaker is very likely to have a strong line, which indicates a successful life.

Branches from it may indicate interest in the careers of children or husband. Apollo and Mercury lines add exceptional abilities that turn to professional and financial groups. Breaks in any of these lines mean a change of circumstances.

Remember that a strong thumb that shows good drive and reasoning ability plus a strong Head Line can overcome almost anything.



MEASUREMENT OF TIME

THE APPEARANCE OF LINES

Lines should be free of any breaks or irregularities.

Red lines indicate a healthy strong body with an active mind.

Very red lines tell of a temperament that is too fiery.

Black or darkish lines represent sadness. This can be counteracted by a good Mount of Venus and a strong Heart Line.

Pale lines show lack of energy.

FORMATIONS OF LINES

Where a second line runs very closely parallel to a main line it is called a sister line. This one serves as a booster or strengthens the main line. It also helps in case the main line is broken or irregular.

Broken lines are either clean-cut breaks or they form an overlay. The overlay signifies a delay or temporary interference. This is considered a lucky break. If a main line has a clean, sharp break without a sister line it needs more serious consideration.

A Square covering the section of a broken line means protection at that particular time. It is a mark of safety.

A two-tined fork on a main line is a strengthener with only one exception. If it is on the Life Line it diminishes the value. Physical strength weakens at this point.

Wavy lines designate instability. Again this pertains only to the particular line that it represents.

Meanings of Branches

Ascending Branches are very helpful. They add impetus to one's ambition.

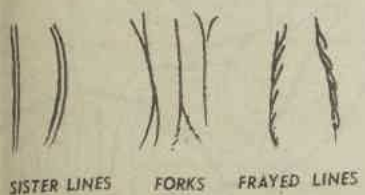
Descending Branches detract from the value of the main line to which they are attached.

When a Branch springs from one line and then touches another there will be some amalgamation of the two main lines.

Frayed lines are tiny little lines that produce a feathery appearance on a main line. This, too, is a weakening.

Markings on Lines

Chains in any line are a defect wherever they occur. They indicate delicacy. On the Life Line it pertains to the physical condition. On the Heart Line it betokens the emotional state.



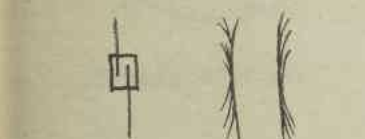
SISTER LINES FORKS FRAYED LINES



CLEAN BREAKS TASSELS CHAINS



OVERLAPPING BREAKS WAVY



SQUARE ON
BROKEN LINE BRANCHES
UP AND DOWN

THE LINE OF HEART

Starting Points

(Diagram at right)

THE normal Line of Heart starts from the Mount of Jupiter, drops to the base of the mount, then proceeds across the hand in a straight line to the outside of the palm. This is the ideal balance for a well-proportioned life, one that is well controlled where emotions are concerned. (Hand "A.")

If the line starts high on the bottom phalange of the first finger, intrigue and complications may cause trouble from too much trust in someone unworthy of such affection. (Hand "C.")

A Heart Line joined at the start to the Head and Life Lines warns of sudden danger. (Hand "B.")

If the line rises between Jupiter and Saturn, there will be an ideal love.

A forked beginning, with one prong on Jupiter and the other between Jupiter and Saturn, means a desire for a happy home.

Terminations

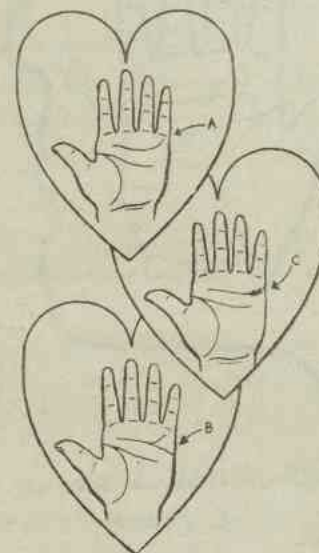
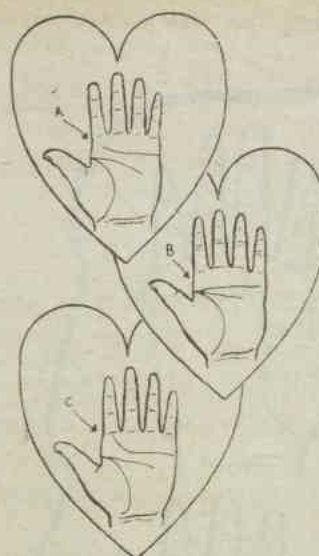
(Diagram at right)

A Line of Heart that curls around upward on to the Mount of Mercury means an inquiring mind. If it almost touches the little finger, there will be an interest in all things occult. ("A.")

A forked end shows a personal problem that could terminate in a separation. This applies to marriage or business. ("B.")

Chained formations mean instability of the emotions. A tasselled ending is the mark of the flirt. ("C.")

Sometimes a double line or Sister Line runs parallel. This strengthens the good qualities of the Heart Line. If it is toward the end of the line, then there is exceptional physical strength and a deep emotional capacity for affection and love.



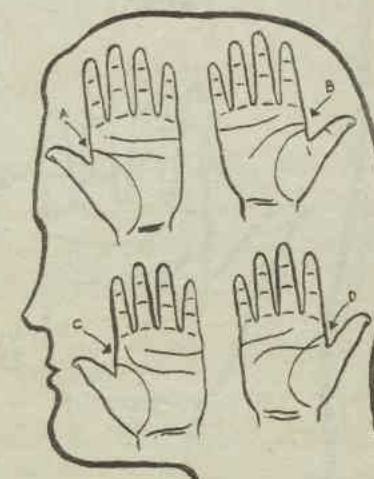
THE LINE OF HEAD

Starting Points

THE normal Line of Head is joined to the Life Line at its starting point. From there it rises gently for a little distance, then drops as it proceeds across the palm. This shows the well-balanced mind.

The Line of Head that is separated from

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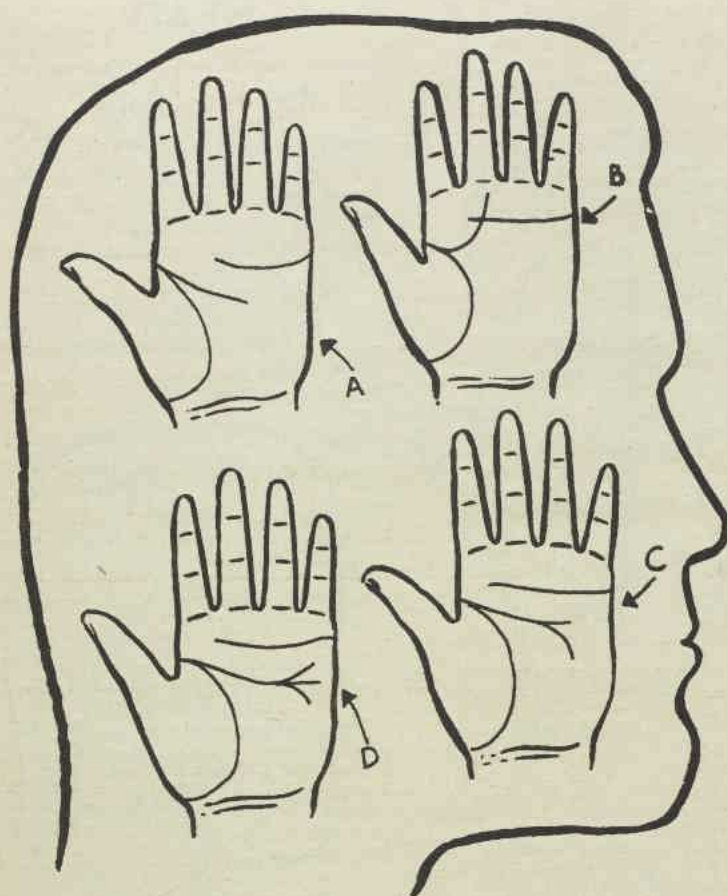


SAMPLES OF STARTING POINTS

A. Normal C. On Mount of Jupiter
B. Separated D. Inside Life Line

A GUIDE TO PALMISTRY—Page 13

Head Lines



SAMPLES OF TERMINATIONS OF HEAD LINES

A. Abrupt

B. On Mount of Severn

C. Forked

D. Trident

(Continued from previous page)

the Life Line just slightly indicates too much self-confidence.

Widely separated it means a conceited nature, one that will go to extremes. Recklessness is the keynote for this type. A very long line adds a fine intellect, but the individual must guard against tactlessness.

Rising on the Mount of Jupiter, there exists an unending ambition for success.

Starting inside the Life Line on Upper Mars it produces a very sensitive nature.

Terminations

The Head Line that terminates in a small fork under Mercury is an excellent one. It adds imaginative ability to a commercial mind.

The triple fork ending links a brilliant mind with talent and business acumen.

If the line stops abruptly under any one of the Mounts, every effort should be made to overcome the indicated defects (Saturn, for example, shows a morbid quality).

People with short Head Lines usually have excellent memories during their childhood and adolescent years.

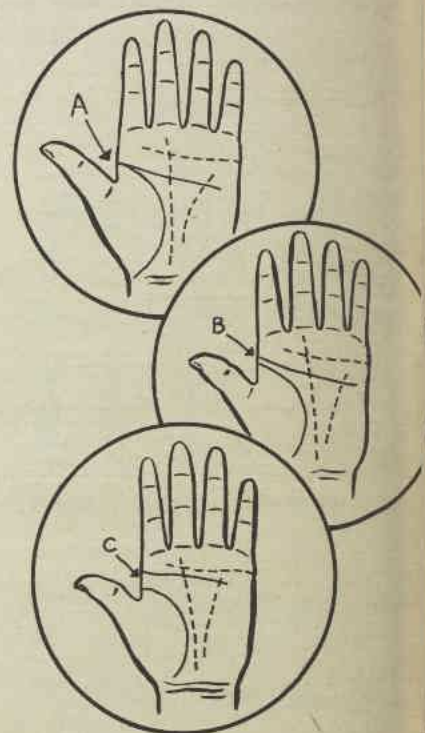
If the Head Line runs straight across the hand, terminating on the outside, the subject possesses an exceptional intellect, but is inclined to be selfish.

THE LINE OF LIFE

Starting Points

THE Line of Life normally starts with the Line of Head on the thumb side of the palm. In this form it signifies a well-balanced intelligent person who is, or will be, sensitive about all things personal.

There is also a reasonable appreciation for friends and acquaintances. What the individual does as life advances must be



LIFE LINE STARTS

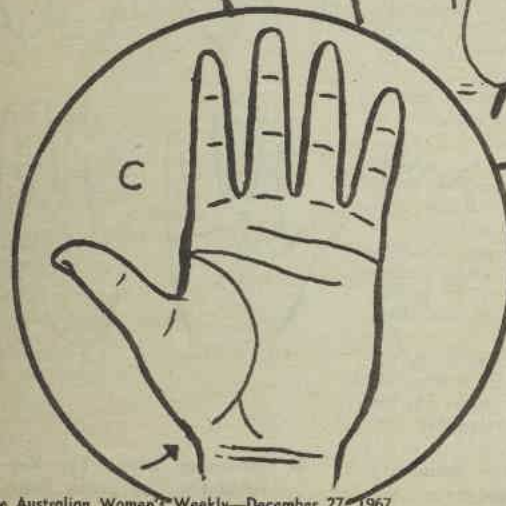
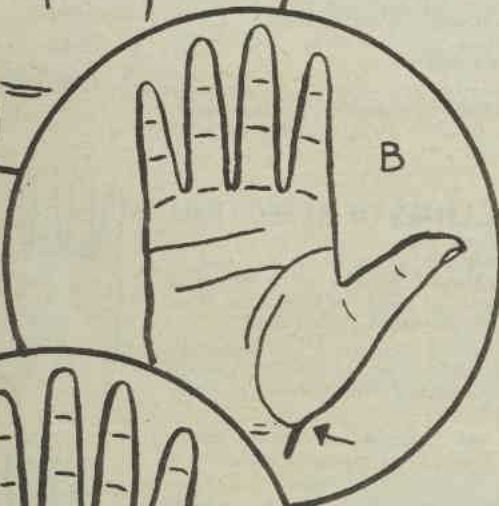
A. Normal

B. Separated

C. Widely separated



**SAMPLES OF
ENDINGS
OF
LIFE LINES**



- A. Abrupt
- B. Broken
- C. Forked

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 27, 1967

read from the length and appearance of the lines.

Separation of these lines means lack of caution. The wider the separation the greater the recklessness.

A chained beginning means poor health in early childhood. As the line grows clear, the health improves.

When the Life Line starts on the Mount of Jupiter there is a great ambition for the social standing of the family.

A branch to Jupiter means personal ambition for social recognition.

A curled start on the inside area of the Mount of Venus denotes inconstancy.

Crisscross lines at the start between the Life and Head Lines denote family problems that affect the financial status of the individual.

Terminations

Short, abrupt terminations of the Life Line have been traditionally interpreted to mean an early and sudden death. However, many hands with short Life Lines refute this translation.

With long Head Lines or long fate lines there is a great chance of longevity. Such a short Life Line does mean a change of some sort, but it can apply to surroundings or occupation.

Lines that show breaks but continue in solid form indicate a recovery from an illness or from financial losses.

Forked Life Lines show a diminishing of physical strength. This may be only temporary if steps are taken to avoid undue strain.

When a wide curve of the Life Line dips into the Plain of Mars, in the centre of the palm, it shows a tremendous amount of physical endurance.

If the line ends on the Mount of Luna the individual has the choice of living in a country or place other than that of his birth.

A branch near the end of the Life Line that stretches over the Mount of Luna adds restlessness and a desire to travel.

THE FATE LINES

Starting Points of THE LINE OF SATURN

The normal Line of Fate is the Line of Saturn. It starts close to the wrist, but not touching the Bracelet Line, then proceeds in a straight line upward to the Mount of Saturn. (Hand "A.")

CONTINUED OVERLEAF . . .



(Continued from previous page)

This line is seen more frequently than the other two fate lines, namely the Line of Apollo and the Line of Mercury, hence it has been commonly called the only Fate Line. When it is found in the palm in its normal form it signifies a fair amount of wealth and great happiness.

Starting from the first Bracelet Line, the individual must take on financial responsibilities during the early years of life. This means either self-support or assistance to the family. This serves as a booster to success in later years. (Hand "B.")

Starting from the Life Line there is help from the family or the career is one that is handed down from one generation to another (Hand "C.")

Starting from the Mount of Luna, the success and happiness will come from some outside source.

A fork at the start is a handicap of

some sort due to parental problems or too vivid an imagination. If the line continues to any one of the Mounts under the fingers, success is inevitable.

Terminations

When the Line of Saturn terminates on the Mount of Saturn it is the natural, normal ending for a happy routine life. (Hand "A.")

Stopping at the Line of Heart, it signifies a disappointment in the affections. (Hand "B.")

If it terminates on the Head Line, failure is due to faulty judgment on the part of the individual.

A forked ending is happy. (Hand "C.") If one prong goes to Jupiter, a very happy marriage combines with a serious career. If the fork is to Apollo there would be connection with some brilliant career in one of the arts. If to Mercury, it would apply to a commercial or professional success.

If the line runs to the Mount of Jupiter instead of Saturn it is complete satisfaction to the ambitions.

THE LINE OF APOLLO

The Line of Apollo proceeds upward to the Mount of Apollo.

In its clear, normal form it promises fame and money, plus a brilliant mind. It is the sign of a natural talent that can be turned into a commercial asset.

Some hands have both Saturn and Apollo. This adds a happy home life as well as the commercial talent.

A single, small parallel line on each side of the Line of Apollo directly on the Mount of Apollo strengthens the financial status in old age.

If the line starts from Mount of Luna, the talents would run to poetry, serious

music, or extraordinary art. From the Mount of Lower Mars, success would be achieved purely from personal efforts.

THE LINE OF MERCURY

This, too, is another Fate Line. Normally it goes directly to the Mount of Mercury. This applies to financial achievement through commerce, science, or some profession, such as law, medicine, or kindred subjects.

In broken form it indicates health problems. Any overlapping line means recuperation. Branches mean alliances or other interests.

THE LINES OF AFFECTION

These are the horizontal lines that lie beneath the little finger on the Mount of Mercury just above the Heart Line. They start on the outside of the palm.

If one of these lines goes across the mount and touches the Line of Apollo it means a marriage with a famous person or one who is wealthy.

A forked termination means a separation from a loved one through no fault of self.

An Affection Line that has straight branches that run toward the little finger promises sons to a family. If the lines slant they are said to mean girls.

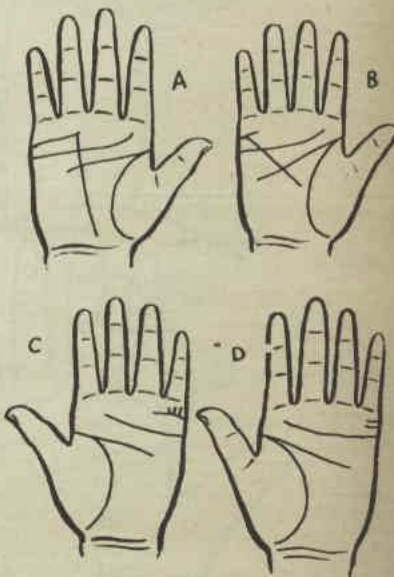
A parallel line very close to an Affection Line is a Sister Line. It means a close affiliation with a member of the family, such as sister, brother, mother, mother-in-law.

A long branch that extends across the palm means a separation. If it stops on the Fate Line it involves money. On the Life Line, the separation is usually permanent.

A branch to the Mount of Apollo is a brilliant and happy marriage.

SAMPLES OF THE LINES OF AFFECTION

- A. Touching the Line of Apollo.
- B. Forked.
- C. With straight lines.
- D. Two parallel lines.



● Condensed from "The Key to Palmistry," by Leona Lehman.

The Australian Women's Weekly—December 27, 1967

PANTS FOR PARTIES

★ *Party pants—long or short—offer a smart, comfortable solution to the problem of what to wear this summer for casual and formal occasions.*

Pictures by DON CAMERON

(The clothes on this page are from the Young Idea Shop, David Jones, Sydney.)

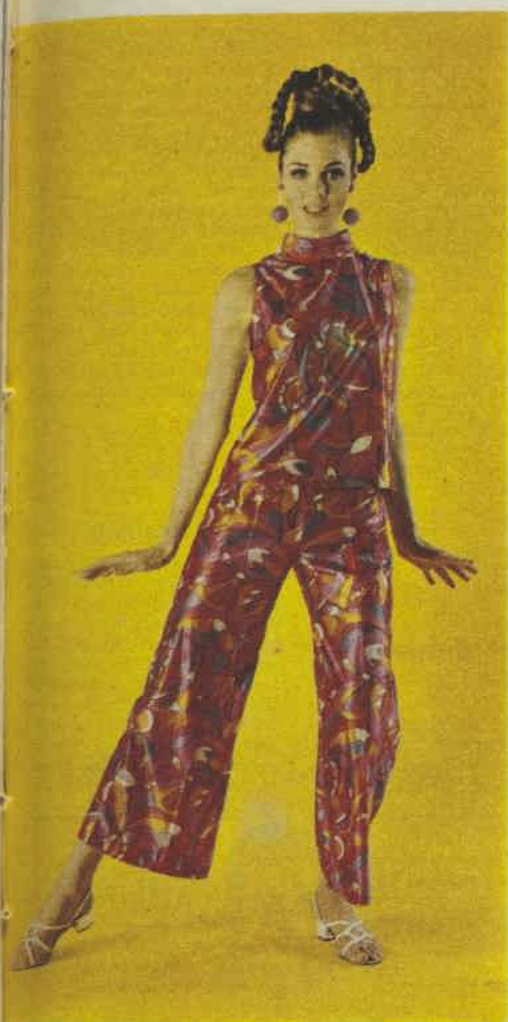
● *Rather formal parties call for these sleek, long culottes, dressed up with dangling earrings and pretty sandals. In wash-'n-wear synthetic, the price is \$24.50.*

● *Daisies give "flower power" theme to the summer party pants (right) in cotton. They're just the thing for barbecues or parties on the water. They cost \$12.99.*

For teenagers

● *The gay, short, hipster culottes (below) will take you prettily anywhere — say, picnics in the country, or even a walk in the park. Each outfit is priced at \$13.*

● *Less formal cotton pants (\$15.99) catch the eye of a young man-around-town who teams his vivid coat (\$33.60) with checked shorts — which go for \$10.50.*



For teenagers

HERE'S YOUR ANSWER

(from Louise Hunter)

WHAT OTHERS THINK

"I AM a 15-year-old schoolgirl who is in love with a boy the same age. My problem is that most of my schoolfriends don't like him, and I cannot admit completely to them my feelings for him. The things I do tell them get back to him, and he takes them the wrong way. I know he loves me, but I don't want our friendship ruined."

"Mixed Up."

● To preserve your friendship with this boy you will either have to be truthful about your feelings—don't call them love yet—or say nothing at all. Odd snippets here and there can easily be misinterpreted, especially when retold by someone with an over-active imagination. While I understand your reluctance to face derision, I do think 15 is a good age to begin standing up for your principles. Or do your schoolfriends have a sound reason for disliking him?

Forget him

"I AM 19. I was going with a boy who, although I have gone out with a number of others, I find impossible to forget. He enjoyed going out with me and liked my gay personality. But after a while he became dissatisfied with my carefree ways, and broke it off. I realised he meant a lot to me, and was broken-hearted. He was miserable, too, and we started going together again. After five months he said he thought about nothing except marriage, but felt he was too young to get serious. He broke it off again. My friends tell me he is unhappy and no one else means as much to him as I do. When we meet at parties and dances, we always end up together. But that's as far as it goes."

"Can't Win."

● Sever all emotional ties with him. You'll be happier in the long run. If you go back to him you'll be risking all the heartache of another break in a few months. You see, he just isn't ready for a serious love affair.

● Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender are given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

Expect less

"A FEW weeks ago I went to a party, where I met a girl whom I have known for many years as a friend. We walked home together and I saw her quite often during the week. The following Saturday night I took her to the local mod dance. After a few dances she wandered off with another girl; this happened four times that night. So I left her. I still like her and she likes me, too. This kind of thing has happened to me with four different girls in the past year. Why are girls so untrustworthy? And why do they always let me down? (I am 16½.)"

"Worried."

● Sometimes a teenage girl's carefree attitude to life gives the impression she is unreliable. (Untrustworthy is far too harsh a word to use.) But she isn't, really. She's just enjoying a romance. You are probably attracted to this gay, "butterfly" type. When you make too many demands on her—like expecting her to stay at your side all evening—she feels the partnership is getting too involved, and "flies" away. In future don't ask so much—and you won't be disappointed.

He's too old

"MY girlfriend is 15 and I am 18. We have been going together for about two months. But she is not allowed out at nights, or with boys. I have taken her out a few times, but only when her parents think they know where she is. The only way out is to give her up, but I don't want to do this because I love her and she says that she loves me. Do you think I am too old for her? She goes to school and I am working."

"Desperate."

● Yes, I do think you are too old for her—not in years but in experience. You both are at different stages of life—school and work—and until she catches up with you, the course of true love will certainly never run smooth. Unless you are prepared to wait until she grows up—that is, see her on her parents' terms, never behind their backs—it would be wiser to give her up.

For mixed schools...

● Today, more than ever before, senior students need practical social training. But, unfortunately, they are not getting it. Students who attend segregated schools run the risk of being social outcasts when they leave, because they have not had the chance to mix naturally with the opposite sex. While at school we start to form our ideals and morals, and if we are not given a chance to mix socially, we will not be prepared for the outside world. For these reasons, I am in favor of integrated schools of boys and girls.

—DENNIS HOWARD, Aspendale, Vic.

People in glass houses...

ARE we really any less critical and narrow-minded than our parents? I wouldn't attempt to count the number of times I have heard my friends exclaim, "When I have a teenage daughter I'm going to be as open-minded as I can, and before I say 'no', I'm going to give it a lot of thought." I often wonder how many of these girls, who have younger brothers and sisters, sit down and think before they criticise them as being childish. —"A Sister," Seven Hills, Qld.

Absent friends

WHEN I lived at home I though Mum and Dad were real squares—almost

● Letters must be signed, and preference is given to writers who do not use pen-names. Send them to Teenagers' Weekly, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. We pay \$2 for each letter used.



LETTERS

Pro-yo-yo

I CONSIDER the art of yo-yo skilful and exacting. Any adult yo-yo representative will tell you the hours and hours of practice that have gone into his striving for perfection. The variety of tricks makes it a very creative art. The skills involved can be compared with those of such sports as golf or tennis. Our headmaster, a former Rhodes scholar and international footballer, is an ardent yo-yo fan. The yo-yo is certainly no hangover from childhood. —"Eighteen," Pymble, N.S.W.

Right answer

I BEAT the exam problem by pretending they were on a month earlier—and preparing accordingly. Thus, no last-minute rush. —"Smart," Perth.

Not to worry!

MANY teenagers are afraid of something. It may be fear of exams, or the results of examinations. It may be anything. When afraid of something, try to remember one of Robinson Crusoe's maxims—"Fear of the unknown is ten times worse than the unknown itself." So stop worrying. Worry can cause ulcers and asthma attacks and many minor complaints. Tell yourself to stop worrying, remember Crusoe—and relax. —Ross Bennett, Merrylands, N.S.W.

Free-thinking

IN answer to "Jane" (Letters, November 29), yes, we ARE free. Free to choose dress, entertainment, education levels, vocations, as

GO-MANGO



cubes. We rarely agreed on dress, and neither seemed to go out of the way to get on with me. Now, after nine months living at a hostel, my attitude has completely changed. I actually look forward to seeing Mum and Dad. Also, I have come to the conclusion that more than 80 percent of disagreements were my fault. The changes in fashion and ideas were natural to me, whereas to my parents they must have seemed revolutionary. —"Experience," Midland, W.A.

well as life partners. Even if we have chosen to do as everyone else, our choice was free. As a teaching-student, I have been asked by working friends why I have no spare time, why I have no freedom. I answer that I am free; I have chosen to use my freedom in pursuing my vocation. Thus, we are all free—it is the choice of freedom that often makes it seem we are not free.—John Kramer, Cumberland Park, S.A.

I WOULD advise those who think it outmoded to have pen-friends to drop this attitude. When I have saved enough money and completed my studies I plan to go abroad, staying with those of my 15 pen-friends who have invited me. Most live in western Europe, where I plan to concentrate my travels. Staying with them, I will gain the experience of using school-leant languages in a household environment, learn what European family life is like, and be shown around my pen-friends' cities and introduced to their friends. —Susan Stott, Warrnambool, Vic.

Happy medium

IF a teenager is never guided or shown the proper thing to do, he could develop a feeling of insecurity. If he were allowed to do everything he wished, he would not appreciate those that were really important. Parents should neither smother a child nor prevent him benefiting from experiences. —J.T., Hobart.

ROUND ROBIN



Adair

POP SINGER'S SILENT PARTNER

I SEE that Barry Gibb, the Bee Gees' lead singer, is very cranky because the news that he was married leaked out.

According to London reports, Barry said he had kept his marriage a secret to preserve the Bee Gees' all-bachelor look.

The singer claimed an "enemy" had revealed his marriage.

I've always been aware that a lot of show-business people like to keep their romances and marriages secret. There is the oft-used "we are just good friends."

But, for some reason, pop stars hadn't—until Barry's problem popped up—seemed to worry about being exposed as old-marrieds.

Elvis, John Lennon, and Ringo apparently found no drawbacks.

I must say that the pop star's story explains the strange behaviour recently of a mate of mine—Larry Gibb, lead singer of a group called the Tee Hees.

(They call themselves that, because they started singing for a giggle.)

Well, Larry rang me up one day and invited me to a party he was throwing the next Saturday night.

I went, and, you know, I should have cottoned-on sooner.

For one thing, Larry had a carnation in his buttonhole and a girl alongside him carried a bunch of flowers.

When I asked why, Larry said it was a demonstration of flower power.

They also had a funny looking, tall white cake sitting on the table.

A couple of old dolls were sniffing and Larry's uncle fell in a punch bowl.

The scene seemed familiar. But, I thought, oh well, that's show biz.

After the Bee Gees story, I rang Larry and he admitted I had been to his wedding reception.

He also said his wife had since left him.

"Did she go home to her mother?" I asked.

"No," he said, "how could she?"

"Her mother doesn't know. Heck, man, it was a secret wedding!"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—December 27, 1967

That hectic Christmas shopping. One reader from a remote outpost near Katherine, Northern Territory, is glad that hers is now done by mail; the other, from Southport, Qld., admits that the usual last-minute rush is ahead.

READERS' STORIES

Hooray for the Christmas catalogues—

— those magic carpets to a faraway, glittering world!

AT LAST the Christmas catalogues have arrived. Now we can do our Christmas shopping.

Glossy and gay, they slip from the mail-bag, fragrant with printer's ink, crammed with photographic sparkle, and the delicious promise of tempting and frivolous things.

Despite the above-century temperatures outside, the red dust on the wind, the tired clanking of the windmill, the catalogues are a magic-carpet to the faraway world of bustle, traffic lights, and surging crowds.

It is as good as being in a huge department store. The crowds, the carols, and the lavish decorations are missing, of course,

By

MARION HOULDSWORTH

but so are the relentless pressure of milling shoppers, the anxiety of waiting to be served, the aching legs, the wails of fretful, tired children.

And while I can, with some degree of expertise, find my way through the bulky catalogue, I am prone to mental daze in big city stores, mutely riding the "up" escalator when my earnest wish is to go down, intimidated to the point of retreat by the profusion of choice of perfumery (all I wanted was some lavender-water), and liable, in search of a humble bath-mat, to become lost in the labyrinth of Carpets and Floorcoverings.

Catalogue shopping resolves all this. Pot of tea on hand, pen and order form ready, Christmas shopping is resolved to an hour or so of pleasurable, round-table discussion.

Is all that frantic buying necessary, in a hungry world?

THIS year I was determined to have all the Christmas arrangements in hand by the beginning of December.

But suddenly, the stores were hung with tinsel and "Deck the Halls with Boughs of Holly" was blaring forth, and I resigned myself to the usual last-minute rush of shopping and mailing of cards.

It seems that we had last Christmas only a few months ago, but a year must have passed. I remember, as a child, a year

By JAN FFRENCH

seemed such a long time. You could barely remember all the way back to last Christmas.

My four-year-old is wandering around singing "O come, Ollie faithful, joyfully by elephant." To her, Christmas is full of wonder. It is sad that this wonder will fade as she comes to realise the overriding commercialism of Christmas.

The success of this commercialism is borne out by a report that Australians spent ten times more in one shopping day last Christmas than they would give in

"Gloves or rose-clippers for Nanna?"
Cigars or the pen set for Uncle Ted?"
Useless to gloat over the pages of luscious, mouthwatering chocolates. They would never travel.

"Hand-carved cherry-wood alpine pipes. Overall length, 21in. Gift for Father!"
Just imagine!

And look! Look at the wiglets!

Then, of course, toys. Before long the catalogue will open of its own accord at the toy section as avid eyes scan the delights illustrated. What a shame the dolls are all so haughty looking (and expensive). What is wanted is a soft, cuddly baby doll. We write in detail to this effect and trust to the Mail Order Man a thousand miles away, to understand.

Toys can be very touchy. How well I remember, although now many years ago, the anguish of receiving on Christmas morning a mere tin seaset, instead of the marvellous china one in the catalogue.

It is wise to make second and even third choice, or the sensible nightie ordered for Auntie Ellie may arrive in an alarming shade of burnt-orange or passionate-pink.

And of course, one must remain detached and disinterested when anxious small voices inquire, "Which jam dish do you like best, Mummy? This glass one, or the one with flowers?"

At last the lists are complete. Biscuits, bonbons, wrapping-paper, tinsel. All that remains is to tot up the freight charges. Heavens! Does it really come to that! Oh, well, it's only once a year.

The mail-plane zooms off into the heat shimmer, and we settle back to wait the three to four weeks till the parcels will arrive. Christmas shopping is done for the year.

overseas aid for the whole of 1967. This does seem to make our Christmas buying a bit thoughtlessly selfish.

Yet on the other hand, you hear that people in charge of orphanages and similar institutions have to limit the number of Christmas parties given for the children. Too many people want to lavish too much at once on them.

Perhaps this is the trouble with Christmas—too much at once.

Our annual over-indulgence in buying and eating appears very strange when compared with the original Christmas. The beautiful story of the humble stable birth is obscured by a mountain of tinsel and Christmas puddings.

So, as I begin rushing through crowded stores, I wonder if many of us are a little too extravagant. Are all those decorations necessary, all that rich, heavy food?

Perhaps, if we could each manage to reduce the Christmas spending a little, and give this small amount to help less-privileged people through the year, the essential meaning of Christmas, a time for true and unselfish giving, would become more real for more people.

AT HOME.....

with Margaret Sydney

● We think of all the things we do and eat at Christmastime as being traditional, time-hallowed, and unchangeable. But are they?

IT'S hard now to imagine a Christmas without Christmas trees, Christmas puddings, without potatoes to go with the poultry, without sugar to go with the strawberries, without tomatoes and beans and bananas and pineapples and tea and coffee and oranges, Christmas without chocolate, Christmas without forks!

Yet Christmas was without all these things until the 16th century and without some of them until the 19th. Christmas trees, for instance, came in then with the Prince Consort, from Germany.

Forks came from Italy, and they were such a new and finicky idea to the rest of Europe that they were actually preached against in the churches. "To take meate with the forke," one preacher declared, "is impiously to declare God's creatures not worthy of being touched by human hands."

Without forks, dinner for a hungry family and guests with healthy appetites must have been fraught with danger, as this 16th-century verse suggests:

If the dish be pleasant, either fleshe or fishe,
Ten hands at once swarme in the dishe;
And if it be fleshe ten knives shalt thou see,
Mangling the fleshe, and in the platter flee.
To put there thy handes, in peril without fail
Without a gauntlet, or else a glove of mail.

The first forks that came into vogue were two-pronged—fine for getting a hold on the piece of meat while you cut what you wanted from it, but not so useful for getting things tidily from your plate to your mouth.

As late as the early 19th century the two-pronged forks were still in use, and in "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell wrote:

"When the ducks and green peas came we looked at each other in dismay; we had only two-pronged, black-handled forks. It is true the steel was as bright as silver, but what were we to do? Miss Matty picked up her peas, one by one, on the point of the prongs. Miss Pole sighed over the delicate young peas as she left them on one side of her plate untasted. I looked at my host; the peas were going wholesale into his capacious mouth, shovelled up by his large round-ended knife. I saw, I imitated, I survived! My friends, in spite of my precedent, could not master up enough courage to do an ungentle thing."

It must have been somebody stuck with the same problem who composed Mike's favorite bit of doggerel—

I eat my peas with honey,
I've done it all my life.
It makes the peas taste funny,
But it keeps them on the knife.

Imagine Christmas turkey without roast potatoes!

SPOONS were made of wood, horn, or metal, and it was a long time before anyone but the rich could afford silver. As one canny Scot said, "A wudden spoon is no sae apt to be stolen; in the second, maist things taste weel out o' wud; thirdly, there's nae expense in keepin' clean."

It's hard to imagine the Christmas poultry without potatoes, and without all the other vegetables now taken for granted, but the first Christmas turkey served with baked

potatoes or with boiled new potatoes in England must have been served some time after 1588, and, believe it or not, it was almost two centuries before it became a popular vegetable.

Sweet potatoes had been brought by John Hawkins from Virginia about 20 years earlier, and one enthusiast wrote of them:

"These potatoes be the most delicate rootes that may be eaten, and do farre exceed our passneps or carets. Their pines be of the bigness of two fists . . . and the inside eateth like an apple, but it is more delicious than any sweet apple sugred."

After the discovery of the sea route to the West Indies in 1498, sugar began to replace honey, but for a long time it was expensive and not to be found in the poor man's larder.

The rich used it mainly for making marzipan and other sweetmeats, still using honey as a preservative and for seasoning meat.

Tea, in 1658, was four guineas a lb.

THERE wasn't much to drink, either, before the discovery of the sea routes and the New World. Small beer for breakfast seems odd to us now, but what choice was there before tea, and coffee, and chocolate?

Samuel Pepys, who was a great one for jotting down in his diary what he ate and drank, recorded that he had his first cup of tea in 1660. He was a bit behind the times, because two years earlier Mr. Thomas Garway was advertising like this:

"That Excellent, and by all Physicians approved, CHINA drink, called by the Chinese Tcha, by other nations Tay alias Tee, is sold at the Sultaness Head Cophee-House, in Sweeting's Rents, by the Royal Exchange, London."

It was four guineas a pound!

Coffee had arrived earlier, and by 1650 the first coffee-house had been opened to sell this "simple Innocent thing, incomparable good for those that are troubled with melancholy."

And for the morning after (or for the day after one of those huge Christmas feasts) Pepys was ecstatic when he discovered an absolutely new drink—orange juice.

"Here," he wrote, "which I never did before, I drank a glass, of a pint I think, of the juice of oranges, of whose peel they make comfits; and here they drink the juice as wine, with sugar, which is a very fine drink, but, it being new, I was doubtful whether it might not do me hurt."





● Continental vase

COLLECTORS' CORNER

● Our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe, answers readers' queries about their antiques.

I AM enclosing a picture of a vase I own. I would be glad if you could give me any information about its age and where it was made. It has the mark of a crown on the base and the numbers 2075 with 45 beneath. — Mrs. A. D. Heath, Curlewis, N.S.W.

Your vase of elaborate gourd shape, with serpent handles and acanthus-leaf motif applied to the body in "gold" is of Continental origin. While the marks do not appear to be recorded, I can only assume that it is of Austrian origin and probably made at Carlsbad about 1880 to 1890.



● Antique water bottle

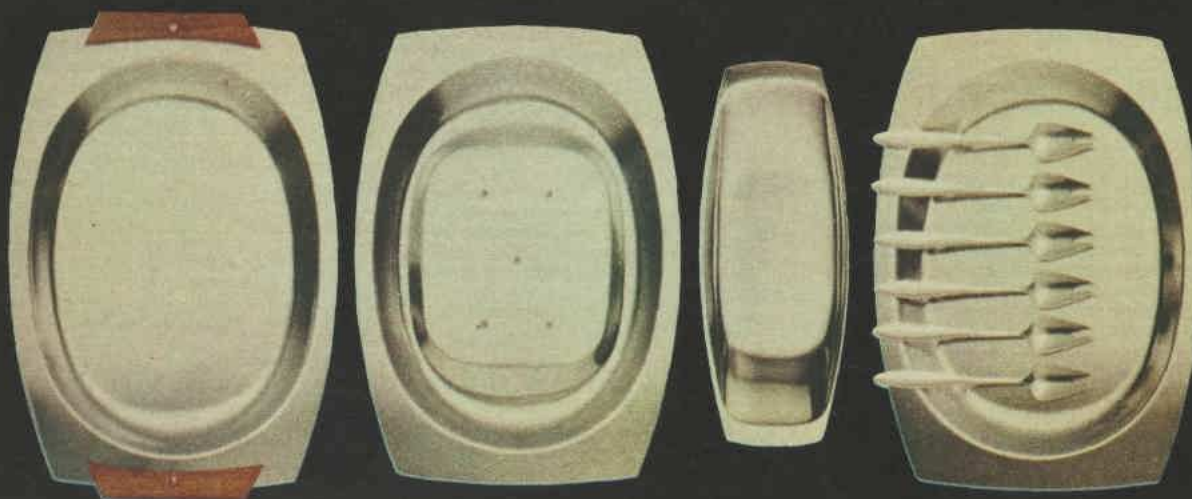
WHEN this water bottle was first given to me there was a handwritten inscription on the bottom "Irish Water Bottle — 1788." This, in the course of time, has been obliterated. Could you tell me something about it? — Mrs. Elsie Gilchrist, Petersham, N.S.W.

Although the water bottle has been labelled "Irish Water Bottle — 1788," I suspect that it was made about 100 years later. Water bottles, terracotta in texture, with inverted ogee shape body with an elongated neck and loose cover, were in common use in Australia from about 1870 up to about 1900.



Perfect entry for the perfect entrée: a Grosvenor stainless steel tray.

Price? A steal from \$2.95



Above from left:
Smorgasbord Tray, 14" x 10", with removable Teak handles. \$6.50
Spiked Carving Tray, 14" x 10". \$6.50
Savoury Tray, 12" x 5". \$2.95, with removable Teak handles. \$3.95
Smorgasbord Tray, 14" x 10", with 6 buffet forks. \$9.30

Grosvenor

WRITE FOR FREE ILLUSTRATED LITERATURE TO MYTTON'S LIMITED, BOX No. 1, P.O., SOUTH MELBOURNE, VIC. 3205



● Nineteenth-century chair

I HAVE a chair of black wood and wonder if it is ebony. The seat has been re-covered with velvet. Could you tell me the age of the chair, pictured above? I also have a table made from black wood and heavily carved. Could you give me some information about both these articles? — Miss D. Reid, Taree, N.S.W.

The chair is made either of colonial rosewood or beech which has been ebonised. It was made between 1880 and 1900. Your table is about seventy years old. It is probably made of beech which has been ebonised.

Readers are requested to send a photograph of any item they want identified by our expert, Mr. Stanley Lipscombe. A description is rarely adequate. Queries must now be limited to one item. Valuations are not given in this feature.

EASY-CARE FAMILY HOME

HOUSE of the WEEK

VETERINARY Science reader at Melbourne University, Dr. Jim Watson, and his wife chose the site and design for their Donvale home, about 12 miles from Melbourne, to accommodate their love of space and the countryside and because it fulfilled their four main requirements.

The house had to be functional and designed for easy maintenance—Mrs. Watson teaches at a suburban high school three days a week. Because Dr. Watson works in the city, the site had to be within easy travelling distance, yet the Watsons wanted it far enough out to give the illusion of being in the country. They also wanted the design to provide a separate living area for their three sons, and the house situated so as to give an uninterrupted view of the countryside.

The simple, 20-square house, built on a six-acre block, was designed to meet all these requirements by Melbourne architect Mr. Graeme Gunn. It is high on a hilltop, and wide floor-to-ceiling windows give a commanding view of the sur-

rounding bushland. Of taupe-colored brick, with a flat roof, the house blends in with its surroundings.

Decor throughout the house is subtle—polished ribbon-wood floors, natural wood ceilings, white-painted walls—with effective use made of beams of dark, unpolished wood. All drapes are of pale cream duck.

The front door opens into a long central corridor, which runs the length of the house and has a dividing door in the middle to separate the adults' and children's areas. This, according to Mrs. Watson, is most convenient, because she and her husband can entertain without interruption from the children, who usually occupy themselves in their own living-room.

Entertaining is very easy, because the living and dining areas are divided from the kitchen only by a servery-cum-luncheon bar, enabling Mrs. Watson to talk to guests while preparing food in the kitchen.

Lights are concealed under wood beams near the ceiling in all the rooms, and also above the servery.

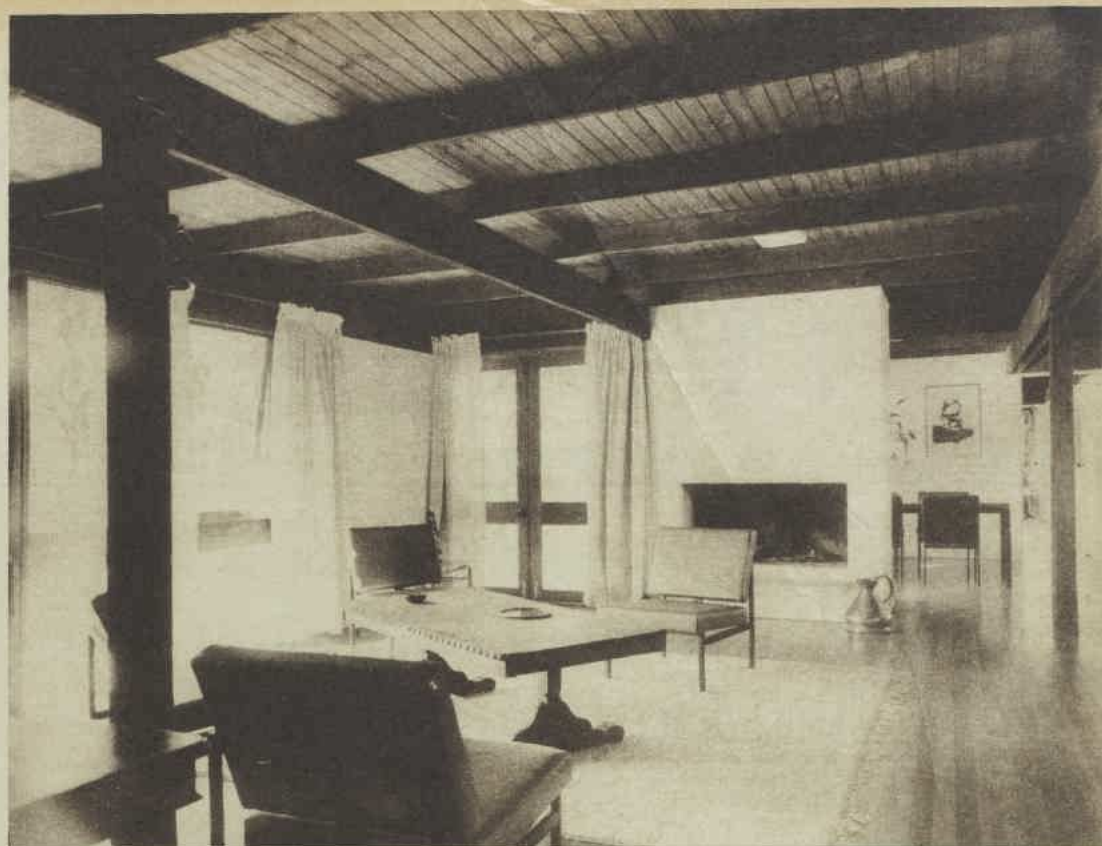
Dr. and Mrs. Watson's three sons, Christopher, 16, Andrew, eight, and Tony, seven, have separate bedrooms (all identical), complete with a similarly placed

Open fireplace divides living-room from dining area, which also runs off long central corridor at right. Lights are concealed above curtains, which are, as in the rest of the house, of cream duck fabric.

bench, which they use as a desk while studying and doing homework.

The Watsons' long-range plans include landscaping the grounds and establishing a garden with lots of native flowering shrubs and plants. They have left as many trees as possible undisturbed—clearing only the area immediately surrounding the house.

—Leonie Newberry

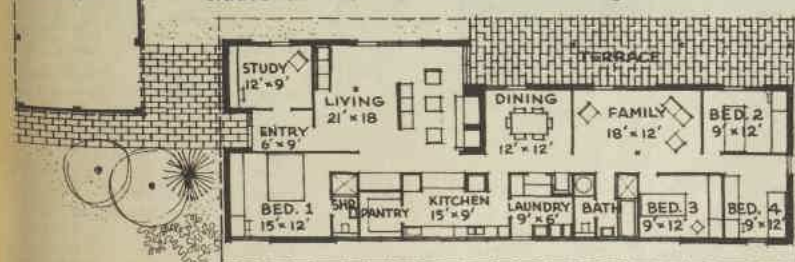


Mrs. Watson in her compact dining-room. Small dividing wall behind her is the back of the fireplace, which faces into the living-room. Door at right opens on to a terrace.

Photographs by Michael Coyne



Side view of the house, which is set on a hilltop among natural bushland, illustrates the clean lines of the design. A door is included in each set of floor-to-ceiling windows.



Cupboards under workbench in kitchen are of dark natural wood and reach to about 18in. above the floor—which prevents scuffing and makes them easier to get at. At the far end of the bench are built-in hotplates; the oven is set flush in the wall opposite. Door leads to pantry.



OUR TRANSFER

Dutch boy and girl motifs in red and blue are from Iron-On Transfer No. 202. Order from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. Price: 15c plus 5c postage.

Useful hints for housewives

● Useful hints for housewives will save time and money in cleaning, renovating, sewing, and other household chores. Each hint wins a \$2 prize for a reader.

IF the cane seats of summer chairs begin to sag, scrub the top, then the bottom, with hot soapy water and dry in the open air. The cane will shrink and the seat become as firm as new. — Mrs. R. Waters, 347 Shannon Ave., Geelong, Vic. 3220.

Inexpensive glass will shine like crystal if cleaned with baking powder mixed to a thin paste with water. Rub on to glass, rinse off, dry, then polish with a soft cloth. The same treatment will make car windows and wind-screens shine. — Mrs. G. Wass, 26 Sinclair St., Rivervale, W.A. 6103.

For mending cracks in walls or paths: Take a piece of roofing slate of suitable size to fit crack, hammer into crack, then get some thin cement and work it in round the slate. When dry you will have a permanent mend and the wall or path will never crack in the same place again. — Mrs. R. Cook, 2 Cross St., Five Dock N.S.W. 2046.

To carry ripe plums and apricots to a picnic, line an egg carton with a piece of plastic sheeting, then put the fruit in the carton. It won't crush and can be removed all at once if the plastic is lifted out by the corners. — Annemarie Tilley, 5 Deepdene Rd., Balwyn, Vic. 3103.

A champagne glass makes an ideal container for a small posy of flowers. The hollow stem holds the flowers in place and the glassful of flowers makes a decorative addition to a dinner table. — Miss C. A. Begley, 531 Ipswich Rd., Annerley, Qld. 4103.

For an economical carpet shampoo, to 1 gallon of water add 2 tablespoons ammonia, 4 tablespoons vinegar, few drops essence of lemon, and a little soap powder. — Mrs. E. Watt, 1 Moirunna Rd., Lindisfarne, Tas. 7015.

Liquid floor-polish can be applied much more easily and will dry more quickly if the applicator is first thoroughly dampened in hot water. — Mrs. D. Stenner, 6 Ryde Rd., Pymble, N.S.W. 2073.

Restore tattered dress patterns by pressing iron-on interlining on to worn and torn sections. Edges can then be easily trimmed and notches recut. — Miss J. D. Wilkinson, 84 Price Ave., Clapham, S.A. 5062.

Would you like to grow cucumbers for summer salads but have only a small garden? You can grow them up in the air (like sweet-peas) successfully as I did. I used wire-netting nailed firmly to several posts and trained the cucumbers on it. — Mrs. Pauline Woodside, "Wallace Bank," Gulguba, Qld. 4418.

Rub a damp cake of soap over the back of an applique and it will adhere firmly to the fabric while being stitched. — Mrs. R. Erhardt, Box 982, Mildura, Vic. 3500.

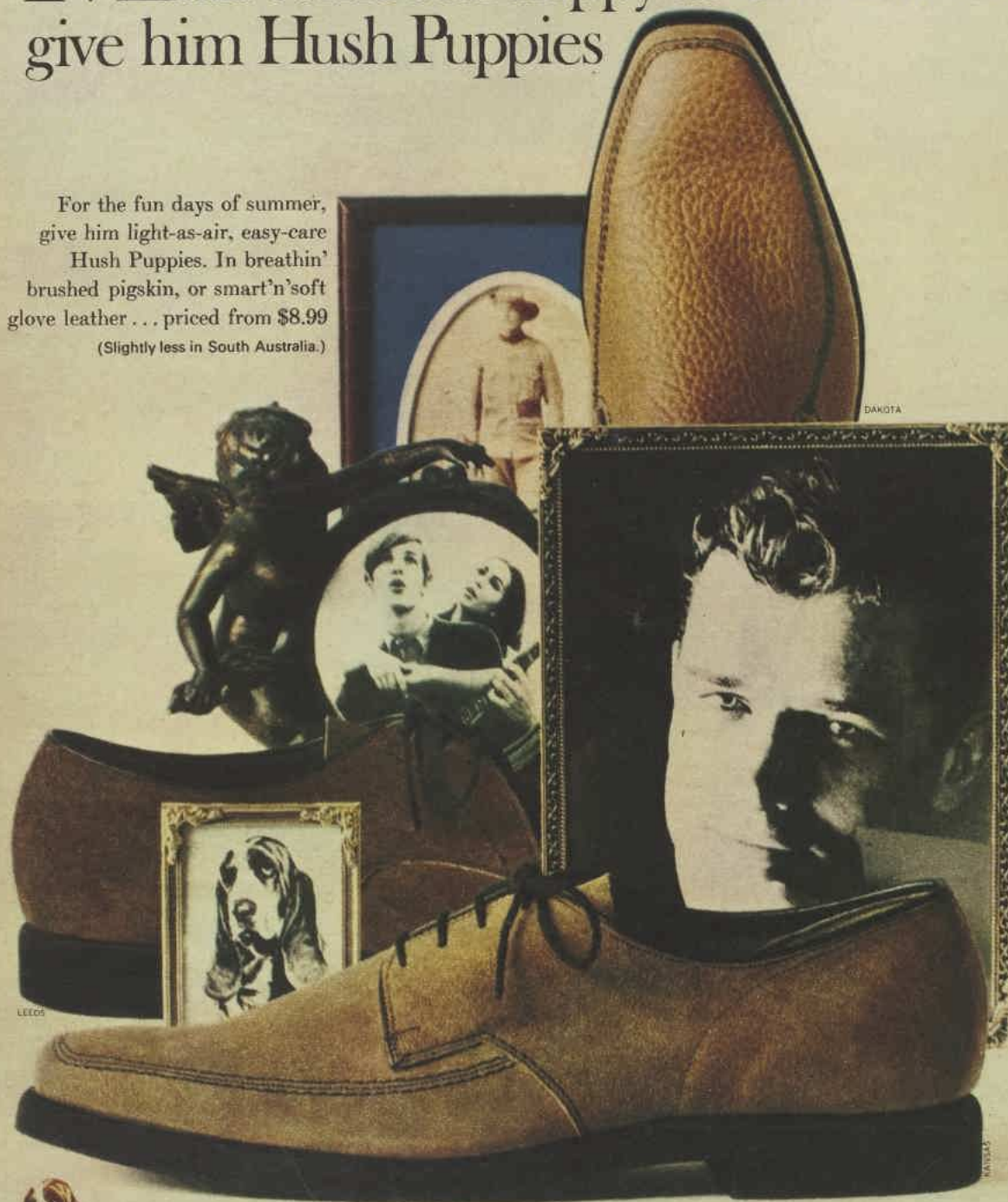
To prevent silk and similar materials slipping when machine-sewing, put a rubber mat on the extension of your sewing-machine. — Mrs. B. Westwood, Box 3, P.O., Woodford, Qld. 4514.

To lighten dark nylon stockings to suit today's fashions, dissolve a small teaspoon of soap powder in water; put the mixture and stockings into an old saucepan and bring to the boil, stirring all the time. In about five minutes the stockings will be much lighter in color. — Mrs. E. Dee, 60 The Avenue, Hurstville, N.S.W. 2220.

Don't throw out cold tea. Pour it into the freezing trays to make ice-cubes for cold drinks; use it to make delicious iced tea, served with lemon slices, to go with a salad, or use as a base for party punch. A jug of cold tea flavored with lemon, pineapple, or other fruit is economical, refreshing. — Audrey M. Chambers, 19 Fortune St., Scarborough, Qld. 4020.

Make someone happy at Christmas give him Hush Puppies

For the fun days of summer, give him light-as-air, easy-care Hush Puppies. In breathin' brushed pigskin, or smart'n'soft glove leather... priced from \$8.99 (Slightly less in South Australia.)



Hush Puppies by Clarks

PLUMS . . .



ARE IN

Now the plum season is in full swing, use them to make delicious and colorful jams, jellies, sauces, and desserts.

THERE are many types of plums available. The small cherry plums come on the market in November; the President variety, late in maturing, will be on the market until the end of March or early April.

In between these times about a dozen different varieties will be available. Maturing times vary, according to district and seasonal change, but, generally speaking, the various plum types come on the market in all States in the following order:

Cherry plums (Gems and Tucker varieties), November; the red-skinned, yellow-fleshed Wilson, a hybrid plum, late November to early December; Santa Rosa, an aromatic plum, red fleshed, red skinned, of Japanese origin, late December to January; Satsuma, one of the lovely blood plums, late December; Shiro, a Japanese plum, with yellow-green flesh and skin, January; Narrabeen, also Japanese, one of the big plums, yellow-flecked red skin, yellow fleshed, with characteristic peak at the base, late January and February.

Mariposa, big blood plum, Japanese origin, late January and February; Sultan, another of the blood plums, late January; Angelina Burdett (or Angelinas, as they are more commonly known), deep purple skin, yellow fleshed, European in origin, January and February; President, European, big black plum, yellow fleshed, late February to early April.

These are the more popular and common varieties; other types are available in the various States, but usually are not grown in sufficient quantity to be sent beyond their State borders.

In the recipes that follow, plums of any type can be used. Level spoon measurements and the eight-liquid-ounce cup measure are used.

PLUM JAM

3lb. plums $\frac{1}{2}$ pint water
2 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar juice $\frac{1}{4}$ lemon

Wash plums, cut in half, remove stones. Place in large saucepan with the water and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sugar. Cook, stirring occasionally, until plums are tender. Add remainder of sugar, stir until it dissolves; add lemon juice. Boil, stirring occasionally, until jam jells when tested on a cold saucer (approximately 1 hour). Pour into warm, sterilised jars, seal when cold.

Makes approximately 4 pints.

RUM PLUM JAM

3 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups finely chopped plums $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rum
7 $\frac{1}{2}$ cups sugar $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice

Combine plums, lemon juice, and sugar in saucepan. Place over low heat, stir until sugar dissolves. Bring to the boil, boil quickly 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Add rum; cook, stirring occasionally, 6 minutes. Pour into sterilised jars and seal.

Makes approximately 4 pints.

PLUM JELLY

4lb. plums 2 pints water
sugar

Wash the plums, cut in half. Place in large saucepan with the water. Simmer approximately 1 hour, uncovered, until plums are soft and pulpy. Strain through fine muslin; do not squeeze, because this will cloud the jelly. When the dripping stops, measure liquid, allow 1 cup sugar to each cup liquid. Place liquid into saucepan, bring to the boil. Add sugar, stir over heat until it dissolves. Continue boiling until jelly sets when tested on a cold saucer (approximately 45 minutes). Pour into sterilised jars, seal when cold.

Makes approximately 2 pints.

PLUM CAKE

4oz. butter $\frac{1}{4}$ cups self-raising flour
 $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon vanilla finely grated rind and juice
 $\frac{1}{4}$ cup castor sugar of 1 lemon
2 eggs $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plums

TOPPING

$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon cinnamon 1 tablespoon ground almonds
2 tablespoons sugar

Cream butter and sugar together. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Add vanilla, lemon rind

HOT BUTTERED PIKELETS are topped with Plum Jelly of a beautiful flavor. We used yellow-green Shiro plums for the jelly, but any plums can be used.

Picture by staff photographer Don Cameron.

and juice, fold in sifted flour. Pour into greased and lined 6in. square cake tin. Bake in moderate oven 15 minutes.

Meanwhile, halve and stone plums. Mix together almonds, cinnamon, and sugar. After 15 minutes, remove cake carefully from oven, arrange plums on top, cut side up and close together. Sprinkle with sugar mixture. Return to oven, bake further 45 minutes or until cooked when tested with skewer.

PLUM CHUTNEY

3 large green apples 1 teaspoon nutmeg
1lb. onions $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground ginger
1lb. raisins $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon mustard
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. sultanas $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon cayenne pepper
2lb. plums 4 cloves
1 pint malt vinegar 1 cup brown sugar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon ground allspice

Peel and core apples, chop roughly (there should be approximately 1lb. apples after peeling and coring). Peel and chop onions. Place apples and onions in separate saucepans, add 1 dessertspoon water to each. Cover and simmer until both apples and onions are soft and pulpy. Combine apple and onion, chopped raisins, sultanas, and the stoned and chopped plums. Add $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vinegar and all the spices. Place over low heat and simmer 45 minutes, stirring often. Add the sugar and remaining $\frac{1}{2}$ pint vinegar. Cook gently until chutney consistency is reached. Remove cloves, bottle into clean warm jars and seal.

Makes approximately 3 pints.

Continued overleaf

● RECIPES FROM OUR LEILA HOWARD TEST KITCHEN



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to remove unwanted hair
—and so easy to use!

For arms, underarms, legs—and clinically tested for facial use

THE MINUTE YOU smooth on fragrant Veet Odourless, you realise this is no ordinary depilatory. It's nice, the way a beauty cream is nice. It even contains soothing lanolin. But it's effective, too. In just three or four minutes, depending on texture, every trace of unwanted hair simply melts away. Not just to skin level, but right down to the roots, and without fuss, mess or depil-

atory smell. Clinically tested for facial use by a leading skin specialist, gentle Veet 'O' leaves arms, underarms and legs soft, smooth



Good grooming begins with satin-smooth underarms. Veet 'O' creams even the shadow away—and so quickly!

and flawlessly shadow-free. In fact, after you've used Veet 'O', every other hair-removing method seems plain old-fashioned. At Chemists. VEET ODOURLESS WITH LANOLIN 50c AND 75c

To be fuzz-free and immaculate, legs need regular attention. Use the new Extra-large tube for economy.

Veet Odourless

HAIR REMOVING CREAM—WITH LANOLIN DH11

If King Arthur had known about

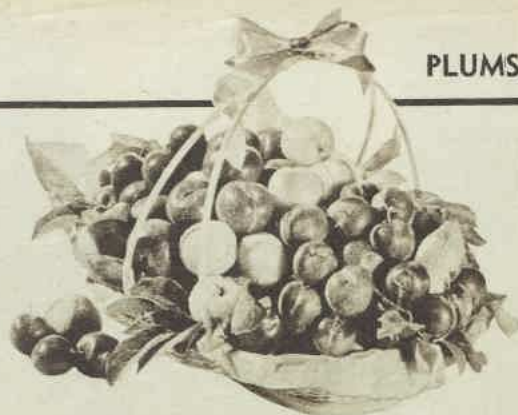
TILT-A-DOR



he'd have installed one over every drawbridge.
For your garage, insist on TILT-A-DOR overhead garage door fittings—they last longer, look better, lift and lower as light as a feather. See your door specialist!

NEW HIDDEN AID MAKES NON-SWIMMERS SWIM

Now anyone can learn to swim fast—now, easy way without fear. Start to swim INSTANTLY with new patented model SWIM-PAL that hugs your waist, gives you sure confidence. INVISIBLE out of water, worn under women's one or two piece suits, men's trunks. Now you can join the water fun even if you can't swim a stroke. Non-swimmers swim easily. Below average swimmers swim like champs. Made to last for years. Satisfied users everywhere. Send only \$9.90. Cheques or money order. State WAIST size. IMIZEX SWIM-PAL IMPORT, Box 5011Y, G.P.O., Melbourne 3001.



PLUMS ARE IN . . . continued

PLUM SAUCES SAVORY PLUM SAUCE

3lb. dark plums	1 cup sugar
1lb. green apples	1 dessertspoon salt
1lb. onions	1 pint vinegar
1/2 teaspoon ground all-spice	1 teaspoon peppercorns
	1/2 teaspoon cloves

Remove stones from plums; chop plums roughly; peel and core apples, slice onions. Place all ingredients together in large saucepan and boil slowly 30 minutes until fruit becomes soft and pulpy. Sieve through fine strainer. Place in saucepan, re-boil 5 minutes, then pour into sterilised jars. Seal when cold.

Makes approximately 2 pints.

SWEET PLUM SAUCE

1lb. plums	1/2 cup sugar
1/2 cup water	1 tablespoon rum

Wash and stone plums, chop roughly. Place in saucepan with the water and sugar. Place over medium heat, simmer gently, stirring occasionally, until plums are cooked. Pass through fine sieve, stir in rum. Serve hot with steamed pudding.

Makes approximately 1/2 pint.

CHINESE PLUM SAUCE

1 cup dark plum jam	1 tablespoon vinegar
1/2 cup chutney	1 tablespoon sugar

Push plum jam and chutney through sieve. Add vinegar and sugar. Beat until smooth. Bottle into sterilised jars and seal. Serve with meat or poultry.

Makes approximately 1/2 pint.

SHERRED PLUM SAUCE

2lb. dark plums	1/2 teaspoon nutmeg
1 cup sugar	1 in. stick cinnamon
1/2 teaspoon cloves	1/2 cup sherry

Wash and stone plums, chop roughly, place in large saucepan. Add sugar, spices, and sherry. Place over low heat; cook, stirring occasionally, until mixture becomes thick. Remove cinnamon stick, pass mixture through sieve. If mixture is too thick add a little more sherry. Serve hot or cold with roast meat.

Makes approximately 1 pint.

DESSERT PLUMS

1 1/2 lb. plums	small piece cinnamon
1 oz. butter	stick or 1/2 teaspoon grated nutmeg
1/2 cup sugar	
1/2 pint water	

Wash plums, cut in half, and remove stones. Arrange them in greased casserole or ovenproof dish. Sprinkle with sugar, add the cinnamon stick or nutmeg. Pour the water over the fruit, place small piece of butter on top of each plum half. Bake in moderate oven until fruit is soft, basting frequently with the juice and adding more water, if necessary. Serve hot or cold with custard or cream.

PLUM DUFF

2lb. plums	1 1/2 tablespoons tapioca
1/2 cup water	3 tablespoons sugar

BATTER

2 eggs	1/2 teaspoon vanilla
pinch salt	1/2 cup plain flour
1/2 cup sugar	1/2 teaspoon almond essence
1/2 teaspoon cream of tartar	

Remove stones and chop plums roughly. Combine water, tapioca, and sugar. Place over low heat, stir until sugar dissolves. Add plums, simmer gently 10 to 12 minutes. Transfer to baking dish. Set aside.

Separate eggs, beat egg-yolks well with salt, gradually add sugar, beat well. Beat egg-whites until foamy, add cream of tartar, beat until stiff. Fold the egg-yolks into the egg-whites, add vanilla. Fold in sifted flour carefully, add almond essence. Pour this batter over the plums. Bake in moderate oven 30 to 35 minutes until delicately browned.

SUMMER DESSERT MADE WITH BANANAS

● An unusual frozen dessert featuring bananas wins this week's prize of \$10 in our regular cookery contest. Consolation prizes of \$2 are awarded for a Malayan chicken dish and a raisin loaf.

FROZEN BANANA CREAM

CRUST

1 cup sweet biscuit crumbs	2oz. melted butter or substitute
1/2 cup castor sugar	1/2 cup ground almonds

Combine crumbs, sugar, and ground almonds, melt butter or substitute, and mix into crumbs. Press on to greased base of 8 in. springform pan; chill.

BANANA CREAM

4 eggs	2 bananas
1/2 cup castor sugar	1 cup whipped cream
1 teaspoon vanilla	

Allow bananas (unskinned) to stand in basin of iced water 1/2 hour to help prevent discoloration.

Separate eggs. Beat whites until stiff, gradually add half the sugar, stir in vanilla, beaten yolks, and mashed bananas. Whip cream with remaining sugar, stir into mixture. Pour on to chilled crumb crust, allow to freeze overnight.

Serve with whipped, sweetened cream and decorate with banana slices.

First prize of \$10 to Mrs. P. Scully, 17 Alison St., Moorabbin, Vic. 3189.

CHICKEN MALAYAN

1/2 lb. mushrooms (canned or fresh)	3 tablespoons lard
2 1/2-3lb. chicken	1 pint water
2 tablespoons chopped almonds	1 tablespoon soy sauce
2 crushed cloves garlic	1 dessertspoon cornflour
1 dessertspoon chopped chillies (seeds removed)	salt, pepper
	hot cooked rice
	chopped chives

If fresh mushrooms are used, wash and slice them. Cut chicken into serving-size pieces. Heat lard in pan,

add garlic, almonds, and chillies; cook 10 minutes. Add mushrooms and chicken pieces, pour in water, simmer approximately 20 minutes with lid on. Blend cornflour with soy sauce to make a smooth paste, add to the partially cooked chicken mixture, stir until thickened. Season with salt and pepper, then simmer until chicken is tender.

Arrange on a bed of hot cooked rice sprinkled with chopped chives and accompanied by sugared cucumbers.

SUGARED CUCUMBERS

1 cucumber	3 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon salt	1/2 cup vinegar

Wash unpeeled cucumber well. Slice very thinly, arrange on plate; sprinkle with salt and sugar. Add vinegar, pressing cucumber into liquid with back of a spoon until vinegar is absorbed.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Miss S. Wamsley, 10 Jennings St., Wyong, N.S.W. 2259.

CHOCOLATE RAISIN LOAF

2-3rd cup butter or substitute	1/2 teaspoon mixed spice
3 eggs	1/2 teaspoon salt
1 1/2 cups sugar	1 cup raisins
2 tablespoons cocoa	1/2 cup chopped walnuts
1/2 cup orange juice	1 cup hot mashed sweet potato
2 cups self-raising flour	1 teaspoon grated orange rind
1/2 teaspoon ground cloves	
1/2 teaspoon cinnamon	

Cream butter or substitute and sugar until light and fluffy, add eggs one at a time, beating well. Blend cocoa smoothly with orange juice, add alternately with sifted dry ingredients. Lightly fold in chopped raisins and walnuts, then sweet potato and orange rind. Divide mixture into 2 greased and lined 9 in. x 5 in. loaf tins; bake in moderately hot oven approximately 1 to 1 1/2 hours or until skewer inserted in centre comes out clean. Leave in tins a few minutes before turning out carefully on to cake cooler.

These loaves are moist and keep well; best kept a day before cutting.

Consolation prize of \$2 to Mrs. V. Clark, Box 157, P.O., Bega, N.S.W. 2550.



THE CHURCH AT WAGRIN

SILENT NIGHT, HOLY NIGHT...

—Schoolchildren sing the famous, much-loved carol on Christmas Eve at the graveside of the humble priest who wrote it.

ONE torn cassock and one guitar. This was the modest estate left by Joseph Mohr. But on that worn guitar was first played what is probably the loveliest and best known of all Christmas carols — "Silent Night."

A humble Austrian priest, Mohr was buried in the churchyard among the village folk with whom he had lived and worked for 16 years, never knowing that centuries later his beautiful carol would ring out all over the world at Christmas.

He was born in poverty in 18th-century Salzburg, in the same street as Mozart. A wealthy citizen, attracted by his sweet singing in the choir, arranged for him to be given a little schooling.

Once ordained, he was sent to Oberndorf, a small village in Salzburg province.

The simple, religious villagers grew to love their quiet modest pastor who strummed impromptu songs on his old guitar.

Mohr wrote the words of "Silent Night" on Christmas Eve, 1818, in Oberndorf, and

the tune was composed the same evening by Franz Xavier Gruber, organist of the neighboring village of Arnsdorf.

The organ at Oberndorf was out of order, so at Mohr's wish the tune was arranged for two solo voices and chorus, with guitar accompaniment. Mohr sang the air and played the guitar, while Gruber sang the bass.

"Silent Night." Its sweet strains take me back to a snowy little village where I spent a Christmas: to Wagrain, where Joseph Mohr spent his last years.

And to this village on Christmas Eve came many Austrians to pay him tribute.

"By the busload"

For several days every *gasthaus* in Wagrain had been a-bustle with preparations; linen had to be aired, greenery and candles were needed to decorate each room, biscuits and the famous *sachertorte* had to be cooked, wooden floors scrubbed for the 1000th time, and snow cleared from the doorways and shovelled off the heavily laden rooftops.

Guests had been arriving in twos and threes, but the

real influx began at noon on Christmas Eve.

Austrians came by the busload — from Salzburg, from Vienna, from the smaller neighboring towns.

A rack at the back of each bus was piled high with its cargo of skis and sticks. For Christmas to the light-hearted Austrians is a time for merrymaking and pleasure — a time to fill the *weinstube* and the ski-trails, a time for yodelling, for zither-playing.

Every inn, every *gasthof* was filled with people — and filled, too, with a sense of well-being — *gemutlichkeit*, the Austrians call it.

In their regular places sat the locals, drinking great frothy steins of beer, playing cards, telling jokes.

Sweethearts danced. Friends toasted each other in warm, spicy *gluhwein*.

The noisy, laughing inns welcomed each newcomer as he hurried in from the cold, dodging to escape the snow-

unchanged since it was first enacted 300 years ago in this same little village.

Then, as the pair were turned from the door and proceeded to the next inn and then the next, a stillness fell on the merrymakers. People began to gather up their warm overcoats, their mufflers, and mittens.

Bells tolled

Catholic, Protestant, Jew, or atheist, there seemed no difference on that night. As the bells began to toll half an hour before midnight, all set out.

We went through the icy village square, past the Christmas tree, a-glitter with snowflakes and fairy lights, and up the steep hill to the little church.

The snow had fallen steadily all day and now every tree and shrub bore its magical white decoration.

Commonplace objects had unexpectedly turned festive — telegraph lines were now glittering festoons, fencing wires gay streamers, wooden posts topped with fluffy foot-balls of snow.

It was snowing very softly, great flowers falling on our shoulders and decorating our hair. We climbed, crunching through the hard snow,

spraying powder through the soft, passing the friendly winking lights of cottages.

As we neared the church, we joined the crowds streaming in from all sides.

In the churchyard each grave bore a thick blanket of snow. Many were decorated with wreaths of flowers or greenery; on each a candle flickered, making the white world glisten softly.

Inside, the small church was full and overflowing. By the light of a hundred candles we watched the magnificence of the Mass, the red-and-white robes, the incense, the organ music enhancing its splendor.

The service was long and the little church draughty. Emerging, stiff with cold, we were struck once more by the still beauty of the churchyard scene.

Around the grave of Joseph Mohr stood the village schoolchildren, each holding a candle. And as we approached the graveside their sweet voices began to sing, softly at first, then clearer and louder.

The voices carried over the still snow, over the fields, and up to the high snowpeaks glimmering in the faint light — "Stille nacht, heilige nacht."

By Pamela Angus-Leppan

The whole village was there to greet the visitors in the market square. The local band played welcoming marches and old-fashioned waltzes, their trumpets gleaming, their Tyrolean hats freshly befeathered.

Until darkness fell everyone remained out of doors in the tingling cold. The enthusiastic young skiers tried out the new snow or practised slalom; for the less energetic there were sleigh rides.

Then the snug wooden houses welcomed them in with a traditional Christmas Eve dinner of river carp.

balls of schoolboys in the street, stamping the snow from their boots.

Through this merriment there broke a sudden sharp knock, and an expectant hush fell as the innkeeper hastened to welcome the new guests.

The open door revealed a troupe of mimmers.

As Joseph and Mary stepped forward from among the group to beg the innkeeper for lodging for the night, it seemed as though the whole Christmas story had suddenly come to life. The charming, homely pageant was sung to tunes

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To all a good night

By KATINKA LOESER

MRS. WASHINGTON stared at her hands, stained brown by the chestnuts, and sighed. It occurred to her that she sighed almost steadily from Thanksgiving through to the New Year, which meant that she had another week to go. She flexed her hands; they felt quite stiff from immersion in various kinds of liquids throughout the day.

"I really don't know," she said to Mr. Washington in answer to his question. "I've never looked it up. I guess I never thought much about it. But I've done this year after year; why haven't you wondered about it before? I suppose it's to let the steam out, or in, or something."

She stood by the stainless-steel sink in a blouse and slacks covered by a long denim apron on which was applied in large red letters: "Let's Eat Out." It had been a present from Mr. Washington, who, frowning and chewing his lip, now sat at the table in the kitchen. He lifted one arm from the table and looked at his elbow.

"Damn," he said. "I've put my arm in something sticky. Should I look it up?" he went on, wetting his thumb and scraping at his elbow. "And where can you look a thing like that up? What kind of book?"

"A recipe book, I suppose," Mrs. Washington said, picking up a knife. "What under?" he asked.

"Chestnuts?" Mrs. Washington suggested, slicing the last few soft chestnuts over the bowl of stuffing.

Mr. Washington, youthful-looking despite a tendency to early baldness, got up and fished in his pockets for his reading glasses. He breathed on them and polished them on his shirt tail.

"Where do you keep it?" he asked.

Mrs. Washington rinsed her hands under the tap and tore off a pink paper towel from the roll next to the sink.

"In that cabinet," she said, indicating with her head.

Mr. Washington strolled over to a high cabinet and opened the door. "Goodness," he said. "Why do we have so many? Seems a lot of money to put into recipe books!"

Mrs. Washington stooped down and brought up a large blue mixing bowl from a cabinet under the sink. She placed it in the sink and put a strainer on it. "Presents," she said.

"Yeah?" he said, looking surprised. "Presents?"

His wife took a pan off the stove and poured the contents into the strainer. "Wedding," she said, shaking the strainer.

"Do women use recipe books for cooking?" Mr. Washington asked. "Or is it mostly ingenuity? I mean, in general. For instance, what do you depend on?"

"Books," Mrs. Washington said. She removed the contents of the strainer and put the greyish lumps on the chopping block. Mr. Washington lowered his head and peered over the tops of his reading glasses. "Don't you usually put the giblets in the gravy?" he asked.

"Yes," Mrs. Washington said. "But I'm going to prepare them now."

Her husband had a book open and was studying it. "Here it is, but it doesn't say why," he said. "It just says, 'Using a sharp knife, put



As calmly as she could, Mrs. Washington kept on working, while her husband peered at the book.

a gash in each chestnut," he looked up and closed the book. "See, it doesn't say why," he said again.

"Listen!" Mrs. Washington said, the knife suspended over the chopping block. "Aren't those children asleep yet? I thought you sent them to bed an hour ago!"

"Oh, they're in bed, all right," Mr. Washington said. "They just aren't asleep."

"Well, tell them to go to sleep," his wife said.

Her husband strode purposefully out of the kitchen. She began slicing the giblets and adding them to the broth in the blue bowl. Mr. Washington came back into the kitchen through the hall door. He lounged against the doorjamb and scratched his arm. "Shall I start on the tree?" he asked. "I've got all the boxes of stuff I could find in the cellar. Or will you be ready soon?"

"Pretty soon," Mrs. Washington said, placing a cover over the blue bowl. She picked it up in both hands, turned toward the refrigerator, touched the pedal that opened the door, and put the bowl on the second shelf.

"By the way," Mr. Washington asked, "do you remember where you put my lights?"

"With the rest of the things," Mrs. Washington said.

"I can't seem to find them," he told her.

"Did you look in the brown cabinet?" she asked.

"What brown cabinet?"

"The one in the cellar."

"Oh," Mr. Washington said. "That brown cabinet. I guess not."

Suddenly he stared at the big window on the far side of the kitchen. He walked over, pulled back the curtain, and looked out. "Say," he said, "do you realise it's snowing?"

"It said snow," Mrs. Washington

answered, putting the pan in which the giblets had been cooked under the tap and turning on the water.

"A white Christmas!" Mr. Washington exclaimed. "We won't be able to get out of the driveway."

He yawned. "I'll go see if I can find the lights," he said. "About ready?"

"About," Mrs. Washington said. She stepped on the pedal of the refrigerator again, removed the roasting pan in which lay the great, glistening white turkey, and staggered over to the counter with it.

"Now what?" He turned to his wife, looking puzzled, and possibly a little outraged. "Are you going to stuff it now?"

Mrs. Washington nodded. "Gosh," he said. "It'll be hours before we get to the tree!"

"This won't take long," she said. "Well, all right, I'll go get the lights. Where did you — oh, the brown cabinet. You mean that brown cabinet in the corner?"

Mrs. Washington nodded. Mr. Washington went out and she heard him going downstairs, and then she heard the cellar door being opened. She straightened up, rubbed the back of her neck with her fist, and looked around the kitchen.

On the table lay the book her husband had been reading. It had been put on something sticky; she turned it over and examined the spot. Then she went back to the sink, tore off a paper towel, wet it, and scrubbed the back of the book, which fortunately had a washable cover. It wasn't a bad spot and it came off. She opened the door of the cabinet where the recipe books were, put the book back, and turned again to the counter, where she stood quietly, regarding with a certain grave expression the unstuffed turkey.

(C) 1966 by Katinka Loeser

She loved telling the story
but no one could really believe
Julie wasn't imagining it all



The Elegant Christmas

By **MARY DRAKE**

THE three small girls sat on a bench by the school wall, eating their lunch. The playing ground was of rough concrete, and their bony knees, grazed and scratched in a dozen different places, bore mute testimony to its hazards.

Connie, the eldest, a thin child with large pale freckles on her arms and legs, nudged her neighbor, Frances, before saying, "Tell us again about what you're goin' to do on Christmas Day, Julie. You know — all about what the table will look like and what you'll eat."

Julie had seen the nudge, and her face flushed.

"It'll all be just the same as last

year," she said. "And I've told you about it before."

"Yes, but we like to hear it again, don't we, Fran? You tell such a good yarn, Julie."

"It isn't a yarn — it's all true, cross me heart. You just like to tease me."

"We're not teasin'. Honest," put in Frances. "Come on, Julie, be a sport."

Julie looked from one to the other bland face, her suspicions warring with her desire to retell the story.

"Well —" she began. "All morning the house will be filled with beautiful smells. Turkey and seasoning, and — and ham, and cranberry sauce —"

"Cranberry sauce?" Connie asked. "What's that? You've never mentioned that before."

"It's a sauce you have with turkey," Julie replied loftily. "Everyone knows that. You can ask anyone. Ask Miss Needham."

As she spoke she surreptitiously opened one of her sandwiches to inspect its filling, but Connie caught the gesture.

"H'm," she said contemptuously. "Looks like fish paste. I've got beef and chutney."

"I — I don't like meat much," Julie said, biting into her sandwich, her eyes stinging.

"All right. Well — go on."

"The table will be set early with a

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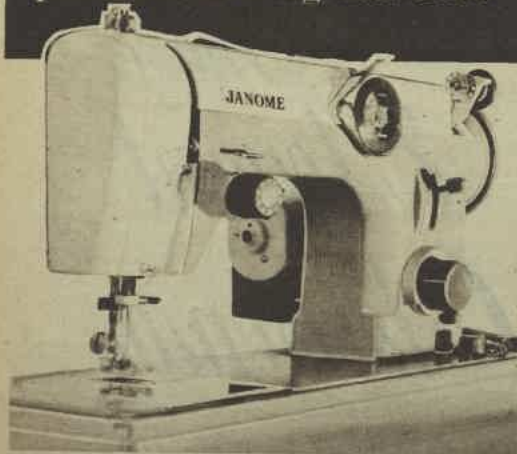
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THE ELEGANT CHRISTMAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

per's shop and put the pile of coins on the counter.

"There you are, Mr. Harper. It's exactly right," she said proudly. "You can count it."

Mr. Harper took the brooch from under the counter where he had been keeping it. It was in the shape of a star, and it flashed brightly under the naked light hanging over the counter.

"Di-monty, it's made of," he told her, "'near' diamonds."

"Gee!" she breathed. She watched as he laid it on a bed of cottonwool in a cardboard box and then gift-wrapped it for her. After he counted the money he gave her a card with a sprig of holly in the corner.

"No charge for the card," he told her. "Merry Christmas, Julie."

Her mother was pleased with the brooch, there was no doubt about it. Julie was the first to waken, and gently shook her mother's shoulder, at the same time thrusting the parcel into her hand.

"Happy Christmas, Mum," she said excitedly. "Go on — open it. See what's inside."

HER mother carefully untied the colored ribbon and removed the paper. When she lifted the lid of the box Julie anxiously watched her expression, and she was not disappointed.

"Oh, Julie — it's lovely! Real lovely!" Her work-worn hand picked up the brooch, and held it against her cotton nightgown.

"Wait till you see how it shines when the light's on, Mum." She jumped out of bed, pulled down the blind, and switched on the electric light. The large paste star winked and glittered.

"I'll wear it today," her mother announced, as she put it carefully back in the box. "And there are your parcels, love, on the table. Open the big one first."

The big one contained new school shoes and a pair of floral pyjamas.

"Gee, just what I wanted, Mum," Julie said, doing her best to enthuse.

The small parcel contained a clear plastic purse patterned with gold flowers, and inside it was a comb, a mirror, and a white handkerchief edged with lace. She had seen a similar purse in one of the chainstores and admired it greatly. She knew that it cost fifty cents — and that was without anything inside it.

"It ain't much, Julie. But wait till next year, love. Dad will be home then, and things will be different."

"Oh, Mum, I love it! I really do. I can use it today, can't I?"

"Course you can. That's what it's meant for — special occasions. Now we'd better get a move on or we'll be late."

They caught a train and half an hour later when they left the platform began the twenty minute walk to their destination. The brooch glittered on the bodice of Mrs. Summers' dress, and in her arm she carried a large plastic zippered bag. There was a deafening chorus of cicadas in the camphor laurel trees and already the heat of the morning caused her to perspire. She mopped her face with a handkerchief.

"Whew, she's going to be a stinker," she remarked to her daughter. "A proper stinker!"

"You brought your old shoes, didn't you, Mum?"

Julie asked, glancing down at the already swollen feet in their too tight shoes.

"Course I did," said Mrs. Summers, patting the plastic bag. "They're in here with me white dress and apron."

"Now see you behave yourself today, Julie, and watch your manners."

"Gee, Mum. You know I always do," Julie said in an aggrieved tone.

Her mother turned to look at her for a moment.

"Yes, love. You're a good girl. A real good girl." She sighed as she spoke, and there was something in her voice that made Julie squeeze her hand.

By now they were in sight of the house and Mrs. Summers, with a glance at her watch, hastened her steps. They pushed open the big wrought-iron gate and walked up the curving, smoothly raked gravel driveway.

It was a very imposing house indeed. The front door was wide open, and as they walked past to the back entrance Julie caught a glimpse of the huge Christmas tree in the entrance hall, ablaze with colored lights.

"You'll see it all later," Mrs. Summers said. "Right now we've got to hurry."

The large kitchen was a hive of activity when they entered. Cassie, the maid, was sitting at the table shelling peas, and a young man in a white coat was polishing glasses and placing them on a drink trolley. Mrs. Richmond was busy taking bonbons from a box.

"Ah, there you are, Mrs. Summers. A happy Christmas to you both. And doesn't little Julie look lovely?" She added in a lower tone, "You didn't mind me giving her the frock, did you?"

"Mind, madam? We was thrilled, wasn't we, Julie? The child has never had such a beautiful dress."

Mrs. Richmond smiled. "I got it in Paris last year for Sylvia. But that girl is shoot-

FROM THE BIBLE

● And the angel said unto them, Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people.

— Luke 2; 10.

ing up so fast that she's outgrowing all her things. Now dear, you can come inside and help me put these on the table while your mother changes."

The table was set just as Julie had described it at school, and in addition there was another one laid in an adjoining room.

"We're a much larger party this year," Mrs. Richmond explained. "So I've put all the children separately."

"Will it be the same as last year? Will we have place cards and all?"

"Of course you will. Here, you can put these bonbons on your own table. You'll see I've put you at one end, next to Sylvia. Then you can go upstairs and she'll show you her presents. My, that's a pretty purse! Did you get it for Christmas?"

"Yes, Mum gave it to me," she said eagerly, opening it to show its contents.

If possible, the dinner was more lavish than last year. Drinks were served first, and it was after two o'clock when they sat down to table. Everyone wore gay paper caps, and even the children had a taste of champagne. Julie felt very proud when the plum pudding was served, and everyone

praised her mother's hard sauce. She found so many silver coins in her own serving that Mr. Richmond gave her a shining fifty-cent piece in exchange for them.

And after there was a gift for everyone at the foot of the Christmas tree. Julie's was a musical money-box, which when she wound it up played "Silent Night." It was the most wonderful present she'd ever had. She would take it to school when she went back and let Fran and Connie see it. That would show them, the stuck-up pigs!

Evening had come by the time Julie's mother was ready to go home, because the washing up had to be done and everything put away.

"Let my husband drive you to the station," Mrs. Richmond suggested kindly. "You must be very tired."

"Thank you all the same, madam, but we'll enjoy the walk, won't we, Julie? It's ever so much cooler now."

"What — what about your husband? He's still away, isn't he?"

Mrs. Summers nodded, flushing. "Yes, but he'll be home in March. Julie's counting the days, aren't you, pet? She misses him something dreadful."

"Of course she does. Well, if you're sure you don't want a lift —"

The heat of the day had gone when they walked back to the station. The cicadas were silent and a small breeze stirred the camphor laurel trees. A few early stars were out and there was a sliver of a new moon in the western sky.

"It's been a super day, hasn't it, Mum?" asked Julie.

Her mother was silent. Then "Yes, love. Super," she said.

Julie halted her steps. "Gee, Mum, you're tired, aren't you? Let me carry the bag."

"Not so much tired. It's me feet. They're killing me." "You should have left your old shoes on. Here, let me get them out for you."

She unzipped the bag and took out the comfortable old flatties. Her mother supported herself on the trunk of a tree while she changed, then Julie took the bag and swung it over her shoulder like a satchel.

They continued their walk, Julie moving slower now, in step with her mother. She put up a tentative hand and touched the shining brooch.

"You're sure you like it, Mum?" she asked anxiously.

"It's the nicest thing I've ever had," her mother said softly, her coarse, calloused hand fingering it.

"It goes good on that dress, too, Mum. It's a real nice dress."

"Well, it's only me old crepe, love," her mother said, smoothing its bodice. "But that's what it needed. Something to liveen it up."

They walked in silence after that. Julie, too, suddenly felt very tired. But it had been a super day, and everything had happened exactly as she had told the girls. Everything.

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Like verses in a ballad the tragic events flowed on — concluding our two-part serial

BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HEART

By ELLIS PETERS

FOLLYMEAD Musical College in the Welsh countryside is the scene of a gaily thronged weekend folk-music course; but when beautiful ballad singer LIRI PALMER arrives unexpectedly, many are aware of the tension between her and handsome, temperamental folksinger LUCIEN GALT.

Comperer DICKIE MEURICE, in love with Liri and jealous of Lucien, spreads a story that the two recently broke their engagement. DOMINIC FELSE, attending the course with TOSSA BARBER, further notices an incident suggesting a love affair between Lucien and AUDREY ARUNDALE, youthful wife of EDWARD ARUNDALE, the warden of the college.

When Lucien fails to turn up for the late-afternoon session, Dominic, searching for him, finds beside the river traces of blood, the signs of a struggle, and a medal that Lucien always wore, with its chain snapped. HENRY MARSHALL, the deputy warden, gladly accepts his suggestion that he should ask his father, DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR GEORGE FELSE, to come and make discreet investigations.

Felse discovers that Arundale, who had supposedly left during the afternoon to address two gatherings, had actually telephoned cancelling them both, and is also missing.

Then FELICITY COPE, Arundale's teenage niece who had fallen hopelessly in love with Lucien, admits that she followed him to the river after lunch, begging him to return her love; and when he asked her to take Audrey a message, suggesting an affair between them, she deliberately delivered it in front of Edward Arundale.

Felse and the few to whom these facts are known are keeping them secret so that the folk-music course meanwhile is continuing blithely on, under the happy direction of elderly PROFESSOR PENROSE. NOW READ ON:

PROFESSOR PENROSE smiled benignly down on the crowd of eager students still applauding the last item of the afternoon session.

"After dinner, if you're not bored with the subject by now," he promised, "we'll go on considering this question of historical origins. We'll try to find out why some of the events celebrated found their way into folksong, and why others — some of the bitterest — on occasion became poor nursery rhymes."

He could afford to invite them to suppose that they were bored, because he knew they were not. Professor Penrose was not a boring man. He slammed his notebook shut and waved his arms at them as at refractory chickens. "Out! Shoo! Go and get a breath of fresh air before dinner."

And out they went, vociferous, argumentative, and contented. On the terraces, even the non-singers burst into song.

"I always knew I'd be good as a filibuster," remarked the professor complacently, finding himself shoulder to shoulder with Liri Palmer on their way out. "Nobody's ever encouraged me to try how fast and how long I could talk before."

"You're a wicked old man. I like you." She looked, as always, in full possession of herself. He liked her, too, very much, but there was nothing he could do for her, except talk fast enough to divert attention from her when she

was not singing, and listen to her with gratitude when she was.

"Only one more day," he said, "and we can send them all home."

She said: "Yes," with a brief and shadowy smile, and went away from him, down the back stairs and outside. She looked round once to be sure that she was alone, and set off rapidly toward the river. She crossed the footbridge and went striding along past the young redwood, past the huge, scrolled iron gate behind which she knew there must be a policeman on guard. No use searching within the enclosure, in any case; they would have done that already, very thoroughly.

She had begun her hunt, therefore, in the brief interludes between today's sessions, where the enclosure ended, and in two such forays she had reached a point somewhat below the stone bridge.

Liri knew nothing at all about the behaviour of drowned bodies, and nothing about the currents of the Braide. She could see that there was a strong and violent flow of water, and that it would carry anything committed to it with speed and force; but the only way she knew of searching it was by walking downstream from the point of entry, and watching for any sign in the water and along the banks.

Presently, clambering through bushes, she found herself suddenly marooned on a soft and yielding headland. Lodged in the stream on her right, a fallen tree lay anchored



Inspector Felse saw the blood drain from Mrs. Arundale's face as he told her the grim news.

with its tattered trunk wedged fast in the soft ground, and its splayed branches clutching and clawing ineffectively at the fast current that slipped through its fingers. She peered into the seething fistful of water, half-dirty brownish foam, and among the hundred fleeting, shifting pallors she thought she saw one pallor that remained constant.

She had thought she had seen something so often by then that she felt nothing; except the compulsion to know. She straddled a stubborn cross-branch, and felt her way out on the rough bark, holding by alder wands that sprang through the wreckage and held it secure. Two, three yards gained, and the support under her grew slender. The water was rushing under her feet now. Only the small, lax pallor hung idle and unchanging. She stooped carefully, holding by the thin, swaying extremity of a branch, and looked steadily and long at the trapped thing in the water.

She must have heard, though, in her preoccupation, she had not identified, the small sounds that did not belong to the rhythm of the river. Nevertheless, she was startled when she turned to draw back from her precarious outpost, and found herself staring at Dickie Meurice.

He was a yard out on the tree-trunk after her, clinging and reluctant, but grinning, too, pleased at having crept up on her so closely without being detected. He must

have been following her right from the house.

"Oh, you!" she said, her voice flat and neutral. "I might have known."

"You might have known! Who else would be so considerate! I thought you might need help . . . if you found anything."

"You're so right," she said, moving back upon him without haste. "I do need help. I need somebody to stay here with it while I go and raise the alarm."

He looked over her shoulder, and he saw the floating, languid whiteness drifting at the end of its dark sleeve. He uttered a small, strangled sound, and gave back before her gingerly, clawing his way toward the soggy, yielding ground under the trees.

"Yes," she said stonily, "that's a hand you're looking at. With fingers." Saturated grass sagged under her foot as she stepped from the tree. Water seeped into her shoe, and she never even noticed.

"Stay here with him," she said peremptorily, and thrust past toward the drier ground, fending off alders with a wide sweep of her arm. "I'm going up to the house to tell Inspector Felse."

"Stay here, nothing! I'm coming with you."

"Don't be a fool!" Liri spat at him over her shoulder. "Stay here and keep an eye open, and mark the place for us. We don't want to

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MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK

IRISES enhance your garden in many different ways

IRISES have beauty of foliage as well as bloom, and their proudly upright growth stands out when clumps are scattered through mixed plantings, where they seem to emphasise the character of neighboring plants of less spectacular form.

The foliage colors are also interesting. Broad, blue-green-tinged flag irises add form, but harmonise with the blue-greys of silver cineraria, dusty miller, or French lavender. It also would be an exciting foil for gay scarlet verbena, salvia, or dwarf golden marigolds.

Imagine the effect of a clump featured

By ALLAN SEALE

at the base of a bronze-foliaged prunus, or surrounded by a sea of sprawling purple lantana. Another clump could make an interesting companion for a blue agathe, kingfisher daisy, perennial yellow Alyssum saxatile, gay geranium, or even a few weathered bush stones.

There are so many ways that flag irises can be used effectively. They also enhance the foreground of shrubberies and make an attractive surround for a garden pool, although they need a well-drained position to grow well.

Japanese irises are the ones naturally suited to damp, sedgy areas. This is the iris also known as *I. kaempferi*, and a recently improved strain, mahigo iris. They have tall, graceful reed-like foliage and large, comparatively flat flowers in shades of lavender-blue, purple, and white, beautifully and often

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prominently veined with lighter or darker colors.

Their natural habitat is the banks of lakes or streams, surrounded by snow-capped mountains. They die down in winter, and after their spring growth commences they are submerged as the streams are swollen by melting snows. After their late spring flowering, the water subsides and by midsummer they are starting to dry out.

These conditions can be simulated by growing them in containers shallow enough to submerge in a garden pool so that they appear to be naturally growing in the water. Under these conditions they flourish delightfully.

A small ornamental bridge, a Japanese stone lanterns, or just a few mossy rocks add to the setting. Later in summer, when foliage starts to yellow, they may be moved, and get less water.

Japanese irises can still be enjoyed in the garden where no pool is available. They flower well in ordinary, good garden soil provided they are kept moist in spring, especially in early growth.

Iris ochroleuca is another strong-growing, reed-like iris suitable for ponds and wet positions. Flowers have narrower falls, resembling a small Dutch iris. A golden-yellow form often listed as *I. monnieri* or *I. monaurea* is popular.

The Chinese iris, also known as fringed iris, *I. fimbriata*, or *I. japonica*, is also an attractive subject for the pool-side or other moist, partly shaded areas.

This iris has a fan of bright green leaves about 12 in. long, about 2 in. wide at the base, suddenly tapering to a point. Flowers are about 2 1/2 in. across, with pale lilac, softly fringed falls, paling to almost white at the crest. Several blooms are carried on spikes 1 to 2 ft. high.

It grows in all but very cold districts, and looks very much at home in a Japanese-style garden. It spreads by means of surface runners, and plants which form can be transplanted in autumn or winter.

Iris stylosa is a dainty light blue or lavender winter-flowering iris. It is extremely hardy, making a dense mat of thin, reed-like foliage. The main disadvantage is that the foliage almost obscures the flowers, but this can be shorn off to within about 6 in. of the ground in early winter before flower buds form.

CULTIVATION OF IRISES

Flag irises flower best in sunny positions, but will give a good account of themselves in the light shade of surrounding trees and shrubs.

Unlike pond irises, they won't tolerate wet feet. In heavy, slow-draining soils they are best planted in beds built up 6 in. or so above the surrounding soil level.

Flag irises are generally divided and replanted in December while they are dormant. This allows them time to re-establish before winter, and they flower in spring better than plants divided later.

However, they don't need dividing each year, but only when the clumps become congested, which may be only every third or fourth year, depending on variety and growing conditions.

Also avoid dividing too severely. If several fans are attached to the same rhizome, leave them intact, provided there are no soft, corky sections of rhizome to cut away.

Trim roots, which inevitably will be damaged, then compensate by reducing the foliage by cutting the fan of leaves in an inverted V-shape, starting about 6 in. up the edge, up to about an extra 4 in. in the centre.

Replant as soon as possible after dividing, or cover divisions with wet hessian or such to stop them drying out.

Before replanting, dig the soil over to about spade depth, and dig in any

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well-rotted compost or manure available. Also add a dressing of complete plant food, about half a cup to the sq. yd. The same amount of lime will improve results in any but alkaline soils. (In alkaline soils, untreated hydrangeas would be pink, not blue.)

When planting, set the divisions with the top of the rhizome visible above the soil. Arrange several divisions in a circular, clump-like formation with the fans pointing outward.

Flag irises don't benefit from heavy watering, except just before flowering.

In autumn, clean up clumps, stripping away old foliage to allow sun to penetrate. This hardens the rhizomes and improves the spring flowering.

Leaf spot may occur during wet periods, or when plants are soft from overfeeding. Control by spraying with bordeaux, zineb, or complete rose sprays.

Pond irises *I. kaempferi* and *I. ochroleuca* are divided in late autumn or winter and replanted before they dry out. They like compost and complete plant food as suggested for flag iris, but not lime. Cover with about 2 in. of soil.

Dutch irises are planted from bulbs between February and April. Conditions suggested for flag iris suit them best.

Iris innominata resembles Dutch iris in shape, but its markings and attractive petal veining are like the Japanese, or *kaempferi*. Colors range from violet to shades of lavender, bronze, and gold; has reed-like, evergreen foliage. Is best divided autumn or late spring, just after flowering. Any good garden soil suits.

Iris pseudacorus. Sometimes known as the water-flag, resembles *I. ochroleuca*, with bold, upright ribbed foliage, and strong flower stems to 5 ft. Grows in ponds or lime-free garden soil, needing at least half sun and plenty of moisture, spring and summer.

Iris louisiana resembles the Japanese iris and has similar needs, but has more upright standards and broader foliage.

Iris sibirica also likes same conditions as Japanese iris (*I. kaempferi*). Resembles flag iris on tall, slender stems.

MAKE YOUR OWN GARDENING BOOK



IRISES in Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Read's garden at Bowral, N.S.W. The bearded iris Cherry Flip looks well with the pink Phlox subulata Camla, at right, and the pansies, the Azalea mollis, and the bonsai deodar at left. Picture taken by staff photographer Ron Berg.

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LEFT: *Iris louisiana*, in its numerous colored forms, is happy in full sun and not-too-dry soil, but likes bog conditions.

• These four pictures from R. E. and C. R. Harrison's Southern Hemisphere Garden Book, "Bulbs and Perennials."



RIGHT: *Iris innominata*.



ABOVE: *Iris sibirica* (left) and *Iris pseudacorus* (right) can be naturalised in open fields, but are at their best on the edge of ponds. This *I. sibirica* is Blue King.

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Cut out and paste in an exercise book

Cut out and paste in an exercise book

have to hunt for him again, there's a quarter of a mile of this wild part. And suppose the river dislodges him! At least you can tell us. And if anyone else comes near, get them away from here. I won't be long."

She was away before he could stop her, weaving like a greyhound between the clinging willows. And so positive and compelling was her authority that for some minutes he stayed where she had stationed him, his gaze fixed unflinchingly on that small, idling whiteness in the surge of brown. But only for minutes . . .

DICKIE MEURICE

could move very rapidly indeed when he chose. He made better time than Liri himself over the obstacle-strewn course to the stone bridge. He kept to the edge of the trees instead of following her by the direct route, until she came to the steps that led up to the terrace. She didn't climb the steps. He saw that, and hugged himself. She was up to something, or she would have taken the direct and open way in. Instead, she was circling the wing of the house to enter by the courtyard, as she had left it. Dickie let her slip from sight, and then abandoned his shadowy shelter, and set off at his fastest run across the open ground, and in at the front doors.

The gong for dinner had not yet sounded, but everyone was gathering into the public rooms in readiness for it; he could hear the babel of voices from the gallery and the libraries, high and merry, as he slid through the quiet corridors and leaned over the wall of the back stairs.

He made his way down perhaps a third of the staircase, to a point where he would still be well out of sight of anyone approaching from below. Directly under him there were two pay-telephones discreetly tucked into the corner under the stairs, and walled round, but not roofed.

The crisp, chill sound of Liri's footsteps, walking briskly, came along the stone passage ahead of her, and rang hollowly up the stairs. He saw her foreshortened figure cross below him. Straight toward the telephones!

He dropped one turn lower, sliding down the rail of the stairs eagerly. Almost above her head now, and though she was out of his sight he could hear every turn of the dial. Things could not have been going more smoothly his way.

"I'd like to call a London number, please. Valence 3581. This is Belwardine 640."

Every word clear and unmistakable so far. Coins rattled into the slot, below him. They waited for what seemed a longer time than the two minutes it actually was, and in the interval the gong sounded for dinner. That was the signal for the whole hungry party to come milling along from all the corners in which they were disporting themselves, and converge on the dining-hall. It was on the same main floor, so Meurice could maintain his place on the stairs brazenly, and nobody would bother him. But the cavalcade of joyous voices drowned out Liri's first words when the distant party answered her, and blotted into meaningless murmurs half of what passed afterwards.

"Never mind that," he heard her say clearly, her voice low and guarded, but sharp with impatience and strain, "there's no time . . . And again, after a maddening moment when nothing was audible but the Rossignol twins marching along the gallery to the loud, gay

strains of "Aupres de ma blonde" . . . "just get out, fast. The body's been found . . ."

There was more, a hard silence on her part, the distant voice inaudibly pouring words at her, never a name to identify him. There went Peter Crewe, leading half a dozen disciples in "The Boy from Kallane."

And on the diminishing echo, clearly: "I've told you, forget all that, and go. Goodbye!"

The receiver clashed, the door swung before her thrust, she was out, and at the foot of the staircase.

He turned and took the rest of the stairs three at a time, in long leaps. By the time Liri came out on the main landing, he was away along the gallery and out through the great front doors, and bounding down the steps from the terrace toward the dimming slopes that led to the Braidie. He ran like a hare, in exuberant leaps, back to the duty Liri had laid on him. The vacant, wandering hand was still languid and easy on the thrusting current. Meurice found himself a dry place to stand, and waited . . .

"I wish I hadn't done it now," said Felicity, as many another has said before her with as little effect. "If I'd known . . ." She stopped there and finished abruptly. "I should, though, the way I felt, even if I'd known how it would turn out."

"None of us knows that yet," George reminded her crisply.

"You're not trying to make me think I haven't done something dreadful, are you?"

"No, I wouldn't do that. But I can tell you that something like that happens in most lives. Most of us, when it does happen, are lucky enough, clumsy enough, or scared enough to make a mess of our opportunity for malice. You were the unlucky one. You had the perfect explosive put into your hand, and the perfect fuse for it into your mouth. Now, suppose I ask you my questions first, and then we can talk."

"All right," she agreed. "But I've told you everything I can think of now."

"Yes, this is a matter of something you did tell me. You said you left Lucien there by the river, and came away, and latched the gate after me. Did you mean that literally? Not just pulled the gate to after you, but latched it?"

"Yes, latched it. Of course! Why, is that important?"

"It's a detail. They all help. The latch was still in position, then?"

She nodded emphatically. "You couldn't very well miss it, it's nearly as long as my arm. It hasn't had any rivets, or whatever they are, holding it for a long time, it just hangs there in the slots, you can pull it out if you want to."

"Yes, I see. And Lucien didn't think better of it, and come after you? Try to stop you?"

"No," she said sombrely. "He never even looked round. He was sitting in the grotto, glad I was gone." She looked up earnestly into George's face. "What am I going to do?"

Outside, the gong for dinner was bawling merrily.

"Live with it," said George, "and make the best of it. I can't absolve you, and you wouldn't be grateful to me if I tried."

"But if I've killed him?" she said in a whisper, her eyes frantic but trusting.

"Whatever happens, 'you won't have killed him.' Not unless you'd been responsible for living their two lives as well as your own, for all the qualities in them and all the things they'd ever done or thought that eventually made it impossible for yes-

BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39

terday to end without a tragedy. Your contribution was bitter enough to you, but only the spark that set off a fire already laid. Don't claim more than your share, Felicity, you'll find your fair share quite enough to carry."

After a brief, deep silence, she said in a low voice: "Thank you! At least you haven't treated me like a child. There isn't anything . . . useful . . . I can be doing?"

"You can go in to dinner with the rest of them, and help to tide Follymead over tonight."

"All right," she said grimly.

She was starting toward the door when there came the sudden rush of feet outside, the rap of knuckles on the wood, the door opened upon Liri, with Dominic and Tossa close behind her.

"Can you come?" Liri's blue stare fixed urgently upon George. "There's something I want to show you. I'm sorry if I'm interrupting you, but it's important."

"Felicity was just on her way to dinner," George propelled her on toward the door with a gentle push between the shoulder-blades.

As soon as she was gone

on drier ground, their faces two pale, still ovals.

The sagging, shapeless shadow that had been a man lay flattened to the moist earth by his mud-heavy clothes. George said, in a voice suddenly "sharp and intent: "Give me the torch."

The cone of light sprang out of the dimness and brought shapes to life again in this twilight world. The long body sprawled awkwardly, so weighed down with water that it seemed to be dissolving away from them into the ground. A massive large-featured face, smooth and austere, and once impressive enough, gaped up at them through soiled trails of river-water.

The single muted whimper of a cry came from Tossa. Liri made never a sound. Dickie Meurice drew in breath, with a long-drawn hiss that might have been pure horror and excitement, but sounded horribly like glee.

"But that isn't . . . !" blurted Lockyer, amazed, and let the sentence trail away.

"No," agreed George, grimly, staring into the pool of light at his feet, "no, it isn't Lucien Galt. It looks as if we've got to hunt

heard, too. Including the number!"

"And including a name?" asked George drily.

"No, I didn't get a name. But the number was Valence 3581. You can check it easily enough, but I wouldn't mind betting you'll find it's the number of Lucien's London flat. That would be the first place she'd try."

"And why didn't you tell me about this at once, as soon as we arrived? Instead of behaving as if you'd been here all the time and had no information to offer?"

"Because I couldn't make out just what it was all about, not until I realised whose body we'd found. And what mattered first was to get him out. She wasn't going to run."

"So, in fact, you didn't actually know whose number it was or to whom she was talking?"

"No, not then. I don't now, for that matter, but listen to the text, and draw what conclusions you like. I didn't hear everything, people were just coming chattering along the gallery to dinner. When someone answered her she said: 'Never mind that, there's no time.' And the next I got was: . . . just get out, fast. The body's been found . . . Then, whoever was at the other end was doing the talking until she cut him off. She said, 'I've told you, forget all that, and go. Goodbye!'"

"That was all?"

"Isn't it enough? I didn't know whose body she'd found, but she did. She was climbing out on the tree when I came on the scene; she'd had a good look at him. But maybe she'd known all along which of them went into the water. Maybe she even helped in the job, or at least helped Lucien to get away afterwards. Stay here, she says, and keep an eye on him, while I run and tell Mr. Felse! You have to hand it to our Liri, she's quick on the draw. She couldn't suppress the discovery, but she could and did run like a hare to warn the murderer before she gave the alarm."

He smiled, the well-known smile that charmed the televiewers regularly on Thursday nights, his fair head cocked toward Liri.

"But in any case, you don't have to take my word for it. Ask her! Ask the operator who got her London number."

"All in good time," said George impassively, "we'll ask everything that needs to be asked, but not, I think, here. I should be grateful if you would all keep this to yourselves, just as you have done until now. Lockyer, stay here with him. I must go and telephone. The rest of you come on, let's get back to the house."

"So that's the way it is," said Duckett heavily. "Well, we can put out a general call immediately for the car, and turn on everything to find it. That's no problem. About the boy, I'm not so happy. We'll get all the airports covered, and have a watch kept on his flat—though if the girl was lucky enough to catch him there, that's one place he'll have written off. I suppose it's practically certain he did take the car?"

"I'd say a hundred percent certain," said George. "He knew that Arundale wouldn't be expected back until tonight. He could give himself many hours grace by making off with that car."

"Well, since she's tipped him off about the body being found . . . you say she hasn't admitted anything about that?"

"She won't say anything at all. She's done what she could for him, now she doesn't care what happens to her."

"You don't think she actually was in it with Galt?"

"I'm certain she wasn't. If she had been, the last thing she'd have done was to go looking for the body. According to Meurice, she's been hunting it at intervals all day. Oh, no, it wasn't Arundale she expected to find, it was Lucien. That's why she's so calm now, almost happy. He may be in trouble, but at least he's alive."

"I thought she hated him?" said Duckett.

"She thought so, too. She knows better now, and so do we. One more point, he certainly has a valid passport, because in three weeks' time he's due to leave for a tour of Latin America. First destination Buenos Aires."

"Right, airports, then. ports, too, but less likely. For the car we'll put out a general call immediately. Where do you want the wagon to come? That drive's too public by far."

"We're lucky there. Have them go on along the main road, past the lodge, and over the river bridge beyond the edge of the estate. Just beyond the bridge there's a gate and a cart track leads to a third gate by the river-side. Lockyer's down there on the spot, and I'm going back there now."

"Did he drown?"

"Unlikely. His skull isn't the right shape. It looks as if Arundale went hopelessly wild. It looks as if he was the aggressor. And lost. They've been married 20 years, and never anything, not a shadow."

"It happens," said Duckett.

"It does, I only wish it hadn't. There's a final concert after tea tomorrow night, five to half-past six, then they disperse. We can hold it that long, if we have to. I'd prefer it, too."

"Keep it wrapped, then, and I'll manage this end. If the lid has to blow off, let it be when they've gone home. We may save something." His hard breathing rattled in the receiver. "But . . . Arundale! George, he was impregnable. Do you reckon Buckingham Palace is safe?"

"Think of me," said George, bitterly. "I've still got to break the news to the widow."

The class came chattering and singing from the after-dinner session at a quarter to ten, and headed for the small drawing-room to continue their discussions over coffee.

When Audrey Arundale passed along the gallery—and he noted that she had so arranged matters as to move as long as possible alone—George was waiting for her.

"Mrs. Arundale . . . Can you spare me a few minutes? There's something I have to tell you."

"Of course. Shall we go into the office?"

THERE is no easy way to tell anything as heavy as bereavement, and the spiral approaches are worse than the straight.

"Mrs. Arundale, I think you must know that ever since I was called in here we've been accepting it as a possibility that a death was involved, and in fact have been looking for a body. I'm afraid what I've got for you is not good news. This evening we've found it. We took him out of the river about an hour and a half ago."

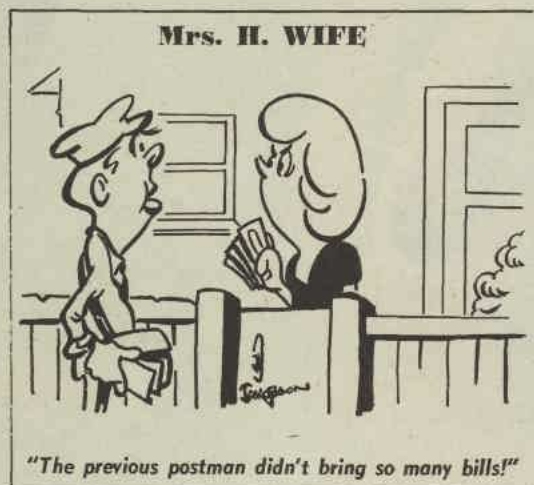
She set her hands to the arms of her chair, and rose. Her eyes, wide and fixed, held steady on his face.

"It isn't Lucien Galt, as we'd expected. It's your husband. I'm very sorry."

Her lips moved, saying automatically: "I understand," but there was hardly a sound.

He saw the blood drain

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they all three came into the room and closed the door carefully after them.

"I've found the body," said Liri, pointblank.

It couldn't have been anything else, of course; he had seen it in her braced and motionless excitement. So there wasn't going to be any blessed anticlimax, any apologetic reappearance. They had a body, they had a crime. And Follymead had the prospect of ruin.

"Caught in a fallen tree in the river. Below the stone bridge, in the wild part. I'll take you there."

"We ran into Liri at the top of the stairs," said Dominic, "and she told us. I hope that's all right? You're going to need somebody, if only to run the errands."

"That's all right. Anybody keeping an eye on him now?"

"Dickie Meurice," said Liri, her voice suddenly shaken out of its calm by the surrender of her responsibility. "He wasn't with me . . . he just showed up. I told him to stand by."

"Good. Tossa, you run across by the footbridge, will you, and find Lockyer, and tell him to meet us downstream. You lead the way, Liri."

It took them half an hour to get him ashore. Dominic clambered out barefoot on the swaying barrier of branches and secured a rope round the shoulder that just broke surface.

The girls stood well back

farther afield for him. This is Edward Arundale."

There was a long moment of silence.

"Perhaps," suggested Lockyer, "they both went into the river."

"You think so?" George switched off the torch. "And who drove Arundale's car away? It was there in the yard, with his overnight case and his books in it, at three. It was gone before four, and nobody else has gone missing. Oh, no, they didn't both go the same way."

"They didn't both go down the river, anyhow," said Dickie Meurice softly, and they heard and felt him stirring in the darkness, again with that curious suggestion of pleased malevolence. "Because just before Liri came to tell you she'd found this one she was talking to the other one on the telephone."

He had his sensation, and it was everything he had hoped it would be. Only Liri herself let the revelation pass without a sound. She had made one sharp movement, however, that did just as well. However stolidly she sat out questioning after that, he'd know that he'd hit her where it hurt.

"How do you know that," demanded George, "if you were here keeping an eye on the body?"

"I wasn't. I had a hunch she was up to something, so I let her get a head start, and then followed her up. I can repeat every word I

Paris brings back . . .

● The pretty girl has been absent from fashion for many seasons. Now she is back and everybody is glad. In 1968, girls will look like girls. From the cut of her hair, a gentle tousle or long and romantic, to her figure, a little more rounded — she's all girl. The pretty girl dresses to enchant and she's prettiest by night, when she favors silky fabrics, feather trims, glitter, and ribbons. Watch prettiness replace hard chic for 1968, when the waistline will start to show and fashions will be more sexy.

—BETTY KEEP

● Gold brocade swings short and wide in the sleeveless party dress, left. The design has a cut-in shoulderline and turtle-collar tied at back.



● Pretty nightlight glitter is seen in the dress, left. The design accents the wearer's figure and is finished with long, close-fitted sleeves.

● Two formal dresses in flowery brocade. Right, the girl has a tousled "hairdo." Girl, far right, has a long, romantic fall of hair.



THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — December 27, 1967

PRETTY GIRL FASHIONS



● Cover - up party dress in yellow silk crepe, below, has a high turtle-neckline. The sleeves have an ostrich-feather trim.

● After - six dress, above, is made in apricot crepe. The uneven hem is trimmed with feathers the same shade as the dress.

● The waistline is accented high in the dress, right. The bodice is glitter-trimmed and the skirt falls in soft folds.



from her face. She swayed, and then, like a shot bird, collapsed at his feet.

George drove home to Comerford through a sudden squall of rain, and his eyes were full of Audrey Arundale's reviving face. When she came round she had apologised for her lapse, and resolutely refused to have anyone fetched to her. "I'm quite all right now!" How often he'd heard it, hurried and insistent and forbidding, from people who were anything but all right, but dreaded above anything else being the centre of a fuss.

Now, at least, she knew. And what was there he could do for her? So George drove home, and his wife fed him and asked no questions.

THE telephone woke him early next morning. "Sorry to wake you," said Duckett, "but I wanted to make sure of getting you before you left. I've got an interim report from the doctor for you."

"Already?" George sat up abruptly, wide awake. "That's quick work."

"He didn't drown. He was dead before he even went in."

"The head wound?"

"Fractured skull. It turns out he had rather a thin one, but not one of those extreme cases. Somebody hit him a lot too hard, from almost behind him, slightly to his left. He'd be dead in minutes."

"And the weapon? Has he got anything on that?"

"Yes. Here it is. Traces of rust in the wound. Iron, he says, and possibly rather antique stuff. Something heavy and narrow, say half an inch thick at the most. It penetrated so deeply that it must have been swung at him pretty desperately, edge on. Doc argues a fairish length, something like a flat iron bar. Does it make any sense?"

"It makes a lot of sense. Now I've got a request for you. Can you borrow me a frogman, and get him to Follymead during the morning? The sooner the better."

"I can try. Where do you want him?"

"Have him brought in the same way the ambulance came last night, and I'll have Lockyer on the lookout for him at the boundary."

"All right, you shall have him. And one more item of interest for you. Arundale's car has been found. Abandoned at a parking meter in Mayfair, locked, untrifled, everything intact. Oh, and, George."

"Hullo?"

"Those blood samples you brought in earlier, from the ground there, Arundale was an AB, a universal recipient. Your specimens are A. They may be Galt's; we don't know his group yet. They're certainly not Arundale's."

Duckett's police frogman was a wiry Black-country man who had dived in these parts before. He stood at the edge of the bank where Edward Arundale had almost certainly entered the water, and looked down into the black pool above the third weir.

"Soup!" he said disapprovingly. "How am I supposed to see through that?"

"That's your problem. We've tried fishing for it with hooks, but it's deep here, deeper than you'd think."

"What is it I'm supposed to be looking for? I might as well know, I suppose."

George told him. Shrewd, deep eyes visualised it, measured, weighed. "If that went in here, it's still here. All right, let's go."

It was about half-past ten when he lowered himself into the pool, and submerged,

plunging promptly beneath the rushing surface water. (In the yellow drawing-room at the house the first session of the day was still in progress.) The operators by the river had the grounds to themselves. George had half-expected two truants, but it seemed that Dominic and Tossa were doing their duty.

So there were none but official witnesses when the diver rose and hoisted himself ashore.

"Got it! Half sunk in the muck down there. I hit something else, too, that I'd like to have another go at, but this is your prize."

He unhitched it from the cord at his belt, and held it up to be seen.

The laboratory guesses weren't far out: half an inch thick, roughly two inches wide at the business end, and the central part of it was a dead ancient-iron color. And at the other end, a huge, coiled handle to balance its weight, decorated with a flourish of leaves.

An ideal handle for grasping to stroke a blow edge-on. With a thing like that you could hit out and fell an ox.

"That's it," said George, "just a gatelatch, right there on the spot, waiting to be used." The weight of it was formidable, and yet not too great for even a scholar's arm to be able to swing it effectively. That fills the gap. Thanks!

"I'm going down again. Maybe it's nothing, but I'd like to make sure while we're on the job."

He slid down from the bank again, and dropped from view.

"It looks straightforward enough, now," said Lockyer. "Arundale came down here pretty well in a state of shock, without thinking what he was going to do. And when he bore down on the handle, he felt the latch loose in the socket. And took it on the spur of the moment. You could say it was this thing that put murder in his mind."

"And then what?" asked George, dispassionately. "It was Arundale who got his head stove in and his body slung into the river."

"He was up against a much younger and fitter man. There was a hand-to-hand struggle, and this thing changed hands in the fight, and the boy hit out at him with it, and found he'd killed him."

"A case of self-defence. Could be. He might still panic, get rid of the body, and run. People do do such things."

"Especially as he might not get away with a manslaughter verdict, if his misconduct with Mrs. Arundale was taken into consideration."

"In any case," observed George, brooding, "even if you're being attacked, there are limits to what you're entitled to do. Getting your enemy's weapon away from him is one thing, bashing his head in with it when you've disarmed him is another. Watch it, here he comes."

A coil of wet rope surfaced like a languid snake, and Lockyer lurled in the slack. They eased the diver into the bank and leaned to help him ashore. He uncovered his face and drew in air greedily, and held up his prize triumphantly.

"Look at that! Maybe it's nothing to do with your affair, but don't tell me its proper place is in the slime down there. Or that it's been there long, either."

A black walking-cane, with a chased metal knob for a handle. The diver balanced it in his hand curiously. "Not so heavy. I'd say if that was just tossed in and happened to fall flat, it would go downstream. It was speared deep into the mud, ferrule down."

BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41

I kicked the knob, groping for the other thing."

George took the stick from him and turned it in his hands. He rubbed with an inquisitive thumb at the metal on the ferrule. "I believe this is silver. Looks as if it must have come from the house."

He had the knob lightly enclosed in one hand, and the other hand holding the shaft of the stick, when he felt a slight play between them, as if the handle had worked loose. Gingerly he closed his fingers and tried to move it; it would not turn, but it did shift uneasily in his hand, drawn out a fraction of an inch from its socket.

"Wait a minute! Look... look at this!"

He drew stem and knob apart, and they gave him a slightly gritty resistance. Inch by inch the long, fine blade slid into view, until he drew it completely from its sheath and held it out before them.

"That's me all over," said the diver, staring admiringly,

living things for use and pleasure, if the college folded?

It was a quarter to 12; still three quarters of an hour before the class would come bursting out from the yellow drawing-room. Better get this thing out of the house now, thought George.

He rolled the sword-stick in soft paper, and took it down to Lockyer to take to headquarters at Comerbourne.

George went back to the warden's office, and began to turn out the drawers of the desk one by one. Extraordinary how one weapon too many could make nonsense of an otherwise perfectly sound theory. The thing could have happened exactly as Lockyer had outlined it, the wronged husband coming to confront his wife's lover, the heavy instrument presented almost accidentally to his hand, and then the struggle in which the younger and more athletic man wrested the weapon away from him, and struck him with it, the appalled realisation that he had killed him, the disposal of the body and the latch in the river, the

and younger before his eyes, dwindling to the nervous young wife, the frozen bride, refrigerated among her trappings of ice.

He had worked his way back to her younger days now, the 20-year-old with her new engagement ring discreetly displayed, the fiancée photograph posed specially for her distinguished in-laws. And then, almost abruptly, the schoolgirl. Three pictures tied together with a pink tape the last of the collection, evidently taken during the first year of his acquaintance with her.

The first showed her in school uniform. How old? Sixteen? Surely no more, and already a beauty. No puppy-fat here, a slender, ethereal, glowing girl. None of the subsequent pictures of her had had this look.

George turned the half-plate portrait, and found the imprint of the photographer in blurred mauve type:

Castle Studios
E. McLeod, A.R.P.S.
Auchterarne 356.

FOR THE CHILDREN

WUFF, SNUFF & TUFF



"always a whole hogger. You ask for one weapon, I find you two."

"Well, but," blurted Lockyer, "if Arundale brought that with him..."

They looked at each other over the thin blade that gleamed sullenly in the sun, and down the wind went one plausible theory. The man who had had the forethought to cancel his engagements had also taken care to provide himself with a weapon. And not even a would-be murderer needs a bludgeon in his left hand when he has a sword in his right...

"Why, that's the sword-stick from the collection in the gallery," said Marshall, as soon as he saw it. "It always hangs in a display pattern of curios on the wall there. The Cothercotts amassed quite a museum of these things."

The handsome, deadly thing lay between them on the desk. The blade had been sheathed fully before it was thrown into the water, and its point might very well preserve traces of haemoglobin still. If this was what had drawn that blood that was not Arundale's blood. Another job for the laboratory.

"Was it in its place on Friday evening when the party assembled and was shown round the house?" George asked.

"I can't say I noticed particularly. Perhaps someone else may have done. I didn't comment on it to my group."

"And, of course, no stranger would have the slightest idea what it was, unless he was told."

That brought it still more closely home to the few who were not strangers, and did know what it was. Mr. Marshall went back to his duties a very unhappy man. He cared about this place, he cared about music, he cared passionately about the Cothercott collection of keyboard instruments. Who was going to maintain them properly, as

opportune recollection that the victim's car was waiting and ready, and he was due to leave at this very hour, the subsequent flight to London, the abandonment of the car there; everything fitted in.

Except this one grotesque thing. And this one thing threw everything out of gear.

He had still to find out whether it had been in its usual place on the wall on Friday evening. One thing was certain, Lucien Galt had not taken it to the grotto. Felicity had been with him from the time he left the house until they parted by the riverside in exasperation and offence; if he had had any such bizarre thing with him then, she would certainly have mentioned it. Nor was there any suggestion that at that time he had been thinking in terms of danger or violence. No, it was not Lucien.

But if Arundale had taken it with him—and if he had, it was one more proof that he went with intent to kill—then what did he want with a heavy iron latch? And if he did not take it from its place, who did? Lucien, to defend himself? Rather a clumsy defence against two and a half feet of steel, but better than nothing. One weapon too many, and nothing fitted snugly any longer.

Better, for the moment, concentrate on these personal papers. And nobody ever had them in more immaculate order.

The records of Follymead were here from its inception, Press clippings, photographs, a full list of all its courses, concerts, recitals, lectures, Arundale had certainly loved the place. The proof was here to be seen.

He had adored his wife, too; that was to be seen everywhere. The last drawer of the desk yielded a harvest of photographs of her. George worked backwards through them, and experienced the eerie phenomenon of watching Audrey grow younger

Yes, of course, 1942 or thereabouts, this must have been, and Pleydells had been exiled into Scotland.

The second of the three pictures was of Audrey in tennis clothes, laughing, with her racquet in her hands. The same imprint was on the back. Probably all these Scottish pictures were taken within a few months. And the third...

The third was of Audrey in a white, virginal party-dress, impeccably suitable for a school festival, with small puff sleeves and the Pleydells version of a décolletage, pretty liberal for its time and circumstances. The same indefinable aura of bliss hung about her; a sort of radiant fulfilment rare enough at 16.

George had returned the picture to its fellows and was retying the pink tape before he realised what he had seen depending from the silver chain round her neck.

He uncovered it again in a hurry, and stared disbelievingly. This had been taken 24 years ago; the armored saint in the nut-shell helmet had been sharper and newer then, the hazing of his outlines only brought him nearer to what he was today. Saint Wenceslas had his copyright in this princely armor and heraldry, and once noted, could not be mistaken for any other saint in the calendar.

There couldn't be two of these things circulating among these few people. This was the same medal Lucien had worn. It was from Audrey he had got it!

There had been altogether too much and too conflicting evidence about that small disc of worn silver. Audrey swore that she had known Lucien only six weeks. Liri, on the other hand, testified that he had worn his medal round his neck ever since she had known him, which was a matter of two years. Lucien had said, according to Liri, that he had got it from his father. And now this picture

said clearly that the thing had belonged to Audrey, and Audrey must have given it to him. So how many of them were lying?

Or, wondered George, the premonitory quiver of intuition chilling his flesh, or were none of them lying!

He had to hunt out a road atlas and gazetteer to find out where this Auchterarne place was. Stirlingshire. He'd never yet had any communication with the Stirling police, but they'd be the quickest way to what he wanted to know. He lifted the telephone.

"I'm sorry," said the operator, after a few minutes of waiting, "there'll be a slight delay, but I'll get you through as soon as I can. Can I call you back?"

"Please do. I'll be right on hand."

He heard the students emerge from their session, and the gong pealed for lunch. Marshall had taken to sending him in a tray as soon as the party were all accounted for and busy. Not long to go now; this evening they would disperse, he hoped with only pleasant memories of this extraordinary weekend at Follymead.

George propped up before him the photograph of Audrey in her party-dress, and sat waiting. He wondered if she'd ever looked like that for Edward Arundale.

Ten minutes later the telephone shrilled, and he reached for it eagerly, expecting his Scottish connection. But the voice that grated amiably in his ears was that of Superintendent Duckett, in high feather.

"George? We made it in time. You can relax. They picked up Lucien Galt at London Airport half an hour ago. Nothing to it. Came in by taxi and checked in as if nothing had happened. Best thing he could do, of course, only he didn't do it quickly enough. Yesterday morning he could have flown out like a VIP and no questions asked."

"Why in the world didn't he?" George wondered. "Inexperience?"

"Money. It takes a little time to knock together about 3000 pounds in notes."

"That's what he had on him?"

"In his case. As much as he could turn into cash in the time, obviously. He had a ticket to Buenos Aires. They're holding him at the airport for us, and I've started Price and Rapier off to fetch him back. On the car charge, of course—taking away without owner's permission."

"How did he react when they invited him to step aside and talk things over?" asked George.

"Quietly. From what I hear, he looked round smartly for a way out, and might have tried to make a break for it if he could, but he sized things up at once, and went along without any fuss. Now the question is, how do we handle him? It's your case, George, you know the people and the set-up there. You suggest, I'll consider."

SO now it was up to George, and he had to make up his mind a shade too early, before he really had anything but a hunch to go on.

"All right, I'll tell you what I'd like done. Have him brought straight back here to me, to Follymead. I'll be waiting for him, and I'll be responsible for him."

Duckett digested that in silence for a moment, and then said: "Right, I'll do that. How do you want the boys to handle him meantime?"

"Don't discourage him, don't press him. Just let him stew, and if he wants to talk, caution him, but then let him

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talk. It might be very interesting."
"You think he will talk, don't you?"
"It wouldn't surprise me."
"Just a minute, George . . . hang on, here's Phillips in from the lab."
"Yes?"
"There's a positive reaction on the blade of that sword-stick affair. It seems to be A, the same as your specimens from the ground."
"Good, thanks! No prints, of course?"
"Not a ghost of one."
The second time the telephone rang George pounced on it, assured that it must be Stirling this time. But it was Scott, reporting from London.
"I struck unlucky at that children's home of yours. The old house-parents — Stewart and his wife — they retired just about a month ago. The only people about the place who know young Galt know him only from his visits since he left. Nobody there knows a thing about this medal of his."

GEORGE frowned, but asked, "Did you follow up the Stewarts?"
"I did. They've got a little house in Esher, all very nice and accessible, and they've gone off to Italy for an early holiday. They'll be back next week, but next week doesn't help us now. So I took off for that garage and service station where the kid started work. Purley and Sons, Highbury. Quite a nice chap, Purley, old-fashioned paternal style. Good little business, and still personal. Garages can be, even in London."
"And they remember him?"
"They remember him. Give him quite a good name as a worker. Didn't mind how hard he worked, and loved cars nearly as much as guitars. And this is the one pearl I've got for you with all this diving, George. Purley took a real interest in the kids he employed, and was a stickler for the regulations. And you know the birth certificate juveniles have to produce when they start work?"

"Of course, what about it?"
"Just that in his case it wasn't a birth certificate. It was an adoption certificate."
So he had known, of course; he had known all along. He had always known; and this was the one fact he had always refrained from mentioning, if not suppressing. He talked freely to interviewers about his upbringing in public care, he went back to his old home, regularly as a visitor. No sore places there.

But never, never did he tell anyone, even Liri Palmer, that John James and Esther Galt were only his adoptive parents. That was a spot he was careful never to touch.

For fear of pain?
A quarter of an hour later the telephone rang for the third time, and this time it really was Stirling. By that time the inquiries he had to make there seemed almost unnecessary, but he set them in motion all the same.

And now there was nothing left to be done, except sit back and wait for Lucien Galt to come back to Pollymead under escort.

In the back of the police car, purring steadily along at 70, Lucien Galt sat closed into himself like a locked house. He had said hardly anything since the large, civil men closed in on him at the airport, and waited him smoothly aside into a private room. No use looking back now and cursing the mistakes he had made. He had a situation to deal with here. Nothing else mattered now.

He was horribly tired, that was the worst thing about it. He needed to think clearly and carefully, and he was in no condition to do it, but he had to try. This perfectly decent and pleasant person beside him, and the other one, driving, they were human, they had treated him throughout with civility and consideration.

"I'd like to tell you how it happened." He broke the silence abruptly.

"How you drove the car away, you mean?" asked Detective-Sergeant Rapier, placidly. "We're not asking you for any statements."

"I know that. I'm offering you one. If you want to take it down, you can. But even if you don't want to, you can listen. I'm tired of running, anyhow, I want it straightened out."

"I feel I ought to remind you that there are two witnesses present, whether there's a record or not, and that anything you say may be used in evidence," Rapier

said. "Maybe you should take another long, quiet think — about as long as from here to Comberbourne. There'll be time to do all the talking you'll need to do."

"I have thought," said Lucien bleakly. "I should have done better to think before I ran. Talking can't make things worse now. It might even make them a shade better. Because I never meant to kill him, of course. If I hadn't had the most outrageous luck he'd be alive now."

"I didn't know," said Rapier mildly, "that anybody'd mentioned a death."

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THE BOYFRIEND



"Of course I remember what day it is — it's our anniversary — er, your birthday? Your mum's birthday?"



Crackling crisp lettuce bathed in delicious KRAFT French Dressing: Lady, that's a salad!

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Lucien gave an impatient shrug. "Let's pack in this pretence that you're after me for running off with a car. People don't try to skip out to South America for that. You know as well as I do that Mr. Arundale's dead, and if you weren't as good as certain I killed him, you wouldn't be here taking me back with you to Comerbourne."

"No charge has been made against you formally yet on any count. I shouldn't be in any hurry to make statements, if I were you."

"But if I do, you'll keep a record of it? Not that I care, except that I'd rather get it over at once. I'm so tired."

"Very well, sir, if that's what you want. But you will bear in mind that I've cautioned you?" And with the minimum of movement and fuss, suddenly the sergeant had his notebook on his knee, and his ball-pen in his hand.

"Oh, I give you full credit for that. But it's all right, I want it finished now. It never should have begun. It was all unnecessary."

He moistened his lips nervously. How much did they know? Better assume they knew most of it. How could Felicity keep her mouth shut for long, once she realised what she'd unleashed. No, better leave out nothing that was there to be found.

"I was down by the river," he said, and shivered as if he'd plunged into its coldness, "and the kid had followed me there, the warden's niece, the Cope girl. She'd been round my neck ever since I'd got to Follymead. I couldn't shake her. And I was in a miserable way because I'd quarrelled with my own girl, and she was around, too, and things were pretty bad with me. I wanted to get somewhere by myself, and think, and there was this silly little thing bleating about love, when she didn't know she was born yet. I stood it a long time, and then I blew up. All I wanted was to get rid of her, and I wasn't particular how I did it."

"I'm not proud of it now. I suppose it was about the cruellest thing I've ever done. I gave her a message to take to her aunt . . . to Mrs. Arundale . . . as if there was something between us. There wasn't, of course. I only met the lady a couple of times before. It was just that Felicity was already mad jealous of her aunt, that's why I made it her. It cut deeper. And it worked, too. She took offence and walked off and left me there and that was all I wanted."

"I never thought she'd go and deliver the message, right

out in front of both of them . . . or just to him, I don't know . . . to him, anyhow, because he came. I'd said to tell Mrs. Arundale I was waiting for her there. But it was her husband who came."

The sergeant's hand seemed to do no more than idle over the paper, spraying shorthand symbols like rain. But he wasn't missing anything.

"Must have been a bit of a shock, when you expected Mrs. Arundale," he said sympathetically.

"I didn't expect anyone. I told you, all I meant to do was shoo the Cope girl away. I never thought she'd have the devilment—I don't know, though, I asked for it!" Lucien shivered, a nervous compulsion that ran through his bones in a sharp contraction of cold. "He was there before I knew. I wasn't paying any attention to anything, I was just glad to be alone, and then there he was coming out of the trees, with this thing in his hand . . ." He shivered again violently.

"This thing . . ." said Rapiet.

"It hangs in the gallery there, among a lot of other exotic junk, Victorian, maybe older. The Cope kid showed it to us when we went round the house the first evening. It's a black walking-stick with a silver handle, but really it's a sword inside an ebony sheath. I knew it as soon as I saw it, but I never thought . . . He just drew it out and came at me. Never said a word, simply ran at me with the blade. I tried to talk to him, but I doubt if he could even hear. He looked quite mad . . . stone-cold mad. I couldn't believe it. I nearly let him get me, because I couldn't take it in. But then I knew he meant killing, and I just put in the rocks between us in time, and ducked aside into the trees, hoping to beat him to the gate and get away."

"I got my hand to the latch, and then he was on top of me, and I jumped round and put up my other arm to fend him off, and the tip of the blade ripped my fingers . . ." He flexed them painfully, and there indeed was the sliced cut, imperfectly healed, crossing all four fingers. "And the latch had pulled half out of its place so I knew it was free and I pulled it out."

He shut his face tightly between his palms, trying to suppress the sick shuddering that was tearing at him now.

"But I had to spring away from the gate to get out of range. And then he was between me and it, and even if I had a weapon I couldn't match his reach. He drove

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me down toward the water again, and all I could do was try to parry his strokes. I'm no more good at that than he was, and I was in a state by then, and . . . I don't even know exactly what happened. We were struggling together there, and I hit him . . .

"He went down. I didn't know I'd hurt him badly, the only thing I thought about was to grab the sword while he was stunned. But after a few minutes, when he still didn't move, I got scared and took a closer look at him. His head was like a ploughed field, and yet there was next to no blood. He wasn't breathing, and with a head that shape he wasn't going to breathe again. I knew I'd killed him. And all for nothing. I never wanted to. I hardly knew him . . . What was I supposed to do with that on my hands?" he appealed passionately.

"The right thing," said Rapiet, accepting this literally, "in a case like that, would be to leave everything as it is, call the police, and tell them the whole story."

"And how many ever do the right thing, when they get into a jam like that? Try it, some day, and see if you don't do what I did — run. There wasn't a thing I could do for him. He was dead."

"I pulled him to the edge of the river, and threw him as far out as I could, into the current, and I saw it take him downstream over the weir. I threw the sword-stick and the latch in the pool there. And I remembered that he was supposed to start for Birmingham, and his car was out in the yard, ready. So I took it. Nobody'd look for him again until Sunday night. But you can't get money out of banks or turn other assets into cash on a Sunday. I had to wait over until today. If it hadn't been for that you wouldn't have caught up with me."

"And how," asked the sergeant, mildly, "did you know that we were inquiring into his death, then? You say nobody'd be expecting him back until last night, and nobody'd panic at one extra night, would they? Or did somebody tip you off? Did you hear from somebody that his body'd been found?"

Lucien took his hands away from his drawn face and stared him steadily in the eye. "No, how could I? I thought I was still ahead of you until they dropped on me at the airport. After that, I couldn't help knowing you'd

either found him, or found traces that were just as good. And what you didn't know before," he said wearily, "you know now. Have you got it all down?"

"Yes, Mr. Galt, I've got it all down."

"Good! I should hate to go through all that again. I don't want anybody else to be pestered," said Lucien, leaning back in his corner with a drained sigh, "when nobody but me had anything to do with it. I didn't have a thing against him, I hardly even knew him. But I killed him."

"Yes, Mr. Galt," agreed Rapiet, accommodatingly, watching the stillness of the pure dark profile against the streaming world outside, "yes, you've made that quite clear."

Audrey Arundale emerged from her privacy to preside at the final gala tea. She wore black, but like many primrose-and-silver blondes, she very frequently did wear black, and there was nothing to remark on in that. She was pale, her eyes a little remote, but there was nothing in her appearance to give rise to comment or curiosity. Her manner was as it had always been, but at one remove more.

ON her way to the small drawing-room she looked in at the deputy warden's office. Henry Marshall looked up from his laden desk as she entered, then came to his feet in quick concern.

"Mrs. Arundale, I'd no idea . . . You're not going in to tea?"

"Yes, I must. I'm quite all right, I assure you, there's no need to worry about me. I just wondered if there was anything I could help you with."

"You mustn't trouble about the running of the place at all, that's what I'm here for." "I know," she said, "and I know how well you can do it. I hope . . . I hope they'll give you the job, Harry?"

"Thank you!" he said, uncomfortably. He hadn't thought of her bereavement, until then, as his opportunity.

"I think we've got everything in order. We're circulating all the people who've booked for the course next weekend, and cancelling the arrangements. I thought it would be impossible to go through with it. I have it from the police that no statement will be given to the Press until tomorrow, and I very much hope it will only affect the local and regional Press at the moment."

"But there'll have to be an inquest, won't there?" she said.

"It's to open on Wednesday morning. I'm told. But Inspector Felse says it will be only a formal opening, and the police will be asking for an adjournment. At least that will allow time for the public to forget about us a little."

"And find some newer sensations," she said, with the blanched ghost of a smile. "Now I must go and have a word with Inspector Felse."

She went along the corridor to the warden's private office. George Felse was sitting behind the desk with his head propped in his hands, the photograph of Audrey in her party dress, Audrey at 16, leaning against a trough of Edward's books.

"Mr. Felse, I hope I haven't done something. I shouldn't have done, but it seemed to be my job. I've told Felicity, in confidence, that her uncle is dead; and

I've telephoned her mother, and told her that I'm sending the child home by the half-past-five train. Wilson will drive her to the station. If you have no objection! You'll find Mrs. Cope's address there in the book, and Felicity will be available whenever necessary."

"I'm glad," said George. "It's the best thing you could have done. You may be sure we shall spare her as much as we can."

"I know. She told me . . . she said you've been very kind to her. She . . . we have never understood each other, I know that I feel guilty toward her."

"So does she," said George quietly, "toward you."

"Yes . . . we can hardly take a step it seems, without infringing someone else's liberties. I've suggested to Mrs. Cope that she should try sending Felicity abroad for a time, perhaps even to school abroad. A completely new environment, new companions . . ."

"It would be the very best thing for her. And I believe she could make good use of it, now."

She closed the door gently after her, and went toward the hubbub in the drawing-room. And there dispensed tea, and made conversation, and was everything the hostess of Follymead should be, always with the invisible and impenetrable veil between her and reality.

"Such a delightful weekend, my dear," said Miss Southern, balancing a china teacup as old and fragile as her own thin, bluish fingers. "So wonderful to get away from this awful modern world and enjoy an island of such peace."

"I'm so happy," said Audrey, "that it's been a success."

"Mrs. Arundale," shrilled the girl with the butterfly glasses, bounding between the chattering groups with a cucumber sandwich in one hand and a teacup in the other, "it's been fab! I can't wait for the next one."

"I'm so glad you've enjoyed it. We must try to get in another one as soon as we can."

"I'm only sorry Arundale's missed most of it," said a thin gentleman in a dog-collared. "Do tell him when he gets back, what an enormous success it's been."

"I'll tell him," said Audrey, and her glass smile never wavered.

Felicity came down the stairs from her room at a quarter to five-carrying a coat over her arm and a suitcase in her hand. She looked round the recesses of the gallery for a secluded spot, and there in a cushioned corner of one of the built-in seats was Liri Palmer, sitting alone.

"Hullo!" said Felicity. "Do you mind if I sit with you? I've got ten minutes, and then I've got to go."

"You're leaving?"

"My aunt's sending me home," Felicity put down the case, and dropped into the cushions. "I think she thinks the children should be kept out of the way of crime and the law. Very correct, very conventional, is my Aunt Audrey." She looked along her shoulder at the clear, still profile and the glorious hair. "You know my uncle's dead, don't you?" Her voice was level and determinedly unemotional.

"I found him," said Liri simply. "How did you find out?"

"Aunt Audrey told me. She knew I was in it already; up to the neck, so she told me how it turned out. I was grateful to her for that. It's horrible to know bits . . . too much, but not enough. And to have to find out the rest maybe from a newspaper.

Now at least I know where I am, even if I don't like it much."

"Who does?" said Liri. "No . . . nobody, I suppose. But you haven't done anything."

"And you have?"

"Yes, that's what I wanted to tell you. You see, the bits you know are different bits from mine. And I only found out today, from Dickie Meurice, that you and Lucien . . ."

You were engaged, weren't you? Or as good as. I wanted to tell you, I didn't know that. If I'd known, I wouldn't have tried to make him interested in me, and none of this would have happened. Not that that makes it much better for you, I suppose, because in any case he was playing you false."

The phrase came strangely, but without affectation; whatever was on her mind now, Felicity was not pretending, even to herself. "He was Aunt Audrey's lover. I suppose you knew that?"

Liri stared straight before her. "He broke three dates with me, always with a good excuse, always on the telephone. It's easier to lie to somebody on the telephone. Twice I swallowed it, the third time I took myself out to dinner at a little place we sometimes used. He was supposed to be at a rehearsal for a recording session, but he wasn't. He was there with her. They were glowing like studio lights, and talking like bosom friends, as if they had a lifetime's talking to make up. He was holding her hand, right there on the table."

"They didn't see me. They weren't seeing anyone but each other. I didn't interrupt them. I waited until the next time he came for me, and then I threw it at him that he'd been standing me up for another woman. He said there was nothing in it, I was making a mistake. But I knew better. We both went mad, and that was the end of it." She sat up abruptly and shook herself, between anger and amazement. "Why am I telling you this?"

"I don't know," said Felicity, humbly, "unless it's because I've grown up suddenly."

"Afterwards, I thought about it, and I thought, no, that was too big a thing to throw away like that, without even trying to straighten it out between us. So I came here to Follymead, because he had this engagement here. I came to make it up with him if I could. And the first person I saw when I got here — no, the second, actually, you were the first, through the lighted windows right here in this gallery — the second person I saw was this woman who'd been with him in the restaurant."

"So then I knew why Lucien had taken this engagement . . . maybe why the whole weekend course had been thought up. And that was the end of it as far as I was concerned. I thought! Actually, it turns out things don't just end when it's appropriate; they go on whether you want them to or not."

"Thank you for telling me," Felicity said, simply. "It makes it easier to understand. I didn't know any of all that. All I could see was Lucien. I was in love with him, or I thought I was. I went out after him last Saturday afternoon . . ." She told that story over again, softening nothing; Liri had a right to know.

"That was what he said. And I did it. I went straight back to the house, and Uncle Edward and Aunt Audrey were sitting there together, and I said just exactly what Lucien had told me to say. And that's the part you

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NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 677.—FROCK

Pretty dress is available cut out to make in brown/black/white, yellow/navy/white, turquoise/black/white spotted pique. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, \$4.25; 36 and 38in. bust, \$4.45; 40in. bust, \$4.65. Postage and dispatch 30 cents extra.

No. 678.—TABLECLOTH AND SERVIETTES

Tablecloth and serviettes are available traced ready to sew on white, cream, pink, blue, or green pure Irish linen. Tablecloth, 36in. by 36in., is \$2.35, plus 13 cents postage and dispatch. Serviettes are 20 cents each, plus 5 cents postage and dispatch.

No. 679.—GIRL'S SHIFT

Girl's shift with contrasting pocket and motif traced ready to embroider is available cut out to make in white, lemon, pink, or pale blue mini-care poplin. Sizes 2 to 4 years, \$2.25; 6 to 8 years, \$2.45. Postage and dispatch 15 cents extra.

Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion House, 444/6 Sussex Street, Sydney. Postal address, Fashion Frocks, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney 2001. No C.O.D. orders.





● Cross and ring, given by Pope Paul to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, U Thant, to alleviate "human suffering." Four organisations will benefit from the \$64,000 they brought at a New York auction.

POPE'S GIFT TO SUFFERING PEOPLE

IN an unprecedented sale, two pieces of papal jewellery were sold at auction in New York recently for \$64,000.

Pope Paul VI presented a pectoral cross and ring to the Secretary-General of the United Nations, U Thant, when the Pontiff made his historic visit to the world organisation in October, 1965.

The Pope suggested that the cross — encrusted with diamonds and emeralds — and the diamond-and-ruby ring be used to contribute "to the alleviation of human suffering."

U Thant entrusted the sale of the papal gift to the Parke-Bernet Galleries, New York. Auctioneer John Marion knocked down the cross and ring in what must have been one of the fastest auctions held — 2 minutes 15 seconds.

Buyer was Harry Levinson, a Chicago jeweller, who entered the bidding at \$61,000 level against five others.

"I'll keep the cross and ring for a while to see if anyone wishes to buy it, and, if not, I'll break it up for the stones," Mr. Levinson said after the sale.

He felt he had made a striking bargain. "I was amazed at the price I got it for," he said.

The jewellery had been insured for \$150,000.

By **BILL WILSON**, in New York

The cross will presumably never be worn again, but some buyer may wish to present it to an institution. Usually, such massive, jewel-encrusted pieces are broken up for the gems.

Jewellers place two

valuations on pieces such as the papal cross and ring. There is the intrinsic value — inherent in the individual stones — and the extrinsic value — as a work of the jeweller's

art and the historical significance.

Interviewed for television immediately after the sale, Mr. Levinson said, "I would have been prepared to go up to \$100,000 on the intrinsic value of the cross and

ring; maybe even twice as much as I eventually paid for it."

The auctioneer and the Parke-Bernet jewellery expert had no comment on Mr. Levinson's statement — made in their hearing — which seemed to suggest he had got the Pope's gift for half what it might have brought.

Another jeweller at the sale, however, said, "Naturally he's going to say that. Now he can sell it for, say, \$75,000 and tell the buyer what a bargain he's getting."

The cross and ring, which date from about the turn of the century, were originally gifts to Eugenio, Cardinal Pacelli, later Pope Pius XII.

The cross, nearly 7in. high, is ornately scrolled in open-work and set with 12 large round diamonds weighing approximately 59 carats, surrounded by 281 smaller diamonds and 145 faceted emeralds.

The ring, mounted in platinum, is set with one large round diamond weighing nearly 13 carats, surrounded by a total of 110 smaller diamonds and 20 calibre-cut rubies.

U Thant, with Pope Paul's approval, designated four United Nations organisations to share equally in the sale proceeds.

They are the United Nations Children's Fund; the office of the UN High Commissioner for Refugees; United Nations Relief and Works Agency for Palestine refugees in the Middle East; and the Freedom From Hunger Campaign.

didn't know. That's all. That's why Uncle Edward went down there to kill him, only he got killed himself instead. But whichever way it went, somebody died, and I was the cause of it."

"You did that?" Liri had turned to study her with wide-eyed attention. "Went and chucked his private invitation down on the table between them, where they were sat at meat?"

"Well, not exactly, that," said Felicity, puzzled. "They were just finishing their coffee actually."

"Don't mind me, it was just something that came into my head. It happens in one of the ballads. Just like that."

A horn blared cheerfully in the courtyard. Felicity picked up her coat and her case.

"That's the station wagon for me. Goodbye! I wish things could turn out better than they look now. I'm sorry!"

The station wagon taking Felicity away to catch her train left the courtyard just two minutes before Price drove in by the farm road. The tower clock was just chiming five. In one and a half hours the students would be dispersing. Let them, at all costs, get off in peace. Price parked carefully in the obscurity under the archway, where they could not be seen from the windows.

LUCIEN awoke from a wretched and uneasy doze and stared round wildly to find the familiar and unwelcome apparition of Follymead enclosing him.

"Why have you brought me here?" he demanded, roused and resentful. "I thought we were going to the police station at Comerbourne."

"I don't remember that we mentioned exactly where we were going. Inspector Felse has been working from here, and this is where we shall find him." Rapier got out of the back seat, climbed the back stairs, and let himself into the warden's office.

George looked up from the report he was compiling. "Well, how did it go?"

"No trouble," said Rapier, complacently. "He's below in the car." He laid his notebook on the desk, and flicked through the close pages of shorthand. "There you are! He insisted on making a statement. I'll send it up to you as soon as I can get it typed. He's made a full confession."

"Ah," said George. "Yes, I thought he might."

"He says Arundale attacked him, and he killed him in self-defence. You won't have any trouble; he's filled in all the details and they all fit."

"Oh, yes, I quite thought he'd make a good job of it. And what about Mrs. Arundale?"

"She had nothing to do with it. I will say that for him, he went out of his way to make that clear. He hardly knew her. Oh, he's made your case for you."

"All right," said George, "bring him up."

Lucien entered the warden's office, and the door was closed quietly behind him.

George rose from behind the desk. "Sit down, Mr. Galt. You must have made very good time. I was reckoning on this final concert being over, or nearly over, by the time you arrived."

It was like coming into a familiar room which had been emptied of its furniture, and was no longer familiar. All the echoes were wrong, all the tones distorted so acutely that Lucien felt his balance affected. Even in the car he had had this feeling of disorientation, but now it went over him as acutely as panic,

and left him sick and frightened. He had made a detailed statement admitting his responsibility for the death of Arundale. Why wasn't he under arrest? He gripped the back of the chair that was offered him, and stood taut and distrustful, his eyes roving the room.

"I don't understand. Why did I have to come back here? I haven't made any trouble for your men. I've co-operated as well as I can. So why...?"

"Sit down," said George.

It wasn't worth arguing about, Lucien sat. George came round the desk and sat on the front corner, looking at his capture over with interest. Black as a gipsy, strung fine as a violin, a slender, dark, wild creature, with arrogant eyes shadowed now by grief and fear, and hypersensitive, proud mouth that was ready to curl even at this moment. Like his pictures, but even more like the picture his friends and enemies had built up of him for the man who had never set eyes on him until now.

"I've made a statement," said Lucien. "It should clear up everything for you. I don't know what more you want."

"Then I'll tell you. I want another hour and a half of apparent normality here. After that we can be as businesslike as you please."

He saw the tired eyes questioning doubtfully, and smiled. "Mr. Galt, I believe you'll have a certain sympathy with our concern for this place. It may not be perfect, what it does may not go very far, or be very profound. But with all that, it is a pretty remarkable institution. It brings music, what's more, knowledge and desire of music, to people who've perhaps never really experienced it before."

If its appeal fell off as the result of a scandal, it might be killed for good, and that would be a real loss. There's going to be publicity; inquest and trial can't be avoided. There's going to be a bad period; but if we can minimise the effect as much as possible, Follymead may survive. So let's at least wait until the house is empty to-night before we start talking in terms of guilt and arrests."

After a brief and dubious silence Lucien said slowly: "I'm not sure what it is you want of me."

"I want you to give me your word not to try to get away, just to wait and behave normally until the party has left."

Lucien moistened his lips. His eyes kindled suddenly into a slightly feverish glitter. "This is a straightforward concert for the finish?"

"Yes. Until half past six. Then they all go home."

"Is Liri taking part?"

"Yes, Liri's taking part."

He thought of her head bent over the guitar, and of the voice achingly pure and clear and passionate. He thought of a future blank with confinement and solitude, where the voice could not penetrate.

"If you'll let me sit in on this concert, all right, I give you my word I won't cause you any trouble."

He didn't believe there would be any response to that offer. But Inspector Felse had got to his feet briskly, and swept his papers into a drawer.

"Agreed, if you don't mind my company. And in that case we'd better go in, hadn't we? They'll be starting any minute."

The lights were already dimmed, the hum of voices was becoming muted and expectant. For once Professor Penrose came a little late to his place, but for that the program would have begun. Liri was gazing beyond the last rank of chairs in the shadow, when the opening of

BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HEART

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the door caused her to shorten her sighs. And the person who came in was Lucien.

Her heart turned in her, even before she saw George Felse follow him into the room, and edge along after him behind the audience, to a seat against the wall. So they had him, after all. He wasn't used to running from things and he hadn't run fast enough, and now they had him. She felt the walls closing in on her, too.

And yet if he was under arrest, what was he doing here? There seemed to be no constraint upon him, even if the inspector had come in with him. They sat there like any other two members of the audience, she even saw them exchange a few words, with every appearance of normality. What was happening?

A hand jogged her arm. The professor's insinuating voice begged her winningly: "Your legs are younger than mine, lass. Run and fetch my notebook for me, will you? I went and left it in the warden's office before tea, and forgot to collect it again."

His notebook was a joke by that time. He couldn't talk without it open before him, and yet he had never been known to consult it.

"You've never needed it yet," protested Liri, her eyes clinging to the distant pair at the back of the room, lost now in an even dimmer light. "You're not likely to start tonight."

"There has to be a first time for everything. Go on, now, like a good girl."

And she went, impatiently

met Audrey Arundale. The one thing that had been his father's. And yet here it hung round the neck of the 16-year-old Audrey, how many years ago, how many worlds away?

Now she did understand. Intuitively, without need of details or evidence, she understood everything. Yes, even why Lucien was sitting there among the audience in the drawing-room, under no restraint, though he surely expected arrest afterwards. Liri knew better. She knew what was going to happen afterwards.

She caught up the portfolio and slipped from the room, to run like a wild thing through the silent libraries, and along the corridors to the warden's private quarters. But there was no one there. The lights were out and the rooms deserted. Too late now to make any amends, too late to look for Audrey, too late to warn her.

She went back to the yellow drawing-room, back to her place on the dais. She gave the professor his notes. Liri raised her eyes and looked carefully over the array of attentive faces. The professor was talking about the summing-up of all that they had experienced together, the relationship of folk-music to the wider and deeper field of music itself. Presently the Rossignol twins were singing, two angelic voices, eerie and sweet.

The most distant of the long windows, down there at the back of the room, stood ajar. A while ago they had all been closed. The last chair at the end of that row, cer-

tainly empty then, was occupied now. Someone had come in by the window and moved the chair aside into the embrasure, drawing a fold of the heavy curtains round it to screen her from at least half the room. A dead black dress, the sheen of pale, piled hair.

Edward Arundale's widow, still chatelaine of Follymead, had come to the final concert. They were there in the same room together, there was only about 15 yards of air between them, and yet they could not communicate.

Or was there still a way? That curious conversation with Felicity had started a tune running in Liri's head, and it would not be quieted.

It plagued her with reminders of the rogue page who tossed just such an apple of discord in among Lord Barnard's household "where they were sat at meat." The verses ranged through her head, in the light of what she had just learned, with a new and terrifying aptness.

If they talked to her, they could talk to another person, the only one except George Felse and Lucien Galt who knew the whole story and would recognise only too well the full implications. She might still misunderstand, but that had to be risked. Liri could not leave her to step over the edge of the pit with-

out so much as reaching a hand to her. Whatever her own wrongs, she owed Audrey that and more. She was indebted to her for a world, and she could make so little repayment now.

Liri folded her hands on her guitar and waited. She knew now what she had to do.

Past six o'clock. The darkness was purplish, thundery, the air still as before a storm.

"And now for Liri," Professor Penrose said finally. "She promised to sing us 'The Queen's Maories' in the full text, which is by way of being a marathon performance. But now she's whispering in my ear that she'd like to change her choice. So I'll leave any introductions to Liri."

"I thought," she said, clearly and quietly, "that everyone knows the story of Mary Hamilton, and there are so many fine stories that very few people know. I warn you, this is a marathon performance, too, but I hope you won't find it dull. I'd like to sing the ballad of 'Gil Morrice.' Anybody know it?"

Thank goodness, nobody did. She knew the proud, proprietary emanations of those who find themselves one up on the rest, and here there was nothing like that, only pleased expectancy.

"Here goes, then. 'Gil Morrice.'"

The guitar uttered one shuddering chord, and that was all. She began in the story-teller's level, lilting voice:

"Gil Morrice was an Erle's son,

His name it waxed wide;

It was not for his great riches

Nor for his mickle pride,

But it was for a lady gay

That lived on Carron side."

So much for the introduction, and straight into the story. The guitar took up a thin, fine line of melody, low beneath the clear voice, that had as yet no passion in it, but remained a storyteller, uninvolved, unwrung:

"Where shall I find a bonny boy

That will win hose and shoon,

That will go to Lord Barnard's hall

And bid his lady come?

And you must run my errand, Willie,

And you may run with pride,

When other boys gae on their feet

On horseback ye shall ride.

Oh, no, no, no, my master dear,

I darena for my life.

I'll not go to the bold baron's

For to trust forth his wife."

A stillness began to bud in the centre of the audience.

A little more and she would know she had them; but whether she had Audrey she had no way of knowing.

"Haste, haste, I say, go to the hall,

Bid her come here with speed.

If ye refuse my high command

I'll gar your body bleed.

Yes, I will go your black errand,

Though it be to your cost, Since you by me will not be warned,

In it ye shall find frost.

And since I must your errand run

So sore against my will,

I'll make a vow, and keep it true,

It shall be done for ill."

The guitar came crashing in now with the dark themes of the page's hate and love, and the rapid, rushing narrative of his ride to Lord Barnard's castle. He swam the river and leaped the wall, and burst in upon the household at table. She had them in her hand, and the instrument sang for her, passionate and enraged. Oh, let her understand what's coming before he does. All I want is that she should have time to get her armor on, and be ready for him.

The page was in the hall now striding in upon the assembled company. The voice sang full and clear:

"Hail, hail, my gentle sire and dame,

My message will not wait.

Dame, ye maun to the good greenwood

Before that it be late.

See, there's your sign, a silken sark,

Your own hand sewed the sleeve.

You must go speak with Gil Morrice,

Ask no bold baron's leave,

The lady stamped with her foot

And winked with her ee,

It's surely to my bower woman,

It ne'er could be to me.

I brought it to Lord Barnard's lady.

I trow that you are she.

Then up and spake the bold baron,

An angry man was he.

He's thrust the table with his foot,

So has he with his knee,

Till silver cup and mazer dish

In flinders he gar'd flee.

Go bring a robe for your clothing

That hangs upon the pin,

And I'll go to the good greenwood

And speak with you leman."

Until this moment she had not been able to raise her head and rest, letting the guitar speak for her again. Now it sang softly, unalarmed, and she cast one urgent glance toward where Audrey sat beside the open window. There was a tension there, something braced and ready and wild, to which her own heart rose with answering passion. There was so little time.

THE sylvan

song had been prolonged enough, and here came the ultimate test of her powers, the key verse that must reach Audrey before the rest had time to aim at understanding:

"Gil Morrice sat in good greenwood,

He whistled and he sang

It had dawned upon George already that for some reason of her own Liri was retelling the whole story of what had happened here.

This girl was marvellous. Listen to her now, the voice light and careless again, and yet with an indescribable overtone of premonition and doom:

"Oh, what mean all these folk coming?

My mother tarries lang.

The baron came to the greenwood

With mickle dule and care,

And there he first spied Gil Morrice,

Combing his yellow hair..."

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The word had passed George by as it had been meant to do. But suddenly as it slipped away from him he caught it back. "My mother..."

MY MOTHER!
What did she know, and what was she about? How could she know? This couldn't be accidental, it couldn't be purposeless, and it couldn't be wanton. What Liri Palmer did was considered and meant.
He cast a quick glance round into every corner of the room, but everywhere the tension held. She had them all in her hand.
"No wonder, no wonder, Gil Morrice,
My lady loved thee weel.
Yet ne'er the less now, Gil Morrice,
For all thy great beautie,
Ye'll rue the day ye e'er were born."

That head shall go with me."
For a few moments she let the guitar brood and threaten, and looked down the room. Inspector Felse was sitting forward, braced and aware. Beside him Lucien was shadowed, and very still; there was no way of knowing, with all her knowledge of him, what he was going through now. After all, it was not Lucien she was trying to reach.

But there was a movement now in the folds of the half-drawn curtain at the last window where Audrey sat. Softly she got up from her place, and softly, softly, with infinite caution, she slipped back step by silent step from her chair, toward the unlatched window. She had understood.

Now cover her, whatever happens. Don't let any of them look round, don't lose their senses for an instant. Cry out now and cover her with the steely shriek of murder:

"Now he has drawn his trusty brand
And whitt it on a stone,
And through Gil Morrice's fair bodie
Has the cauld iron gone.
And he has ta'en Gil Morrice's head
And set it on a spear,
The meanest man in all his train
Has gotten that head to bear.
The lady sat on castle wall,
Beheld both dale and down,
And there she saw Gil Morrice's head
Come trailing to the town."

The clamor of violence died into the threnody of death. The guitar keened, and the voice extended itself into the long, fatal declamation of that which can never be put right again. The tension, instead of relaxing, wound itself ever tighter. The singer's face was raised to look over the heads of her audience. The lady was at the window, easing it silently open, melting into the outer air.

And this might well have been her voice, if things had gone differently:
"Far better I love that bloodie head,
But and that golden hair,
Than Lord Barnard and all his lands,
As they lie here and there.
I was once as full of Gil Morrice
As the hip is of the stane.
I got ye in my father's house
With mickle sin and shame."

To the last moment Audrey kept her face turned toward the singer; and as she slipped back through the window the two women who loved Lucien exchanged one first, last glance of full understanding and acceptance that paid off all the debts between them.

The spellbinding voice soared to cover the moment of departure:
"I brought thee up in good greenwood
Under the frost and rain..."
Audrey was gone, lost to sight at once, across the blind end of the terrace and down the steps.

BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48

George felt the boy beside him strung tight to breaking point. He saw the bright lines of Liri's face drawn silver-white in the light of the lamp on the dais, the huge eyes fixed and frantic. Something was happening, and yet nothing was happening, not a movement anywhere in the room, she wouldn't let them move, that long, strong hand of hers that plucked the strings was manipulating them all like marionettes.

"Oft have I by the cradle sat
And fondly seen thee sleep,
But now I go about thy bier
The salt tears for to weep."

In the changing temperature of the evening, the normal small dusk wind arose, as suddenly as was its habit here. It took the unlatched window and swung it wide against the curtain, seized the folds, and set them swinging.

George heard and felt the abrupt, cold whisper from the outer world. He came to his feet with a leap, lunged silently along the wall, and whisked round the curtain to the open window, now swinging fitfully in the fresh currents of air. Far down the slope of grass he saw the fair head receding. The curtain shook, and he, too, was gone.

She raised the volume and passion of her instrument to a crisis of anguish, improvising in a galloping rhapsody that bore the fortunes of Lord Barnard and his lady and Gil Morrice racing to ruin together. The threnody sobbed away beneath her fingers, and died on a mere breath, one muted quiver of a single string.

The silence came down on her stunningly. It seemed to last for a long time, while she could hardly breathe or stir for weakness; and then a sigh like a gust of wind went through the room, and they were all on their feet roaring and clapping together, and Professor Penrose had his old arm round her shoulders and was shaking her in a joyful embrace, while out of the contortion of her mouth that passed for a smile she was howling at him over and over, under cover of the din:

"Get them away, quickly!
Get them out of here... get them out... GET THEM OUT!"

After they were gone, with all that merry racket of cars and voices and horns, and some of them still singing — the house was awesomely quiet.



down the steps and after her in a soundless run. And Lucien, the thread of his passionate concentration broken by the sudden movement beside him, came out of his dream to the sharper personal pains of the real world.

She saw him rise, and felt the belated shock of knowledge and realisation sear through him; but there was nothing she could do, as he groped his way blindly after George, except sing on to the end, cover the very slight disturbance, and make those few who had noticed it forget it had ever been.

"Oh, better I love my Gil Morrice
Than all my kith and kin.
Away, away, ye ill woman,
And an ill death may ye dee.
Had I but known he'd been your son,
He'd ne'er been slain for me."

Five minutes more, to preserve the integrity of the course, and nobody, certainly not the professor, would dream of filling in with something smaller after this monstrous performance. Liri knew her worth. But don't let them go yet, hold them fast, keep them from looking out of the windows yet, tie their feet from following. She didn't know what she had done, but she knew there must be no interference with it now, no well-meaning on-lookers, no witnesses to tell the story afterwards.

Liri sat in a deep chair in the gallery, her eyes half-closed, exhaustion covering her like a second skin. Darkness crept in upon her, and was welcomed. She seemed to have been there alone for so long that it was strange to hear a movement in the room with her.

"It's only me. It's all right," said Tossa simply.

It must have been nearly 8 o'clock when they heard the first footsteps crossing the terrace. Two people, the second closely following the first, but never touching him. A hand reached over an oblivious shoulder to the light-switches at the end of the gallery, hesitated, and chose the single lamp that made only a faint pool of radiance in a corner of the twilight room. Nobody said anything; but Dominic caught Tossa's eye, and Tossa rose softly and slipped past Lucien Galt, who neither saw nor heard her. Dominic took her hand, and drew her away with him, and Lucien and Liri were left together.

His eyes came to life in the shocked grey mask of his face. He walked into her arms without a word, and without a word she opened them to him.

He slid to his knees at her feet, and she held him on her heart, along with the chill and the dank smell of the river; and she knew where Audrey had gone.

"I called to her," he said presently, in a voice drained and weary. "She was on the parapet. I wanted to tell her that we... that you and I... that we didn't care, that it didn't matter any more."

"It wouldn't have been any good," said Liri. "It did matter to her."

The ambulance had come and gone. Henry Marshall had had a fire lit for them in the small library, and left the handful of them there together in the huge and silent house. Lucien had bathed and changed, and put on again, with his fresh clothes, a drained and languid calm. Liri sat across the hearth from him and watched him steadily.

"She never had a choice, being the person she was," Lucien was saying. "If my father hadn't been killed..."

"You do know about your father?" George asked.

"Do you?" challenged Lucien, jealously.

"I knew the Galt's re-registered you as theirs when you were only a few months old, presumably as soon as the adoption proceedings were completed. I'm reasonably sure that your real father must have been one of the Czech pilots who were stationed at Auchterarne during the war. I guess that he must have been killed in action in 1942. But adoption certificates carry only the christian names given to the child and the name of the adoptive parent. His name I don't yet know. I shall get it eventually, either from Somerset House or from the Service records. But that's unnecessary now," said George gently. "You tell me."

"His name was Vaclav Havelka. I know, because she told me about him. Vaclav is the same name we call Wenceslas. That's why he gave her his medal. He hadn't anything else to give her. He was 20 years old and she was nearly 17, and they met at some innocent local bunfight when her school was up there in Scotland."

"There wasn't a hope for them. Her people were set on her getting into society and marrying a lord, or something, not a refugee flier with no money and no home. So she did the one thing really of her own that she ever did: she gave herself to him. Maybe she hoped to force her parents' hands, but it never came to that, because my father was shot down six months before I was born. After that, she didn't put up much of a fight for me."

"She let them hide away somewhere to have me on the quiet, and then she let me go for adoption. But she insisted on meeting the Galt's before she'd sign. After the war they married her off to Arundale. You know how he first met her? He gave away the prizes at her school speech day, the last year she was there. It must have been only a few weeks before my father was killed."

Liri was frowning over a puzzling memory. "What I don't understand is that Mr. Arundale practically told me that his wife couldn't have children."

"Can you imagine a man like Arundale being open to the idea that the fault might possibly be in him?"

"And how," asked George, returning gently to the matter in hand, "did you come to meet your mother again?"

"It was at a party the recording company gave, about six weeks ago." Lucien turned his face aside for a moment, wrung by the realisation of how short a while they

THE QUIET HOUSE

All day the house is silent, quiet;
Bereft of morning's cheerful riot
Of running feet and hasty laughter
And youthful voices calling after,
It sighs, and settles down to wait
Returning clatter at the gate—
The children coming home from school,
Young captives freed from desk and stool.

All day to household tasks I tend,
Assisted by a small grey friend,
My tabby cat, who follows me
And watches things I cannot see;
She pads and purrs and blissful stands,
Caressed by gentle ghostly hands,
Or, growling low, her eyes of jade
Face phantom perils, unafraid.

All day they walk their wonted ways,
The friendly ghosts of other days,
Unseen, unheard—they're there, I know;
Only wise tabby sees them though.
The clock ticks loud, persistent sound
Amid the hush that wraps us round,
It nibbles like a gnawing mouse
The silence of the quiet house.

— BERNICE E. SUTTON

***** AS I READ *****

THE STARS

By Elsa Murray: Week starting Dec. 20.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>ARIES
MAR. 21-APR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 7.
* Gambling colors, black, green.
* Lucky day, Wed.</p> <p>TAURUS
APR. 21-MAY 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, yellow.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sat.</p> <p>GEMINI
MAY 21-JUNE 21
* Lucky number this week, 4.
* Gambling colors, pink, navy.
* Lucky days, Thurs., Monday.</p> <p>CANCER
JUNE 22-JULY 22
* Lucky number this week, 3.
* Gambling colors, blue, grey.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p> <p>LEO
JULY 23-AUG. 23
* Lucky number this week, 8.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Wed., Thursday.</p> <p>VIRGO
AUG. 24-SEPT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, blue.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sat.</p> <p>LIBRA
SEPT. 24-OCT. 23
* Lucky number this week, 6.
* Gambling colors, lilac, grey.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p> <p>SCORPIO
OCT. 24-NOV. 22
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, orange, tan.
* Lucky days, Thursday, Sat.</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS
NOV. 23-DEC. 21
* Lucky number this week, 1.
* Gambling colors, green, brown.
* Lucky days, Wed., Saturday.</p> <p>CAPRICORN
DEC. 22-JAN. 20
* Lucky number this week, 5.
* Gambling colors, red, gold.
* Lucky days, Sunday, Tuesday.</p> <p>AQUARIUS
JAN. 21-FEB. 19
* Lucky number this week, 2.
* Gambling colors, black, white.
* Lucky days, Friday, Sunday.</p> <p>PISCES
FEB. 20-MAR. 20
* Lucky number this week, 9.
* Gambling colors, green, red.
* Lucky days, Wed., Monday.</p> | <p>* Let's face it—the stars this Christmas week are not in a festive mood, so enjoy your holidays—but be careful. You could get edgy, jump to wrong conclusions, make erratic decisions.</p> <p>* An upsetting week—the stars are indifferent to the fact that it's a season of rejoicing. There could be major changes in your life—perhaps a parting with an admirer or friend.</p> <p>* The zodiac does not groove this festive season, so let the watchword be "caution." Go gala by all means, but be alert for tensions and trouble spots. Matrimonial matters are prickly.</p> <p>* No doubt your emotional side is stirred with the advent of Christmas—but you'll have to be careful just the same. Be cautious travelling. A mental misadventure could prove unlucky.</p> <p>* You'll have to watch that Leo urge to put on a bumper show for Christmas, because finances and the lighter side of life are under troubling stars. Perhaps, too, a parting.</p> <p>* Christmas or not, the heavens are carrying on a war and the effects could radically alter your personal life—sudden removals, deep-seated changes. Sept. 14-23 bracket is hardest hit.</p> <p>* You will enjoy a thrilling Christmas—perhaps a trifle too exciting. The stars are at loggerheads, so enjoy festivity, but beware of erratic thinking. An unexpected short trip is indicated.</p> <p>* Astrologers like to tell of happy happenings—especially about the Christmas season—but the zodiac is full of strife. Enjoy yourself, but beware ups and downs.</p> <p>* Your number-one cycle ends in fireworks. You could have minor explosions in personal life, projects launched will have rocket-like brilliance and sudden demise. Don't be too impulsive.</p> <p>* The heavens are putting on a fireworks display that means rough going—although next week simmers down. It's an exciting Christmas, but use caution, strain could upset your judgment.</p> <p>* Although Christmas Day is free from turbulence, it could suffer a hangover from the erratic day before. So enjoy the celebrations, but beware stress with friend or family.</p> <p>* Your easy-going temperament will be subject to stress. There could be unexpected happenings to career and status. Have a Merry Christmas, but be ready for a little upheaval.</p> |
|--|--|

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological horoscope as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

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To page 50

RIVETS



had had together. "I was suddenly alone in a corner with this beautiful fashionable woman, and she said to me: 'I've been trying for ages to meet you. I'm your mother.'"

"The way she said it, with a terrible kind of simplicity, sweeping everything that didn't matter out of the way. She was very fond of Edward in a way, and very loyal. But loving... I don't think she'd loved anyone or anything but me since my father died."

"And you?" asked George.

"It was queer with me. Getting her back like that, quite strange and beautiful, and still young... and so lost, and to be pitied! Sometimes I didn't know whether I was her son, or her brother, or her father. I knew I was her slave."

BLACK IS THE COLOR OF MY TRUE LOVE'S HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49

Yes, of course, her adoration might well have disarmed Lucifer, pride and all, grievance and all. She had loved her Gil Morrice better than all her kith and kin; how could he help returning her devotion?

"We had to meet sometimes, we couldn't help ourselves. We had so much time to make up. But then there was Liri... Liri broke it off with me and I knew it was because of her, but I couldn't explain, you see, it wasn't only my secret. I had to talk to her. I had to. Because when Liri followed me here I saw she wasn't absolutely finished with me. I was

sure I could get her back, but only by telling her the truth. And I couldn't do that, even in confidence, without my mother's consent."

"So the message you sent by Felicity," said George, "was a genuine message, after all?"

"Yes, but it was Arundale who came, with that murderous toy. All he wanted was to kill me, and he'd have done it, but then suddenly she was there... She must have heard us right from the gate, because she came running with the latch in her hand, and hit out at him like fury, almost before I realised she was there. And

then he was on the ground, and it was all over."

"She was totally dazed, but quite docile. It was up to me. She did whatever I told her. Ever since her heart broke, between my father and me, she's always done what people told her, what they expected of her. When she'd gone I tried to bring him round, but it was no good. I knew he was dead. I threw him into the river, and the sword-stick and the latch after him. And I sneaked up to the yard and took his car and ran for it."

"I thought I was taking the whole load of guilt away with me, and she'd be all right. How did you know? Why were you sure it wasn't me?"

"I knew the latch was still in its place when Felicity left you. And what did Arundale want with it? Like Lord Barnard, he came with a sword. And he was between you and the gate, he and 40 yards of ground. You'd never have had the slightest chance of getting to it. No, someone else, someone who followed him there, dragged that latch out of its wards."

G

GEORGE cast a summoning glance toward Tossa and Dominic. "Come on, I'd better get you two home before I go in and report." And to Lucien: "You're staying here overnight?"

"Mr. Marshall was kind enough to suggest it. I suppose we'll have to stay within call until after the inquest?"

"Probably, but we can talk about that tomorrow."

"I realise," Lucien said, "that there must be a good case against me as an accessory after the fact."

"What fact?" George said drily. "There isn't going to be any primary prosecution; why should I go out of my way to hunt up secondary charges? Much better just get on with the business of living. It may not always be easy, but it's still worth the effort."

"Is it?" Lucien raised bruised eyes in a challenging stare. "What did she ever get out of it? In her whole life she never had any real happiness."

"You think not?" said George.

He walked suddenly to the door and out of the room, but in a few moments he was back with a half-plate photograph in his hands. He dropped it in Lucien's lap.

"Here you are, a souvenir for you. And you can add me to the crime-sheet — petty theft from Arundale's estate." He watched the flooding color rise in the boy's dark cheeks, and the warmth of wonder ease the tired lines of his mouth. "Taken at that last prize-giving, unless I miss my guess. If I'm right, then he was still with her, and you were on your way. Maybe it didn't last long, but believe me, she had it."

Lucien looked down in a daze at the Audrey he had never seen before, with the bloom and the radiance and the spontaneity still on her, and caught at their height. If ever he doubted that he had been the child of love, he had only to look at this, and be reassured. And it was almost inevitable that he should look up in suddenly enlarged understanding from Audrey to Liri, whose eyes had never left him.

George waited Tossa and Dominic out of the room before him, and they went away and left those two to come to terms with the past and the future in their own way.

Dominic looked back from the courtyard before he climbed into the car, and there were the last two guests left over from Follymead's folk-music weekend, framed in the softly lighted windows of the small library on the first floor, locked in each other's arms. Their eyes were closed, and their faces were timeless, as though love had fallen on them as a new and cosmic experience, original and unique in the history of man.

THE END

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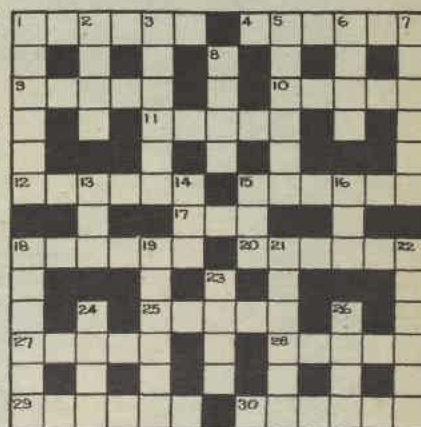
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. Tense or clergyman (6).
4. Goose's mate is a colored horse in retrospect (6).
9. Flow over the lighter (5).
10. Scoffs at parts of the fence (5).
11. Nought dwell for the tree (5).
12. Give up and mark again (6).
15. Dieted (anagr., 6).
17. The sphere of the backward brother (3).
18. The effect of a queer rustle (6).
20. Tolerates the small streams (6).
25. Put foot on and peruse after tea (5).
27. Face the battle line (5).
28. Prepare the surface of clothing (5).
29. Comes in (6).
30. A printer's measure and mark a service flag (6).



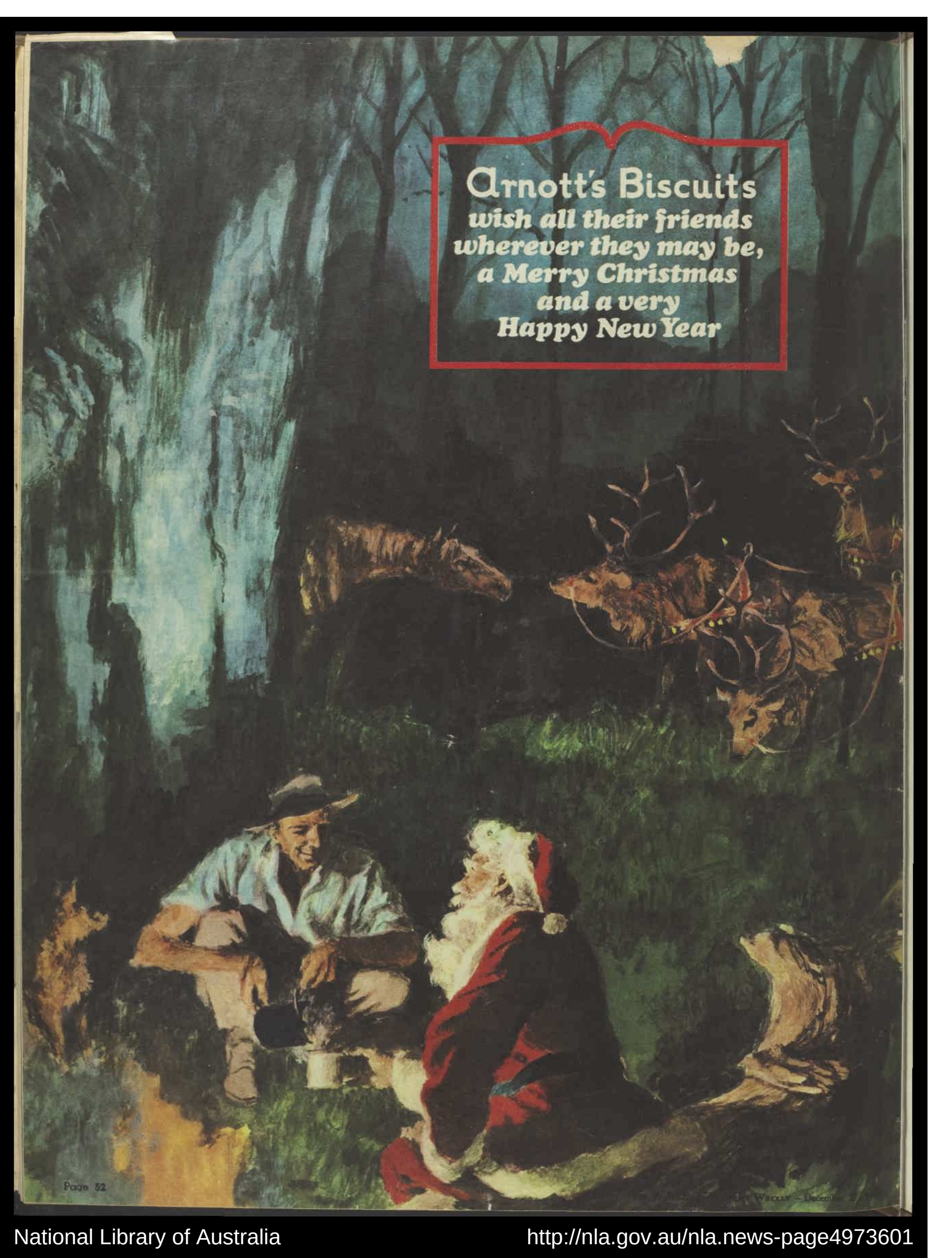
Solution of last week's crossword.



Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

1. Harass the nobleman around the street (6).
2. Port delivered in words (4).
3. Log Nob (anagr., 6).
5. Concurred with an eager desire (6).
6. Badly said on the platform (4).
7. A rush around the street and reposed (6).
8. It is bad to live up (4).
13. Nothing in the ship but a distress signal (3).
14. A negative weight goes up (3).
15. Decline to flow back (3).
16. To love also (3).
18. Trump the French frill (6).
19. The untidy refuse a portable couch (6).
21. Dominated by free study (6).
22. Flavor the main offspring (6).
23. Look up and down (4).
24. Base measure (4).
26. A badly constructed pier for a fairy (4).



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wish all their friends
wherever they may be,
a Merry Christmas
and a very
Happy New Year